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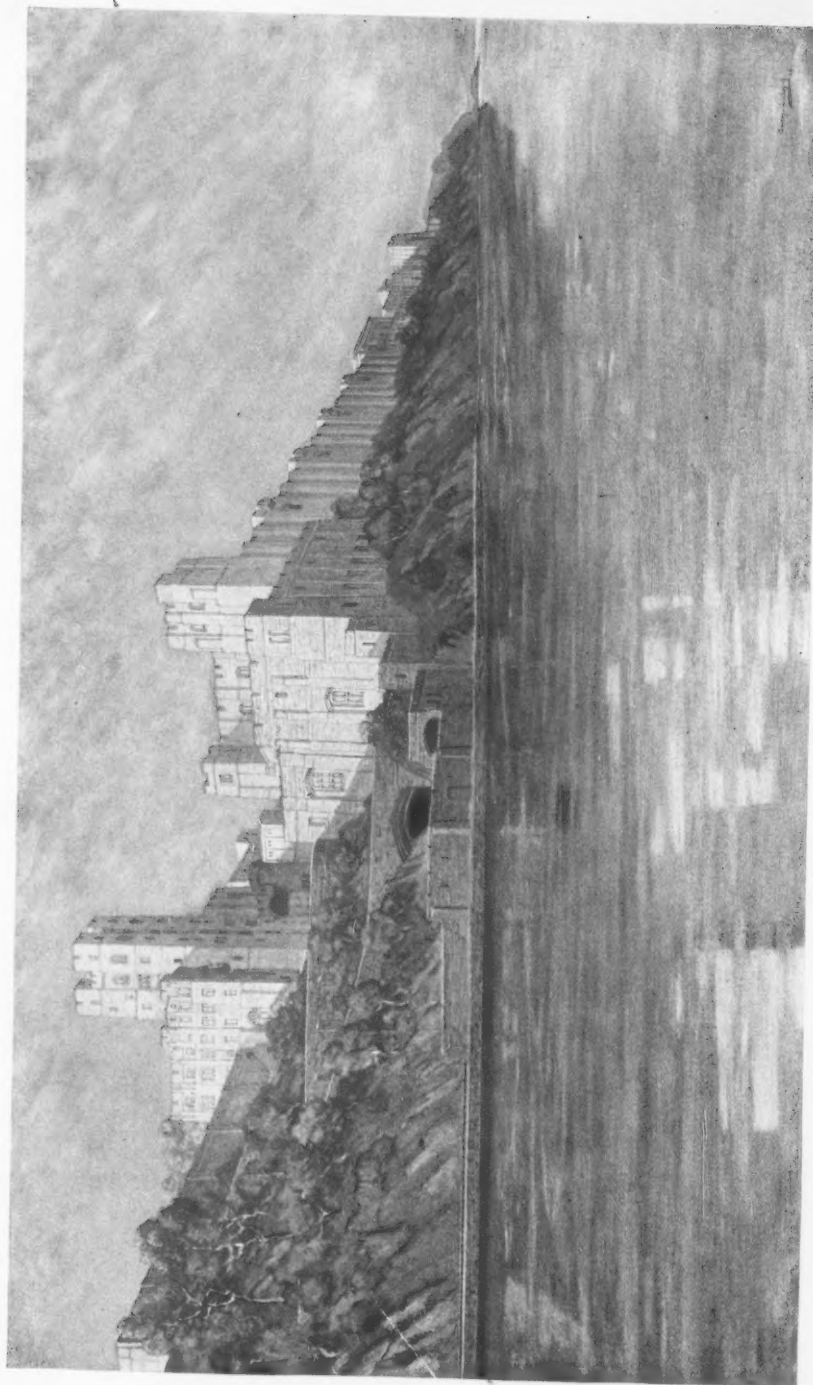
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From the painting by Dawson Watson

THE NEW WEST POINT—GENERAL VIEW FROM THE LANDING

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII

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THE NEW WEST POINT

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

IN the near future the banks of the Hudson at West Point will witness a remarkable transformation. The change will give the great river a feature that, in magnificence of scale, titanic impressiveness, and fascinating picturesqueness, will surpass anything that crowns the crags of the Rhine.

The problem of the reconstruction of the United States Military Academy at West Point embodies one of those large and comprehensive architectural propositions which, in this country, have not been a practical possibility until very recently. The range of the architect, so far as his professional activities were concerned, had passed little beyond the planning of a single building. The execution of a large scheme, embracing groups of related structures, was something hardly to be thought of outside the visionary *projets* of the student period, where, unrestricted by considerations of cost, the incipient architect gave himself up to the designing of stupendous and costly undertakings. The limitations thus imposed naturally led to correspondingly limited habits of professional thought.

The first great suggestion came with the development of the wonderful "White City" of the Chicago World's Fair from the masterly plan of the late Frederick Law Olmsted. In this work a group of the foremost American architects harmoniously coöperated for the realization of a great ideal. Since the event of 1893 not a few propositions of this sort have become realities or have been determined upon.

Particularly notable are the schemes for various important universities, developing some entirely anew and others in the shape of comprehensive extensions. These include the removal of Columbia University in New York to Morningside Heights, the work at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, that at Chicago University and at the University of Virginia, the magnificent plans for the University of California, and the extensive additions to Harvard University, including the costly Medical School group and the contemplated extension of the college yard to the Charles River.

Another remarkable instance is that of the reconstruction of Chautauqua Univer-

sity in connection with plans for a model summer city by the lakeside. Again, the elaborate plans for the extension of the Naval Academy at Annapolis preceded those for West Point by a number of months.

The West Point reconstruction scheme offers an ideal instance of this sort of architectural planning. It is most significant and most hopeful as an example of public work instituted by the national government under conditions almost beyond praise. The professional, the artistic, and the practical considerations, were most thoughtfully regarded. In formulating the terms of the competition, Mr. Root, Secretary of War, Colonel A. L. Mills, Superintendent of the Military Academy, to whose inception the plans for its enlargement are due, and the Academic Board, all took the enlightened view that makes the artistic synonymous with the practical in a question of architectural design. Mr. Root, in particular, took a deep interest in the undertaking, and regarded it as one of the most important achievements of his administration, one of his last official acts being the approval of the general plan.

The need of enlarging the Academy has been felt for years, and, with the increasing demands upon the institution, had become an imperative necessity. The requirements had been thoughtfully studied by the authorities at West Point. Admirable tentative plans, prepared by Colonel Charles W. Larned, Professor of Drawing, under the direction of the Superintendent, not only served as data for the appropriation, but in various essential elements guided the authors of the successful design.

The appropriation made by Congress was five and a half million dollars. Liberal as this appears,—and the fact that such a sum was allowed indicates an intelligent appreciation of the relations borne by West Point to the interests of the entire country,—it was considerably less than the amount declared necessary to meet the full requirements of the situation. Therefore, for the time being at least, certain much-needed features must remain in abeyance.

II

THE question of architectural style was virtually settled in advance by existing conditions. A determining factor was the

circumstance that the most important and distinctive among the present buildings were designed in the Gothic style, some more or less creditably, while two in particular—the Library and the Cadet Barracks—rank as perhaps the most successful American examples of the Collegiate Gothic that was much in vogue for educational institutions in this country half a century ago. The architectural traditions of the Academy had therefore established themselves. This fact was emphasized by Colonel Larned when, in his report upon the requirements for the extension, he said:

"It is not desirable that any scheme should attempt to sweep the field clean and destroy architectural associations made honorable by generations of great men, while it is of the highest importance to preserve intact the structural sentiment which gives character and individuality to the Academy. It would be a great pity to make such a competition the subject of an architectural thesis in which the heritage of the past plays no part."

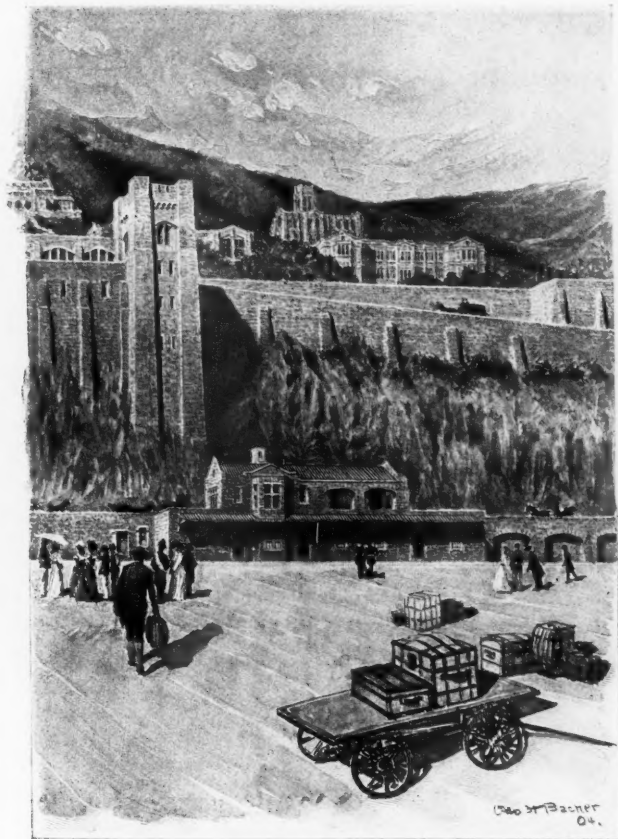
The architectural history of the Academy, however, began with buildings designed in what we term the "Colonial" style. In its earlier days the West Point group, therefore, bore a general resemblance to the older buildings of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other colleges with a century or more behind them. But, with the exception of the Chapel, these structures had all been demolished; consequently the Colonial had given way to the Gothic tradition.

Hence all the architects who had distinguished themselves in Gothic work were invited to enter the limited competition instituted for the new work. These, however, were extraordinarily few, for the Gothic, outside of ecclesiastical problems, had long been generally discredited among architects as fundamentally unsuited to modern conditions. That style, however, although thus given preference, was not insisted upon; and other leading architects, given to working in the prevailing Renaissance, were included in the competition. But the designs submitted by one of the groups of Gothic practitioners proved to meet all the requirements of the problem. They fitted the peculiar conditions of the site in such masterly fashion as to win the unanimous and hearty approval of

the eminent architects of the board of judges.

The successful competitors were Messrs. Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson of Boston. Despite the universality of Renaissance

ate with themselves a landscape-architect, they chose the firm of Olmsted Brothers, the two sons of the famous and lamented artist, to collaborate with them in determining the lines of the fundamental plan.



Drawn by Otto H. Bacher. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE WEST SHORE RAILWAY-STATION AND ELEVATOR TOWER

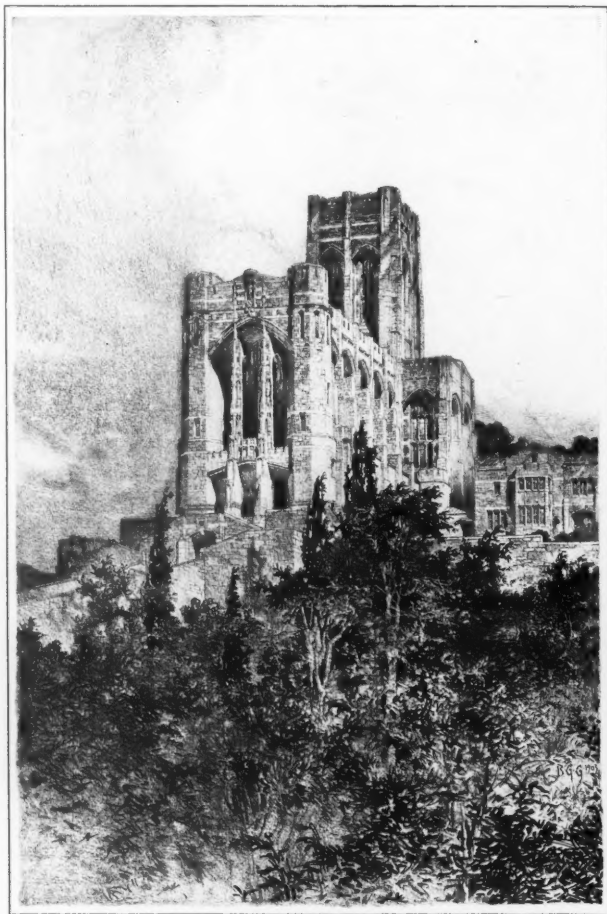
sentiment ever since the passing of Richardson's influence for the Romanesque, these young architects, following the promptings of their own natural sympathies, had distinguished themselves in the Gothic by freedom, flexibility, and originality—qualities exercised with graciousness and imaginative sincerity, and at the same time with full regard to modern conditions. In accordance with the laws of the competition permitting them to associ-

III

In developing the new character of West Point, it has been the aim of the designers, both of the fundamental plan and of the buildings, to preserve the natural features which give to the site an extreme distinction of landscape. To use their own language, they seek to make the architectural style "harmonize with the majority of the existing buildings, prolong rather than

revolutionize the spirit of the place that has grown up through many generations, emphasize rather than antagonize the picturesque natural surroundings of rocks, cliffs, mountains, and forests, and be capa-

The ground-plan blends the picturesque irregularity called for by landscape conditions of exceptional wildness with the formality of design necessary to the establishment of logical relations among de-



Drawn by Bertram G. Goodhue. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

THE CHAPEL FROM THE NORTHWEST

ble of execution at the smallest cost consistent with the monumental importance of the work." As to the last consideration, the style chosen peculiarly meets the requirements of economy, for it adapts itself most flexibly to existing conditions of site, whereas, in a more formal style, the site has very largely to be adapted to the architecture.

tached groups of buildings that monumentally make a complete ensemble. Hence there is a system of roads that follow the topographical contours in natural lines, taking the easiest grades and most convenient routes to the points sought. Again, among the individual buildings and separating the several structural groups, there are long, straight avenues, symmetri-

cal plazas, and formal open spaces. From these the visitor will enjoy a succession of splendid vistas and stately effects of monu-

Post, a division of Stores and Supplies, and the Public Section—the latter comprising the Landing-Stage, the Railway-



Drawn by Birch Burdette Long. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL

mental architecture, the sites so studied as to show each edifice at its best.

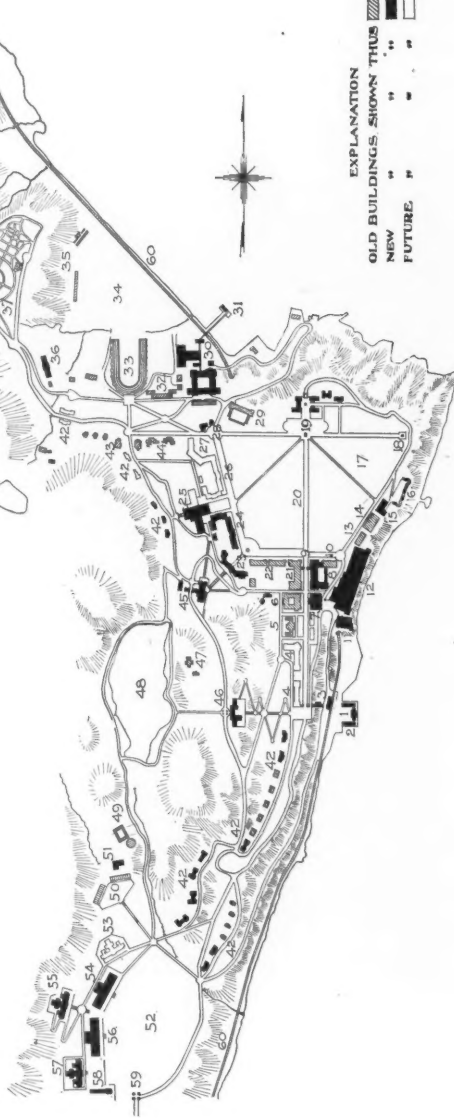
In its practical development, both architecturally and pictorially, the work has resolved itself into certain centers. These are the Academic group, the Military

Station, the Public Square, the Hotel, and the Principal Restaurant.

An approach of adequate dignity has been provided. Adjoining the Landing-Stage and the Railway-Station will be the Lower Square. From this point elevators

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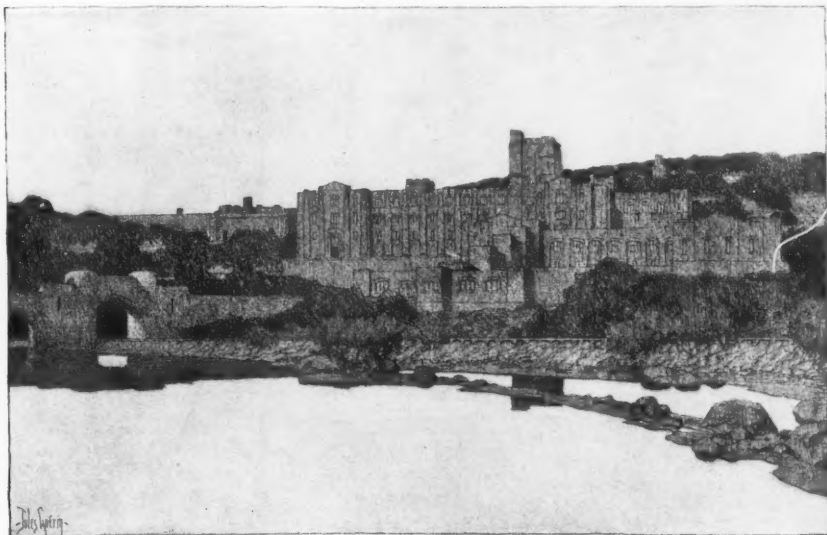


EXPLANATION
 OLD BUILDINGS SHOWN THUS
 NEW
 FUTURE

for passengers and freight, running in shafts cut within the cliff, will rise to the level of the Upper Square. The latter will form a fine vestibule for the institution, a starting-point for all parts of the reservation. Here a handsome, large restaurant will stand upon a terrace, with a wide view over the

emphasized by several notable monumental features in juxtaposition. Here are concentrated the residences of the Superintendent of the Academy and of members of his staff, on and near the site occupied by the present Hotel.

The Staff Headquarters group fronts



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

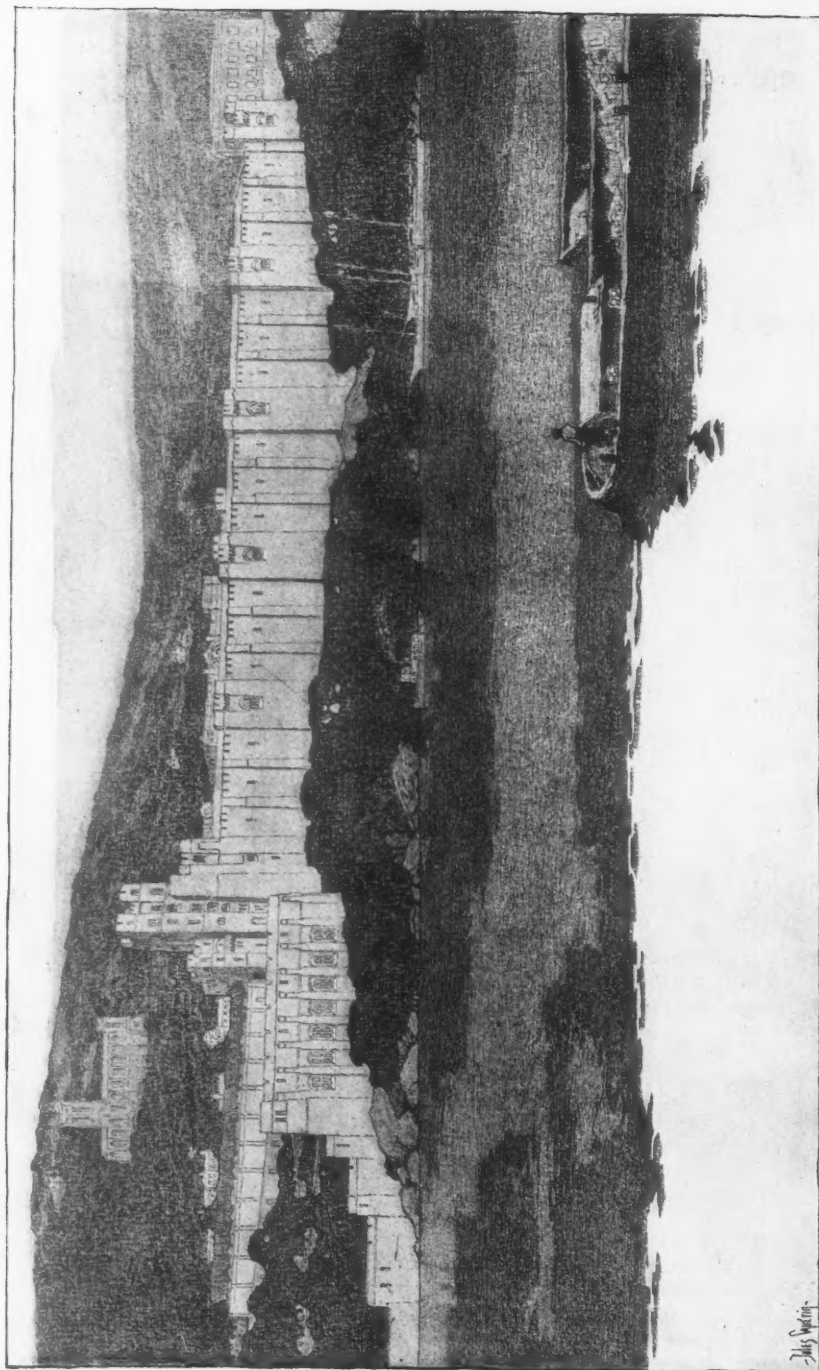
THE NEW WEST POINT—RIVER VIEW FROM THE NORTH

river. An impressive feature of the Square will be the arched gateways providing an entrance to the central group of buildings, or Academy proper. This Public Square is on the axis of two important vistas. One is up the hill, to the stately new Hotel, designed to command magnificent views of the entire reservation, with terraced gardens in front, and steps and ramps leading down to the Square.

The more important vista is along a great promenade, where notable buildings will border only the side away from the river. A high terrace extends along the water-side, with an open view of the Hudson. The Promenade, as such, ends in a new Monumental Gateway at the entrance of the Military Plain, but it prolongs its line across the Plain, where the vista terminates in the striking composition formed by the new Staff Headquarters. The latter embodies an admirable architectural arrangement in a detached group of buildings, impressively

upon an oblong plaza. About this space are concentrated five monumental features. First, at the end of the central avenue across the Military Plain in extension of the Promenade, it is purposed to erect a great equestrian statue of Washington. Flanking this, at the circular ends of the plaza, will rise two memorial columns, one the existing Battle Monument in honor of the officers and men of the Regular Army who died for the Union in the Civil War, the other a duplicate shaft commemorating the Academy's heroes of other wars—frontier Indian campaigns, the Mexican, the Cuban, the Philippine, and the relief of the Peking legations.

Beyond the plaza, on the same axis as the equestrian Washington, and in the center of a square that serves as a court for the Staff Headquarters group, will stand the Flagstaff, decoratively treated, probably as a Venetian mast with an ornamental socket of bronze that will form a



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Halfstone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE RIVER-FRONT, SHOWING THE RIDING-HALL, POST HEADQUARTERS, AND THE POWER-HOUSE

capital subject for sculptural work in relief.

Another element in the monumental scheme is the low square tower on the north side of the Flagstaff square, standing on the same axis as the Flagstaff, and thus terminating the vista across the Military Plain from the Monumental Gateway. It is suggested that this monument be called the Founders' Tower, in honor of Washington, Hamilton, Knox, and the other founders of the Academy. It will be a notable landmark—the first feature to catch the eye in the steamboat journey down the river from the north. This tower, standing three thousand feet from the entrance-gate at the Public Square, will be the terminal feature in the grand avenue that constitutes the main axis of the whole scheme, the Monumental Gateway dividing this avenue about midway.

The tower will also serve as a gate, the first story an archway at the end of the main avenue, which is continued in a secondary drive that loops around near the river, both back to the Public Square and down to the Steamboat Landing and Railway-Station.

This makes a fine pleasure-drive of more than a mile and a half. Altogether there are several miles of drive over the entire reservation, as attractive as a route through a great public park.

The Post Headquarters building is the first on the waterside of the Promenade. This is a very important structure, with an imposing great square tower; it is built around an open court. The lower story is to be occupied by the Quartermaster's Office and the Post-Office, the second story by the offices of the Superintendent and the Adjutant, and also by the Ordnance Museum. In the basement will be a vaulted hall for courts martial. This building will thus be the administrative center of the whole institution, a function fittingly indicated in the dominating character of its design.

Next on the same side comes the new Academic Building, placed directly opposite the old Academic Building, the two joined by the Monumental Arch and Bridge which has been mentioned as terminating the Promenade. This Monumental Arch will be the richest of all the new structures in design, very appropriately concentrating the most elaborate ornament at this focal point.

Next, on the lower plateau, comes the great Riding-Hall, colossally impressive in the simple conception of its huge bulk. At one corner is a large low tower. In its severe massiveness—built of stone from local quarries, to harmonize with the rock of its natural foundation—it will seem to have grown out of the cliff itself. Below the Riding-Hall, between that and the Landing-Stage, is placed the Power-House, designed to supply the entire institution with electricity for light and power, and the central buildings with heat from exhaust steam. Ordinarily in such a building a factory-like look might be taken for granted. Here its design not only accords with its function, but it is made an important element in the whole scheme. Taking its place in the landscape as by natural process, architecturally it ties the upper buildings in the composition to the base, in continuation of the intermediary mass of the Riding-Hall (see frontispiece). The chimney is ingeniously masked by carrying the shaft within the walls of the tower of the Riding-Hall.

Beyond the Riding-Hall the Cullum Memorial Hall, a Renaissance structure, at present stands in isolation at the edge of the cliff. This difficult factor is to be skilfully united to the whole composition by the device of delicately gradual transitions in style as the new buildings approach the Cullum Memorial on the north; and from its pendant, the Bachelor Officers' Mess, similar transitional accentuations, without striking a single violent note, will effect a natural reversion to the dominant style.

Not the least remarkable achievement in the development of the whole extensive scheme is the treatment of this perplexing thematic interlude by including it as a Renaissance episode, a sort of scherzo in what may be called a Gothic symphony.

The problem of the extension of the Cadet Barracks has been a vexed one. Settled very happily at first, later developments involved an entire recasting of that part of the scheme. It having been considered advisable to allow for a probable growth of the Academy to a three-battalion basis, with a Cadet Corps of twelve hundred men, room for such expansion has been provided by assigning the entire westerly side of the Military Plain to the New



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Halfstone plate engraved by John Tinkey
A GROUP OF LIEUTENANTS' QUARTERS

Barracks. These can thus be constructed with economy, from time to time, as extensions may be called for. The greater portion of one of these new sections is to be built at once.

The Old and the New Barracks are joined in one noble group by the new Administration Building of the Cadet Corps, a monumental structure located at the southwesterly angle of the Military Plain. Just above this, on the height beyond, the new Chapel will loom with extraordinary effectiveness, approached from this point by a long line of broad steps that passes under an arch in the center of the Administration Building. Adjoining the proposed Barracks for the future Third Battalion of Cadets, provision is made for a third Academic Building whenever its erection may be demanded.

Athletic requirements are met by replacing and enlarging the Gymnasium upon a slightly new location facing a fine square between the two sections of the new Cadet Barracks. Set back from the Military Plain, the impressive front of the Gymnasium makes the central feature of the long architectural line bordering the Plain on that side. Some distance to the northwest, on the river-bank, a natural amphitheater suggests a future Stadium, with room for

twelve thousand spectators, a large portion of the seats following approximately the lines of the natural slope.

The new Chapel has a commanding site on the spur of the hill just above the existing Cadet Barracks, on the west. Actually it will be a great church with seating capacity for fourteen hundred persons, accommodating the entire population of the post. This fortunate site gives convenient access from all parts of the reservation. The stately tower shows impressively above the other structures of the great central group. At the same time, the location, well in the background, avoids giving the ecclesiastical element in the scheme a prominence beyond what is due in a military institution.

At the south end of the reservation is the Cavalry and Artillery Plain, with adjacent Barracks, Stables, and other buildings. The main highway from Highland Falls is extended along the cliff, entering the reservation at a point where the new South Guard-House is to stand. Whenever infantry may be included in the post, it will be accommodated by new barracks at this point. Irregular in course along the heights, the Residential Road is attractively bordered, on the upper side alone, by the pleasantly domestic and agreeably diversi-

fied new houses for the Married Officers' Quarters, all enjoying a clear view across the river. This road runs all the way from the Cavalry and Artillery Plain, past the Hotel and the Chapel, to the axis of the proposed Stadium, terminating at the formal approach of that structure, where a series of steps ascends from a square at the entrance.

Near the Stadium site, and convenient to the railway and the new dock, is an independent architectural group, imposing in the simple strength of its utilitarian design, formed by the great Quartermaster's Storehouses, Stables, and other allied structures. The Band Barracks, also, will form a part of this group. The Barracks for the Engineer Battalion are retained in the old location to the west of this point.

The terms of the competition were largely governed by the Beaux-Arts procedure, now widely in vogue, which excludes perspective drawings. Designs

thus restricted to elevations and sectional drawings are clearly intelligible only to the professional eye. The architect judges how the work will look in realization, much as the trained musician judges an unheard symphony by looking over the score. The professional eye is so trained that in imagination it can perceive from the plans, elevations, and sections how a project will show itself from any point of view, whereas a perspective drawing exhibits the work only under a single aspect. So, although one never sees a building as it is shown in elevation, this procedure is based upon the soundest practice. But such designs give to the layman little idea of the appearance that a work will actually assume. The illustrations accompanying this article, therefore, convey for the public at large, and even for many who are more intimately interested in the project, the first available conceptions of the effects which the transformed West Point is to present. These exhibit various aspects



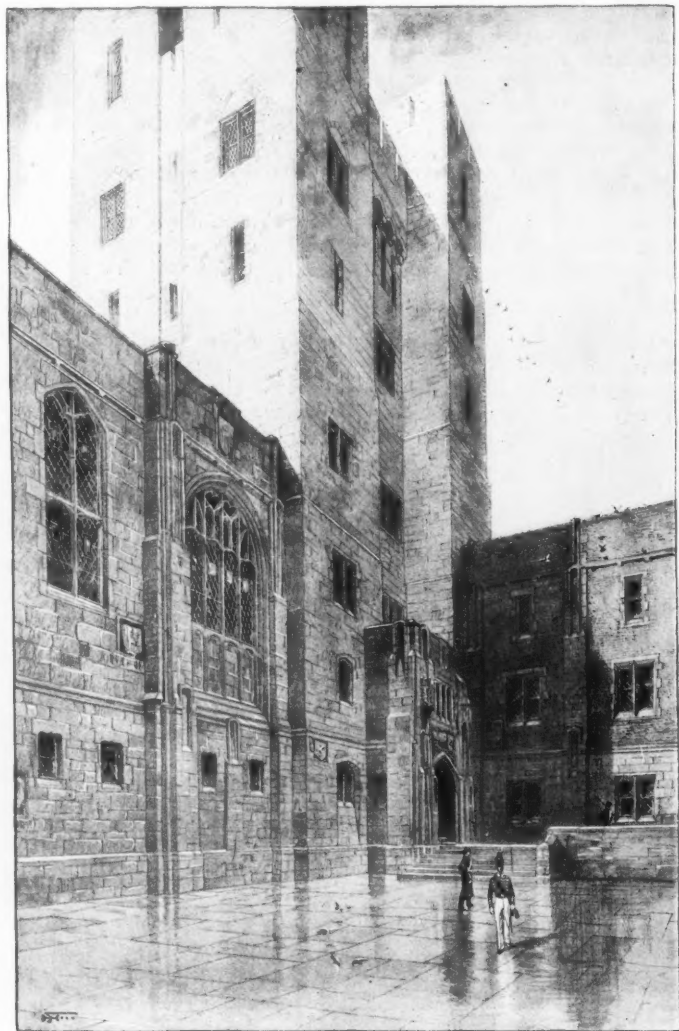
Drawn by Dawson-Watson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FLAG AND THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS STAFF.

of the scene as a whole and also conspicuous individual features from diverse points of view.

Fifty-two new and old buildings are

acter. Such are the great Riding-Hall, the new Chapel, the Post Headquarters, the new Academic Building, the new Cadet Barracks, the Administration Building of



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE COURTYARD OF POST HEADQUARTERS

shown in the plan on page 338. In some instances the alterations and extensions of existing structures will amount virtually to reconstruction. Several of the new structures are to be of monumental char-

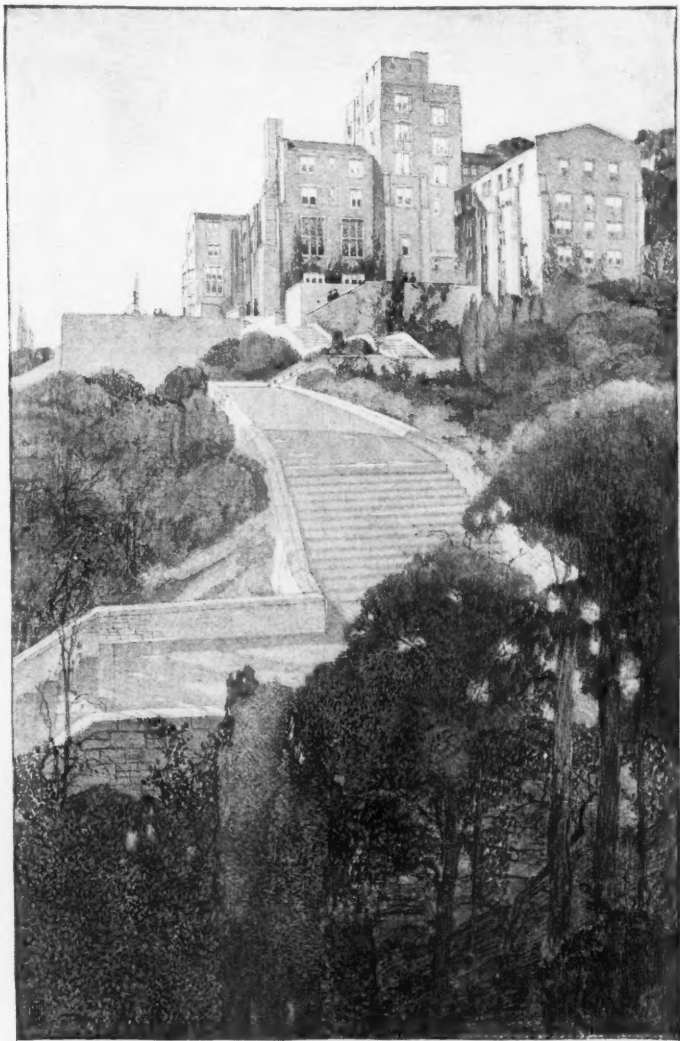
acter. Such are the great Riding-Hall, the new Chapel, the Post Headquarters, the new Academic Building, the new Cadet Barracks, the Administration Building of

the Cadet Corps, and the Hotel. Moreover, the various minor buildings will also contribute to the impressiveness and the unity of the ensemble.

An underlying motive in the design is

to give the strongest possible expression to the landscape conditions and the traditions of the Academy, while meeting the needs of a great educational institution of

neither is there any straining after pictorial effect. As developed, the style chosen indicates the derivation of the institution and the civilization which it stands for

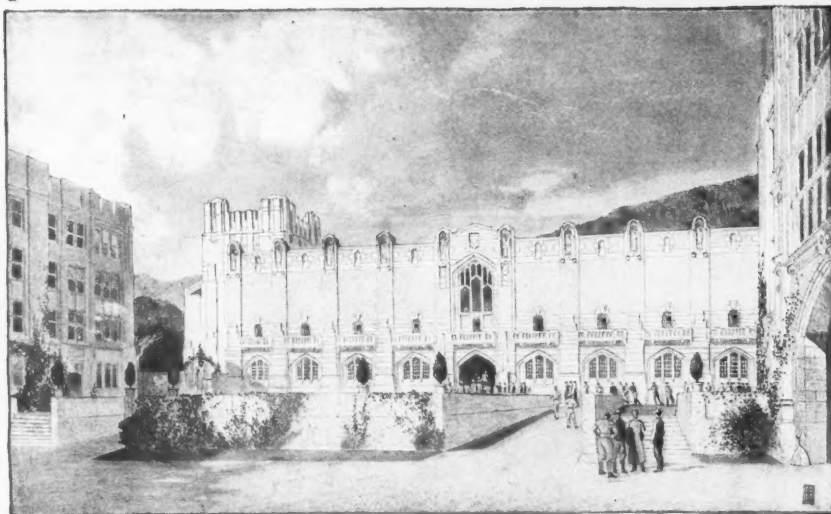


Drawn by Birch Burdette Long. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE HOTEL AND TERRACES

national character that ranks with the foremost of its kind in the world. These conditions chance to give virtually free rein to picturesque impulses, but there is nothing archaic or medieval in the design;

from Anglo-Saxon antecedents. In its differentiations it also plainly indicates the military character of the problem involved. But it also, and most felicitously and unmistakably, bears the twentieth-century



Drawn by Birch Burdette Long. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE GYMNASIUM, CADET BARRACKS, AND COURT

stamp in its expression of the needs provided for.

An instance of the nicety of this adaptation to modern conditions in the development of structural elements may be cited in the form of the buttresses that give a most distinctive character to the Riding-Hall. Instead of making them strongly salient, as in historic Gothic, where their function is to meet the thrust of heavy vaulting, they are kept broad and flat, to express the arches of structural steel-work within. Again, in the repetitions of their vertical lines they artistically have an impressiveness akin to that of a classic order, and they also perform the invaluable service of reconciling in a marked degree the classicism of the neighboring Cullum Memorial Hall—an exotic amid its surroundings—with the dominant style of the place.

IV

THE problem of embellishment calls for nice attention. A great national institution, monumentally housed, essentially demands the adequate development of decorative possibilities. In such a location these invite the touch of adornment in detail, just as here nature invites it in the mass. West Point, in its new aspect, will be one of the great sights for travelers in the United States. Countless visitors will

seek gratification of patriotic sentiment. This makes it desirable that in thoughtful charm of detail, in the associative significance of decorative character, there should be a reinforcement, an accentuation, of the structural impressiveness made by the architecture.

Again, however, there is the consideration that the discipline of the youth here trained is one of almost Spartan-like simplicity. Hence anything in the environment suggestive of "show," of display merely for the sake of beautiful effect, would be in ill accord with the spirit of the institution. Nevertheless, the beautiful as a prime element in human life has its positive value in this relation. Inevitably it makes its appeal in the sublimity of the landscape setting, as in the noble picturesqueness of its architectural expression, inspiring emotions that lift the soul of youth in lofty consecration to the tasks here enjoined. The same appeal is logically continued when spoken in commemorative significance by sculptural adornment and mural decoration, appropriately developed from existing circumstances. This fact, indeed, has long been recognized in the various monuments of diverse artistic quality that from time to time have taken their place about the grounds. It merely remains henceforth to give system, coherent relation, and harmonious expression

to whatever may be done in this way. Indeed, one of the most notable of the existing buildings, Cullum Hall, is in itself a memorial and was designed to serve as a sort of academic Valhalla, with tablets and portraits in honor of graduates who distinguished themselves in their country's service. In logical continuation of the same idea, the spacious new Chapel is designed with a view to memorial decoration of various kinds—windows of stained glass, tombs, cenotaphs, statues, wall and floor tablets. Another new building where mural decoration is in keeping with its character is the Post Headquarters, as suggested in the design of its Ordnance Museum. At various points about the grounds the plan invites a sculptural embellishment that avoids ostentatious display and fits naturally into the scheme.

In connection with the stately entrance, and with the Monumental Gateway designed for the Parade Ground, a suitable scheme of plastic decoration might be developed, greatly to the enhancement of their significance in the design. The same consideration might apply also to certain salient points in the Chapel exterior. While the character of such decoration should,

of course, be determined by the various artists commissioned with the work, in its nature it should have due reference to the history and the traditions of the Academy.

A glance is sufficient to show how rich West Point is in this respect, with its actual academic history of more than a century and an inception that goes back to the early days of the Revolution, in the suggestion for such a school made by Colonel Henry Knox in 1776. The history of the Military Post is inspiring. West Point was one of the most vital points in the scheme of defense for the revolted colonies. It was occupied by the most elaborate and costly fortifications of the war, designed largely by General Rufus Putnam, the great engineer whose work on Dorchester Heights forced the evacuation of Boston. The heroic Kosciuszko was Putnam's associate at West Point. It was the treachery of Arnold—Fort Arnold the fortification at the Point was called until the defection of its namesake, when it became Fort Clinton—which nearly lost this American Gibraltar, that represented a cost of three million dollars and three years' work, and with it almost sacrificed the Revolutionary cause.



Drawn by Otto H. Bacher. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE CADET HEADQUARTERS



Drawn by Bertram G. Goodhue

MONUMENTAL BRIDGE AND ACADEMIC BUILDING, FROM THE PLAIN

All this ground was hallowed by the presence of Washington, whose headquarters in 1779 were at Moore's house, just across the river, and again at Newburg in the latter campaign. One of the most picturesque of the early traditions of the institution is that associated with "Captain" Molly Pitcher, the heroine of the first Fort Clinton and of the battle of Monmouth. This valiant young Irishwoman was the only female who ever bore a commission in the American army. She was made a sergeant by Washington, regularly wore the uniform above her skirts, and was pensioned for life on half-pay. Living at Highland Falls, she was one of the local characters in the early years of the institution.

Curiously enough, in view of the present development, West Point was the scene of

the most elaborate scheme of festal decoration that has ever been carried out in this country. The long struggle was virtually at an end when, on May 31, 1782, the American garrison at West Point joined with its French allies in celebrating the birth of the French Dauphin. Colonel Villefranche, the eminent French engineer, designed a handsome colonnade for the banquet-hall, representing the work of one thousand men for ten days. There were one hundred and eighteen pillars made of savin-trees cut from the neighboring heights. These were hung with garlands, festoons, and emblems of evergreen and flowers, with appropriate inscriptions. The cypress-like spires of the savins, left intact, imparted a striking decorative quality in repeated vertical masses of dark vegetation. Inspired by all the gaiety of French festal

design, the pavilion somehow seemed to blend certain qualities of the Gothic and the Renaissance in a derivation from native material. Major L'Enfant, the author of the noble plans for the national capital, must have been present with Washington, and he was doubtless associated with Colonel Villefranche in this delightful work. This historic example affords a capital precedent for appropriate decorative schemes to embellish the monumentally developed site where the first great festal occasion to be elaborately observed in the young republic was so charmingly celebrated.

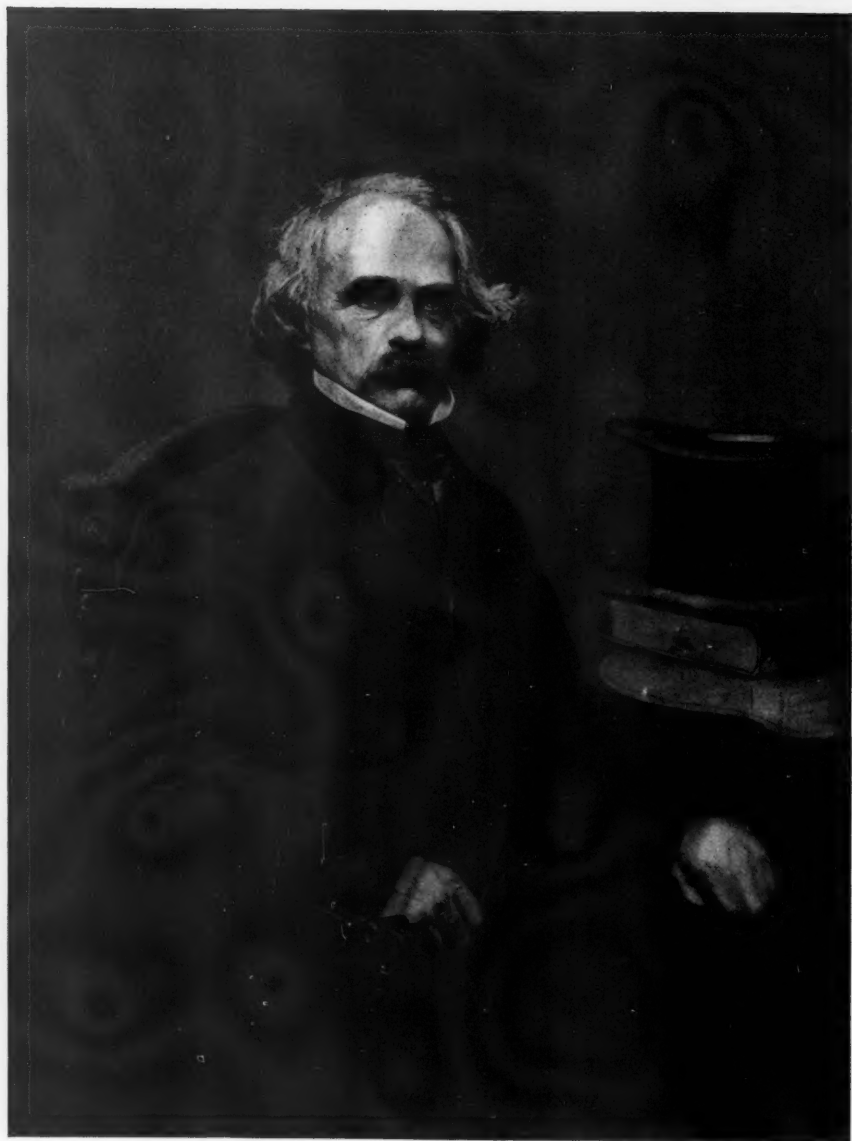
The most enlightened architectural policy as to the execution of monumental projects calls for due allowance for decorative work, mural and plastic, in the additional appropriation that may be necessary to carry the work of extension at West Point to its proper completion. The added interest for visitors to the most beautiful and most famous feature of the Hudson River, as well as its continuous influence in the daily life of the Academy, will amply justify the comparatively slight increase in expenditure. The additional appropriation required does not make the appropriation exceed the amount originally allowed for the work. The plans have proved as satisfactory in that respect as in others. But after the project for reconstruction had been formulated, the probability of a change in the entire basis of the establishment, in its future development, was taken into serious consideration. As noted in connection with the Cadet Barracks, in-

stead of maintaining the one-battalion organization now existing, it is held that the growth of the country will require, at no distant day, the organization of the Academy upon a basis of three battalions. This naturally calls for an enlargement of the great unitary buildings in the group to meet this need. Additional barracks, and the like, can be supplied at any time, as occasion demands. But with the unitary buildings, provision for the new growth must be made at the outset. Hence the necessity for erecting them on a much larger scale than was originally contemplated, and this calls for a larger outlay.

Mention should be made of one important aspect of the scheme of reconstruction. West Point is not only a great military academy: it is an important military post, with a garrison that has been in continuous occupancy since the Revolution.

For the instruction of the cadets, it is essential that they should work with the practical work of the regular army before their eyes. Hence the garrison includes a representation of the engineers, the cavalry and the artillery corps, and for the sake of completion it is proposed that the infantry shall also be included. Therefore the plans make provision for the needs of the Academy and for those of the Military Post as well, with a view not only to housing worthily the world's model military school, but also to showing in connection therewith a model army post, provided with the best equipment that the resources of the twentieth century can supply.





From a photograph by Brady. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Nath^l Hawthorne



THE EYES OF HAWTHORNE

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

FROM whence those eyes, that poignant gaze,
O Spirit wont to walk the ways
Leading, through labyrinthine gloom,
Into those soundless courts of doom,
Where haggard souls not mercy plead,
But that, through stripes, they may be freed
From the keen goad within the breast,
By Conscience ever deeper pressed!

One else there was whose orbs of sight
Envisioned, thus, eternal Night,
With gaze as poignant, as serene,—
One else there was — the Florentine!
In realms from mortal knowledge veiled,
Have ye not, kinsmen, met and hailed —
The spark of swift recognizance
Forth-flashing in one mutual glance!



THE SEA-WOLF

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

XXII



I KNEW what it was as she came toward me. For ten minutes I had watched her talking earnestly with the engineer, and now, with a sign for silence, I drew her out of earshot of the helmsman. Her face was white and set; her large eyes—larger than usual, what of the purpose in them—looked penetratingly into mine. I felt rather timid and apprehensive, for she had come to search Humphrey Van Weyden's soul, and Humphrey Van Weyden had nothing of which to be particularly proud since his advent on the *Ghost*.

We walked to the break of the poop, where she turned and faced me. I glanced around to see that no one was within hearing distance.

"What is it?" I asked gently; but the expression of grim determination on her face did not relax.

"I can readily understand," she began, "that this morning's affair was largely an accident; but I have been talking with Mr. Haskins. He tells me that the day we were rescued, even while I was in the cabin, two men were drowned, deliberately drowned—murdered."

There was a query in her voice, and she faced me accusingly, as though I were guilty of the deed, or at least a party to it.

"The information is quite correct," I answered. "The two men were murdered."

"And you permitted it!" she cried.

"I was unable to prevent it, is a better way of phrasing it," I replied, still gently.

"But you tried to prevent it?" There was an emphasis on the "tried," and a pleading little note in her voice. "Oh, but you did n't!" she hurried on, divining my answer. "But why did n't you?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"You must remember, Miss Brewster, that you are a new inhabitant of this little world, and that you do not yet understand the laws which operate within it. You bring with you certain fine conceptions of humanity, manhood, conduct, and such things; but here you will find them misconceptions. I have found it so," I added, with an involuntary sigh.

She shook her head incredulously.

"What would you advise, then?" I asked. "That I should take a knife, or a gun, or an ax, and kill this man?"

She started back.

"No, not that!"

"Then what should I do? Kill myself?"

"You speak in purely materialistic terms," she objected. "There is such a thing as moral courage, and moral courage is never without effect."

"Ah," I smiled, "you advise me to kill neither him nor myself, but to let him kill me." I held up my hand as she was about to speak. "For moral courage is a worthless asset on this little floating world. Leach, one of the men who were murdered, had moral courage to an unusual degree.

So had the other man, Johnson. Not only did it not stand them in good stead, but it destroyed them. And so with me, if I should exercise what little moral courage I may possess. You must understand, Miss Brewster, and understand clearly, that this man is a monster. He is without conscience. Nothing is sacred to him, nothing is too terrible for him to do. It was due to his whim that I was detained aboard in the first place. It is due to his whim that I am still alive. I do nothing, can do nothing, because I am a slave to this monster, as you are now a slave to him; because I desire to live, as you will desire to live; because I cannot fight and overcome him, just as you will not be able to fight and overcome him."

She waited for me to go on.

"What remains? Mine is the rôle of the weak. I remain silent and suffer ignominy as you will remain silent and suffer ignominy. And it is well. It is the best we can do if we wish to live. The battle is not always to the strong. We have not the strength with which to fight this man; we must dissimulate, and win, if win we can, by craft. If you will be advised by me, this is what you will do. I know my position is perilous, and I may say frankly that yours is even more perilous. We must stand together, without appearing to do so, in secret alliance. I shall not be able to side with you openly, and, no matter what indignities may be put upon me, you are to remain likewise silent. We must provoke no scenes with this man, or cross his will. And we must keep smiling faces and be friendly with him, no matter how repulsive it may be."

She brushed her hand across her forehead in a puzzled way, saying, "Still, I do not understand."

"You must do as I say," I interrupted authoritatively, for I saw Wolf Larsen's gaze wandering toward us from where he paced up and down with Latimer amidst ships. "Do as I say, and before long you will find I am right."

"What shall I do, then?" she asked, detecting the anxious glance I had shot at the object of our conversation, and impressed, I flatter myself, with the earnestness of my manner.

"Dispense with all the moral courage you can," I said briskly. "Don't arouse this man's animosity. Be quite friendly

with him, talk with him, discuss literature and art with him—he is fond of such things. You will find him an interested listener and no fool. And for your own sake try to avoid witnessing, as much as you can, the brutalities of the ship. It will make it easier for you to act your part."

"I am to lie," she said in steady, rebellious tones; "by speech and action to lie."

Wolf Larsen had separated from Latimer and was coming toward us. I was desperate.

"Please, please understand me," I said hurriedly, lowering my voice. "All your experience of men and things is worthless here. You must begin over again. I know—I can see it—you have, among other ways, been used to managing people with your eyes, letting your moral courage speak out through them, as it were. You have already managed me with your eyes, commanded me with them. But don't try it on Wolf Larsen. You could as easily control a lion, while he would make a mock of you. He would—"

"I have always been proud of the fact that I discovered him," I said, turning the conversation as Wolf Larsen stepped on the poop and joined us. "The editors were afraid of him, and the publishers would have none of him. But I knew, and his genius and my judgment were vindicated when he made that magnificent hit with his 'Plowman.'"

"And it was a newspaper poem," she said glibly.

"It did happen to see the light in a newspaper," I replied, "but not because the magazine editors had been denied a glimpse at it."

"We were talking of Harris," I said to Wolf Larsen.

"Oh, yes," he acknowledged. "I remember 'The Ring.' Filled with pretty sentiments and an almighty faith in human illusions. By the way, Mr. Van Weyden, you'd better look in on Cooky. He's complaining and restless."

Thus was I bluntly dismissed from the poop, only to find Mugridge sleeping soundly from the morphine I had given him. I made no haste to return on deck, and when I did, I was gratified to see Miss Brewster in animated conversation with Wolf Larsen. As I say, the sight gratified me. She was following my advice. And yet I was conscious of a slight shock or

hurt in that she was able to do the thing I had begged her to do, and which she had notably disliked.

XXIII

BRAVE winds, blowing fair, swiftly drove the *Ghost* northward into the seal-herd. We encountered it well up to the forty-fourth parallel, in a raw and stormy sea across which the wind harried the fog-banks in eternal flight. For days at a time we could never see the sun or take an observation; then the wind would sweep the face of the ocean clean, the waves would ripple and flash, and we would learn where we were. A day of clear weather might follow, or three days or four, and then the fog would settle down upon us seemingly thicker than ever.

The hunting was perilous; yet the boats were lowered day after day, were swallowed up in the gray obscurity, and were seen no more till nightfall, and often not till long after, when they would creep in like sea-wraiths, one by one, out of the gray. Wainwright, the hunter whom Wolf Larsen had stolen with boat and men, took advantage of the veiled sea and escaped. He disappeared one morning in the encircling fog with his two men, and we never saw them again, though it was not many days before we learned that they had passed from schooner to schooner until they finally regained their own.

This was the thing I had set my mind upon doing, but the opportunity never offered. It was not in the mate's province to go out in the boats, and though I maneuvered cunningly for it, Wolf Larsen never granted me the privilege. Had he done so, I should have managed somehow to carry Miss Brewster away with me. As it was, the situation was approaching a stage which I was afraid to consider. I involuntarily shunned the thought of it, and yet the thought continually arose in my mind like a haunting specter.

I had read sea-romances in my time, wherein figured, as a matter of course, the lone woman in the midst of a ship-load of men; but I learned now that I had never comprehended the deeper significance of such a situation—the thing the writers harped upon and exploited so thoroughly. And here it was now, and I was face to face with it. That it should be as vital as

possible, it required no more than that the woman should be Maud Brewster, who now charmed me in person as she had long charmed me through her work.

No one more out of environment could be imagined. She was a delicate, ethereal creature, swaying and willowy, light and graceful of movement. It never seemed to me that she walked, or, at least, walked after the ordinary manner of mortals. Hers was an extreme lithesomeness, and she moved with a certain indefinable airiness, approaching one as down might float or as a bird on noiseless wings.

She was like a bit of Dresden china, and I was continually impressed with what I may call her fragility. As at the time I caught her arm when helping her below, so at any time I was quite prepared, should stress or rough handling befall her, to see her crumble away. I have never seen body and spirit in such perfect accord. Describe her verse, as the critics have, as sublimated and spiritual, and you have described her body. It seemed to partake of her soul, to have analogous attributes, and to link it to life with the slenderest of chains. Indeed, she trod the earth lightly, and in her constitution there was little of the robust clay.

She was in striking contrast to Wolf Larsen. Each was nothing that the other was, everything that the other was not. I noted them walking the deck together one morning, and I likened them to the extreme ends of the human ladder of evolution—the one the culmination of all savagery, the other the finished product of the finest civilization. True, Wolf Larsen possessed intellect to an unusual degree, but it was directed solely to the exercise of his savage instincts and made him but the more formidable a savage. He was splendidly muscled, a heavy man, and though he strode with the certitude and directness of the physical man, there was nothing heavy about his stride. The jungle and the wilderness lurked in the lift and downput of his feet. He was cat-footed, lithe, and strong, always strong. I likened him to some great tiger, a beast of prowess and prey. He looked it, and the piercing glitter that arose at times in his eyes was the same piercing glitter I had observed in the eyes of caged leopards and other preying creatures of the wild.

But this day, as I noted them pacing up

and down, I saw that it was she who terminated the walk. They came up to where I was standing by the entrance to the companionway. Though she betrayed it by no outward sign, I felt, somehow, that she was greatly perturbed. She made some idle remark, looking at me, and laughed lightly enough, but I saw her eyes return to his, involuntarily, as though fascinated; then they fell, but not swiftly enough to veil the rush of terror that filled them.

It was in his eyes that I saw the cause of her perturbation. Ordinarily gray and cold and harsh, they were now warm and soft and golden, and all adance with tiny lights that dimmed and faded, or welled up till the full orbs were flooded with a glowing radiance. Perhaps it was to this that the golden color was due; but golden his eyes were, enticing and masterful, at the same time luring and compelling, and speaking a demand and clamor of the blood which no woman, much less Maud Brewster, could misunderstand.

Her own terror rushed upon me, and in that moment of fear, the most terrible fear a man can experience, I knew that in inexpressible ways she was dear to me. The knowledge that I loved her rushed upon me with the terror, and with both emotions gripping at my heart and causing my blood at the same time to chill and to leap riotously, I felt myself drawn by a power without me and beyond me, and found my eyes returning against my will to gaze into the eyes of Wolf Larsen. But he had recovered himself. The golden color and the dancing lights were gone. Cold and gray and glittering they were as he bowed brusquely and turned away.

"I am afraid," she whispered, with a shiver. "I am so afraid."

I, too, was afraid, and, what of my discovery of how much she meant to me, my mind was in a turmoil; but I succeeded in answering quite calmly: "All will come right, Miss Brewster. Trust me; it will come right."

She answered with a grateful little smile that sent my heart pounding, and started to descend the companion-stairs.

For a long while I remained standing where she had left me. There was imperative need to adjust myself, to consider the significance of the changed aspect of things. It had come at last: love had come when I least expected it, and under the

most forbidding conditions. Of course my philosophy had always recognized the inevitableness of the love-call sooner or later; but long years of bookish silence had made me inattentive and unprepared.

And now it had come! Maud Brewster! My memory flashed back to that first thin little volume on my desk, and I saw before me, as though in the concrete, the row of thin little volumes on my library shelf. How I had welcomed each of them! Each year one had come from the press, and to me each was the advent of the year. They had voiced a kindred intellect and spirit, and as such I had received them into a camaraderie of the mind; but now their place was in my heart.

My heart? A revulsion of feeling came over me. I seemed to stand outside myself and to look at myself incredulously. Maud Brewster! Humphrey Van Weyden, the "cold-blooded fish," the "emotionless monster," the "analytical demon," of Charley Furuseth's christening, in love! And then, without rhyme or reason, all skeptical, my mind flew back to a small note in a biographical directory, and I said to myself: "She was born in Cambridge, and she is twenty-seven years old." And then I said: "Twenty-seven years old, and still free and fancy-free." But how did I know she was fancy-free? And the pang of new-born jealousy put all incredulity to flight. There was no doubt about it. I was jealous; therefore I loved. And the woman I loved was Maud Brewster.

I, Humphrey Van Weyden, was in love! And again the doubt assailed me. Not that I was afraid of it, however, or reluctant to meet it. On the contrary, idealist that I was to the most pronounced degree, my philosophy had always recognized and guerdoned love as the greatest thing in the world, the aim and the summit of being, the most exquisite pitch of joy and happiness to which life could thrill, the thing of all things to be hailed and welcomed and taken into the heart. But now that it had come I could not believe. I could not be so fortunate. It was too good, too good to be true. These lines came into my head:

"I wandered all these years among
A world of women, seeking you."

And then I had ceased seeking. It was not for me, this greatest thing in the world,



Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE SAW WOLF LARSEN'S RIFLE BEARING UPON HIM"

I had decided. Furuseth was right; I was abnormal, an "emotionless monster," a strange bookish creature capable of pleasuring in sensations only of the mind. And though I had been surrounded by women all my days, my appreciation of them had been esthetic and nothing more. I had actually, at times, considered myself outside the pale, a monkish fellow denied the eternal or the passing passions I saw and understood so well in others. And now it had come! Undreamed of and unheralded, it had come. In what could have been no less than an ecstasy, I left my post at the head of the companionway and started along the deck, murmuring to myself those beautiful lines of Mrs. Browning:

"I lived with visions for my company
Instead of men and women years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought
to know
A sweeter music than they played to me."

But the sweeter music was playing in my ears, and I was blind and oblivious to all about me. The sharp voice of Wolf Larsen aroused me.

"What the hell are you up to?" he was demanding.

I had strayed forward where the sailors were painting, and I came to myself to find my advancing foot on the verge of overturning a paint-pot.

"Sleep-walking, sunstroke—what?" he barked.

"No; indigestion," I retorted, and continued my walk as if nothing untoward had occurred.

XXIV

AMONG the most vivid memories of my life are those of the events on the *Ghost* which occurred during the forty hours succeeding the discovery of my love for Maud Brewster. I, who had lived my life in quiet places, only to enter at the age of thirty-five upon a course of the most irrational adventure I could have imagined, never had more incident and excitement crammed into any forty hours of my experience. Nor can I quite close my ears to a small voice of pride which tells me I did not do so badly, all things considered.

To begin with, at the midday dinner Wolf Larsen informed the hunters that they were to eat thenceforth in the steerage.

It was an unprecedented thing on sealing-schooners, where it is the custom for the hunters to rank unofficially as officers. He gave no reason, but his motive was obvious enough. Horner and Smoke had been displaying a gallantry toward Maud Brewster, ludicrous in itself and inoffensive to her, but to him evidently distasteful.

The announcement was received with black silence, though the other four hunters glanced significantly at the two who had been the cause of their banishment. Jock Horner, quiet as was his way, gave no sign; but the blood surged darkly across Smoke's forehead, and he half opened his mouth to speak. Wolf Larsen was watching him, waiting for him, the steely glitter in his eyes; but Smoke closed his mouth again without having said anything.

"Anything to say?" the other demanded aggressively.

It was a challenge, but Smoke refused to accept it.

"About what?" he asked so innocently that Wolf Larsen was disconcerted, while the others smiled.

"Oh, nothing," Wolf Larsen said lamely. "I just thought you might want to register a kick."

"About what?" asked the imperturbable Smoke.

Smoke's mates were now smiling broadly. His captain could have killed him, and I doubt not that blood would have flowed had not Maud Brewster been present. For that matter, it was her presence which enabled Smoke to act as he did. He was too discreet and cautious a man to incur Wolf Larsen's anger at a time when that anger could be expressed in terms stronger than words. I was in fear that a struggle might take place, but a cry from the helmsman made it easy for the situation to save itself.

"Smoke ho!" the cry came down the open companionway.

"How 's it bear?" Wolf Larsen called up.

"Dead astern, sir!"

"Maybe it 's a Russian," suggested Latimer.

His words brought anxiety into the faces of the other hunters. A Russian could mean but one thing—a cruiser. The hunters, never more than roughly aware of the position of the ship, nevertheless knew that we were close to the boundaries of the forbidden sea, while Wolf Larsen's record as

a poacher was notorious. All eyes centered upon him.

"We're dead safe," he assured them, with a laugh. "No salt-mines this time, Smoke. But I'll tell you what—I'll lay odds of five to one it's the *Macedonia*."

No one accepted his offer, and he went on: "In which event I'll lay ten to one there's trouble breezing up."

"No, thank you," Latimer spoke up. "I don't object to losing my money, but I like to get a run for it, anyway. There never was a time when there was n't trouble when you and that brother of yours got together, and I'll lay twenty to one on that."

A general smile followed, in which Wolf Larsen joined, and the dinner went on smoothly, thanks to me, for he treated me abominably the rest of the meal, sneering at me and patronizing me till I was all a-tremble with suppressed rage. Yet I knew I must control myself for Maud Brewster's sake, and I received my reward when her eyes caught mine for a fleeting second, and they said as distinctly as if she spoke, "Be brave, be brave!"

We left the table to go on deck, for a steamer was a welcome break in the monotony of the sea on which we floated, while the conviction that it was "Death" Larsen and the *Macedonia* added to the excitement. The stiff breeze and heavy sea which had sprung up the previous afternoon had been moderating all the morning, so that it was now possible to lower the boats for an afternoon's hunt. The hunting promised to be profitable. We had sailed since daylight across a sea barren of seals and were now running into the herd.

The smoke was still miles astern, but overhauling us rapidly, when we lowered our boats. They spread out and struck a northerly course across the ocean. Now and again we saw a sail lower, heard the reports of the shot-guns, and saw the sail go up again. The seals were thick, the wind dying away; everything favored a big catch. As we ran off to get our leeward position of the last lee boat, we found the ocean fairly carpeted with sleeping seals. They were all about us, thicker than I had ever seen them before, in twos and threes and bunches, stretched full-length on the surface, and sleeping for all the world like so many lazy young dogs.

Under the approaching smoke the hull and upper works of a steamer were growing larger and larger. It was the *Macedonia*. I read her name through the glasses as she passed by scarcely a mile to starboard. Wolf Larsen looked savagely at the vessel, while Maud Brewster was curious.

"Where is the trouble you were so sure was breezing up, Captain Larsen?" she asked gaily.

He glanced at her, a moment's amusement softening his features.

"What did you expect? That they'd come aboard and cut our throats?"

"Something like that," she confessed. "You understand, seal-hunters are so new and strange to me that I am quite ready to expect anything."

He nodded his head.

"Quite right, quite right. Your error is that you failed to expect the worst."

"Why, what can be worse than cutting our throats?" she asked, with pretty, naïve surprise.

"Cutting our purses," he answered. "Man is so made these days that his capacity for living is determined by the money he possesses."

"Who steals my purse steals trash," she quoted.

"Who steals my purse steals my right to live," was the reply, "old saws to the contrary. For he steals my bread and meat and bed, and in so doing imperils my life. There are not enough soup-kitchens and bread-lines to go around, you know, and when men have nothing in their purses they usually die, and die miserably—unless they are able to fill their purses pretty speedily."

"But I fail to see that this steamer has any designs on your purse."

"Wait and you will see," he answered grimly.

We did not have long to wait. Having passed several miles beyond our line of boats, the *Macedonia* proceeded to lower her own. We knew she carried fourteen boats to our five (we were one short through the desertion of Wainwright), and she began dropping them far to leeward of our last boat, continued dropping them athwart our course, and finished dropping them far to windward of our first weather boat. The hunting, for us, was spoiled. There were no seals behind us, and ahead of us the line of fourteen boats, like a huge broom, swept the herd before it.

Our boats hunted across the two or three miles of water between them and the point where the *Macedonia's* had been dropped, and then headed for home. The wind had fallen to a whisper, the ocean was growing calmer and calmer, and this, coupled with the presence of the great herd, made a perfect hunting-day—one of the two or three days to be encountered in the whole of a lucky season. An angry lot of men, boat-pullers and steerers as well as hunters, swarmed over our side. Each man felt that he had been robbed, and the boats were hoisted in amid curses, which, if curses had power, would have settled Death Larsen for all eternity—"Dead and damned for a dozen of eternities," commented Louis, his eyes twinkling up at me as he rested from hauling taut the lashings of his boat.

"Listen to them, and find if it is hard to discover the most vital thing in their souls," said Wolf Larsen. "Faith, and love, and high ideals? The good, the beautiful, the true?"

"Their innate sense of right has been violated," Maud Brewster said, joining the conversation.

She was standing a dozen feet away, one hand resting on the main-shrouds and her body swaying gently to the slight roll of the ship. She had not raised her voice, and yet I was struck by its clear and bell-like tone. Ah, it was sweet in my ears! I scarcely dared look at her just then, for fear of betraying myself. A small boy's cap was perched on her head, and her hair, light brown and arranged in a loose and fluffy order that caught the sun, seemed an aureole about the delicate oval of her face. She was positively bewitching, and, withal, sweetly spirituelle, if not saintly. All my old-time marvel at life returned to me at sight of this splendid incarnation of it, and Wolf Larsen's cold explanation of life and its meaning was truly ridiculous and laughable.

"A sentimentalist," he sneered, "like Mr. Van Weyden. Those men are cursing because their desires have been outraged. That is all. What desires? The desires for the good grub and soft beds ashore which a handsome pay-day brings them—the women and the drink, the gorging and the beastliness which so truly express them, the best that is in them, their highest aspirations, their ideals, if you please.

The exhibition they make of their feelings is not a touching sight, yet it shows how deeply they have been touched, how deeply their purses have been touched; for to lay hands on their purses is to lay hands on their souls."

"You hardly behave as if your purse had been touched," she said smilingly.

"Then it so happens that I am behaving differently, for my purse and my soul have both been touched. At the current price of skins in the London market, and based on a fair estimate of what the afternoon's catch would have been had not the *Macedonia* hogged it, the *Ghost* has lost about fifteen hundred dollars' worth of skins."

"You speak so calmly—" she began.

"But I do not feel calm; I could kill the man who has robbed me," he interrupted. "Yes, yes, I know, and that man my brother—more sentiment! Bah!"

His face underwent a sudden change. His voice was less harsh and wholly sincere as he said:

"You must be happy, you sentimentalists, really and truly happy at dreaming and finding things good, and, because you find some of them good, feeling good yourselves. Now, tell me, you two, do you find me good?"

"You are good to look upon—in a way," I qualified.

"There are in you all powers for good," was Maud Brewster's answer.

"There you are!" he cried at her, half angrily. "Your words are empty to me. There is nothing clear and sharp and definite about the thought you have expressed. You cannot pick it up in your two hands and look at it. In point of fact, it is not a thought. It is a feeling, a sentiment, a something based upon illusion, and not a product of the intellect at all."

As he went on, his voice again grew soft, and a confiding note came into it. "Do you know, I sometimes catch myself wishing that I, too, were blind to the facts of life and knew only its fancies and illusions. They're wrong, all wrong, of course, and contrary to reason, but in the face of them my reason tells me, wrong and most wrong, that to dream and live illusions gives greater delight. And, after all, delight is the wage for living. Without delight, living is a worthless act. To labor at living and be unpaid is worse than to be dead. He who delights the most, lives the most,

and your dreams and unrealities are less disturbing to you and more gratifying than are my facts to me."

He shook his head slowly, pondering.

"I often doubt the worthwhileness of reason. Dreams must be more substantial and satisfying. Emotional delight is more filling and lasting than intellectual delight; and, besides, you pay for your moments of intellectual delight by having the blues. Emotional delight is followed by no more than jaded senses, which speedily recuperate. I envy you, I envy you." He stopped abruptly, and then on his lips formed one of his strange quizzical smiles, as he added: "It's from my brain I envy you, take notice, and not from my heart. My reason dictates it. The envy is an intellectual product. I am like a sober man looking upon drunken men, and, greatly weary, wishing he, too, were drunk."

"Or like a wise man looking upon fools and wishing he, too, were a fool," I laughed.

"Quite so," he said. "You are a blessed, bankrupt pair of fools. You have no facts in your pocket-book."

"Yet we spend as freely as you," was Maud Brewster's contribution.

"More freely, because it costs you nothing."

"And because we draw upon eternity," she retorted.

"Whether you do or think you do, it's the same thing. You spend what you have n't got, and in return you get greater value from spending what you have n't got than I get from spending what I have got and what I have sweated to get."

"Why don't you change the basis of your coinage, then?" she queried teasingly.

He looked at her quickly, half hopefully, and then said, all regretfully: "Too late. I'd like to, perhaps, but I can't. My pocket-book is stuffed with the old coinage, and it's a stubborn thing. I can never bring myself to recognize anything else as valid."

He ceased speaking, and his gaze wandered absently past her and became lost in the placid sea. The old primal melancholy was strong upon him. He was quivering to it. He had reasoned himself into a spell of the blues, and within a few hours one could look for the devil within him to be up and stirring. I remembered Charley Furuseth, and knew this man's

sadness for the penalty which the materialist ever pays for his materialism.

XXV

"You've been on deck, Mr. Van Weyden," Wolf Larsen said the following morning at the breakfast-table. "How do things look?"

"Clear enough," I answered, glancing at the sunshine which streamed down the open companionway. "Fair westerly breeze, with a promise of stiffening, if Louis predicts correctly."

He nodded his head in a pleased way. "Any signs of fog?"

"Thick banks in the north and northwest."

He nodded his head again, evincing even greater satisfaction than before.

"What of the *Macedonia*?"

"Not sighted," I answered.

I could have sworn his face fell at the intelligence, but why he should be disappointed I could not conceive.

I was soon to learn. "Smoke ho!" came the hail from on deck, and his face brightened.

"Good!" he exclaimed, and left the table at once to go on deck and into the steerage, where the hunters were taking the first breakfast of their exile.

Maud Brewster and I scarcely touched the food before us, gazing, instead, in silent anxiety at each other and listening to Wolf Larsen's voice, which easily penetrated the cabin through the intervening bulkhead. He spoke at length, and his conclusion was greeted with a wild roar of cheers. The bulkhead was too thick for us to hear what he said; but, whatever it was, it had affected the hunters strongly, for the cheering was followed by loud exclamations and shouts of joy.

From the sounds on deck I knew that the sailors had been routed out and were preparing to lower the boats. Maud Brewster accompanied me on deck, but I left her at the break of the poop, where she might watch the scene and not be in it. The sailors must have learned whatever project was on hand, and the vim and snap they put into their work attested their enthusiasm. The hunters came trooping on deck with shot-guns and ammunition-boxes, and, most unusual, their rifles. The latter were rarely taken in the boats, for a seal shot at long range with a rifle invariably

sank before a boat could reach it. But each hunter this day had his rifle and a large supply of cartridges. I noticed they grinned with satisfaction whenever they looked at the *Macedonia's* smoke, which was rising higher and higher as she approached from the west.

The five boats went over the side with a rush, spread out like the ribs of a fan, and set a northerly course, as on the preceding afternoon, for us to follow. I watched for some time, curiously, but there seemed nothing extraordinary about their behavior. They lowered sails, shot seals, and hoisted sails again and continued on their way, as I had always seen them do. The *Macedonia* repeated her performance of yesterday, "hogging" the sea by dropping her line of boats in advance of ours and across our course. Fourteen boats require a considerable spread of ocean for comfortable hunting, and when she had completely lapped our line she continued steaming into the northeast, dropping more boats as she went.

"What's up?" I asked Wolf Larsen, unable longer to keep my curiosity in check.

"Never mind what's up," he answered gruffly. "You won't be a thousand years in finding out, and in the meantime just pray for plenty of wind."

"Oh, well, I don't mind telling you," he said the next moment. "I'm going to give that brother of mine a taste of his own medicine. In short, I'm going to play the hog myself, and not for one day, but for the rest of the season—if we're in luck."

"And if we're not?" I queried.

"Not to be considered," he laughed. "We simply must be in luck, or it's all up with us."

He had the wheel at the time, and I went forward to my hospital in the fore-castle, where lay the two crippled men, Nilson and Thomas Mugridge. Nilson was as cheerful as could be expected, for his broken leg was knitting nicely; but the Cockney was desperately melancholy, and I was aware of a great sympathy for the unfortunate creature. And the marvel of it was that still he lived and clung to life. The brutal years had reduced his meager body to splintered wreckage, and yet the spark of light within burned as brightly as ever.

"With an artificial foot,—and they make excellent ones,—you will be stumping ships' galleys to the end of time," I assured him, jovially.

But his answer was serious, nay, solemn.

"I don't know about wot you s'y, Mr. Van W'yden, but I do know I'll never rest 'appy till I see that 'ell-ound dead. 'E cawn't live as long as me. 'E's got no right to live, an', as the Good Word puts it, 'E shall shorely die,' an' I s'y, 'Amen, an' d—— soon at that.'"

When I returned on deck I found Wolf Larsen steering mainly with one hand, while with the other hand he held the marine glasses and studied the situation of the boats, paying particular attention to the position of the *Macedonia*. The only change noticeable in our boats was that they had hauled close on the wind and were heading several points west of north. Still, I could not see the expediency of the maneuver, for the free sea was intercepted by the *Macedonia's* five weather boats, which, in turn, had hauled close on the wind. Thus they slowly diverged toward the west, drawing farther and farther away from the remainder of the boats in their line.

Our boats were rowing as well as sailing. Even the hunters were pulling, and with three pairs of oars in the water they rapidly overhauled what I may appropriately term the enemy.

The smoke of the *Macedonia* had dwindled to a dim blot on the northeastern horizon. Of the steamer herself nothing was to be seen. We had been loafing along till now, our sails shaking half the time and spilling the wind; and twice, for short periods, we had been hove to. But there was no more loafing. Sheets were trimmed, and Wolf Larsen proceeded to put the *Ghost* through her paces. We ran past our line of boats and bore down upon the first weather boat of the other line.

"Down that flying jib, Mr. Van Weyden," Wolf Larsen commanded. "And stand by to back over the jibs."

I ran forward, and had the downhaul of the flying jib all in and fast as we slipped by the boat a hundred feet to leeward. The three men in it gazed at us suspiciously. They had been hogging the sea, and they knew Wolf Larsen by reputation at any rate. I noted that the hunter, a huge Scandinavian sitting in the bow, held

his rifle, ready to hand, across his knees. It should have been in its proper place in the rack. When they came opposite our stern, Wolf Larsen greeted them with a wave of the hand, and cried:

"Come on aboard and have a 'gam'?"

"To gam," among the sealing-schooners, is a substitute for the verbs "to visit," "to gossip." It expresses the garrulity of the sea, and is a pleasant break in the monotony of the life.

The *Ghost* swung around into the wind, and I finished my work forward in time to run aft and lend a hand with the main-sheet.

"You will please stay on deck, Miss Brewster," Wolf Larsen said, as he started forward to meet his guest. "And you, too, Mr. Van Weyden."

The boat had lowered its sail and run alongside. The hunter, golden-bearded like a sea-king, came over the rail and dropped on deck. But his hugeness could not quite overcome his apprehensiveness. Doubt and distrust showed strongly in his face. It was a transparent face, for all of its hairy shield, and advertised instant relief when he glanced from Wolf Larsen to me, noted that there was only the pair of us, and then glanced over his own two men, who had joined him. Surely he had little reason to be afraid. He towered like a Goliath above Wolf Larsen. He must have measured six feet eight or nine inches in stature, and I subsequently learned his weight—two hundred and forty pounds. And there was no fat about him; it was all bone and muscle.

A return of apprehension was apparent, when, at the top of the companionway, Wolf Larsen invited him below. But he reassured himself with a glance down at his host, a big man himself, but dwarfed by the propinquity of the giant. So all hesitancy vanished, and the pair descended into the cabin. In the meantime his two men, as was the wont of visiting sailors, had gone forward into the forecabin to do some visiting themselves.

Suddenly from the cabin came a great choking bellow, followed by all the sounds of a furious struggle. It was the leopard and the lion, and the lion made all the noise. Wolf Larsen was the leopard.

"You see the sacredness of our hospitality," I said bitterly to Maud Brewster.

She nodded her head that she heard,

and I noted in her face the signs of the same sickness at sight or sound of violent struggle from which I had suffered so severely during my first weeks on the *Ghost*.

"Would n't it be better if you went forward, say by the steerage companionway, until it is over?" I suggested.

She shook her head and gazed at me pitifully. She was not frightened, but appalled, rather, at the human animality of it.

"You will understand," I took advantage of the opportunity to say, "whatever part I take in what is going on and what is to come, that I am compelled to take it—if you and I are ever to get out of this scrape with our lives. It is not nice—for me," I added.

"I understand," she said in a weak, far-away voice, and her eyes showed me that she did understand.

The sounds from below soon died away. Then Wolf Larsen came alone on deck. There was a slight flush under his bronze, but otherwise he bore no signs of the battle.

"Send those two men aft, Mr. Van Weyden," he said.

I obeyed, and a minute or two later they stood before him.

"Hoist in your boat," he said to them. "Your hunter's decided to stay aboard awhile and does n't want it pounding alongside."

"Hoist in your boat, I said," he repeated, this time in sharper tones, as they hesitated to do his bidding.

"Who knows, you may have to sail with me for a time," he said quite softly, with a silken threat that belied the softness, as they moved slowly to comply, "and we might as well start with a friendly understanding. Lively now! Death Larsen makes you jump better than that, and you know it."

Their movements perceptibly quickened under his coaching, and as the boat swung inboard I was sent forward to let go the jibs. Wolf Larsen, at the wheel, directed the *Ghost* after the *Macedonia's* second weather boat.

Under way, and with nothing for the time being to do, I turned my attention to the situation of the boats. The *Macedonia's* third weather boat was being attacked by two of ours, the fourth by our remaining three; and the fifth, turn about, was taking a hand in the defense of its nearest mate.

The fight had opened at long distance, and the rifles were cracking steadily. A quick, snappy sea was being kicked up by the wind, a condition which prevented fine shooting; and now and again, as we drew closer, we could see the bullets zip-zipping from wave to wave.

The boat we were pursuing had squared away and was running before the wind to escape us, and, in the course of its flight, to take part in repulsing our general boat attack.

Attending to sheets and tacks now left me little time to see what was taking place, but I happened to be on the poop when Wolf Larsen ordered the two strange sailors forward and into the forecastle. They went sullenly, but they went. He next ordered Miss Brewster below, and smiled at the instant horror that leapt into her eyes.

"You'll find nothing gruesome down there," he said. "Only an unhurt man securely made fast to the ring-bolts. Bullets are liable to come aboard, and I don't want you killed, you know."

Even as he spoke, a bullet was deflected by a brass-capped spoke of the wheel between his hands and screeched off through the air to windward.

"You see," he said to her; and then to me, "Mr. Van Weyden, will you take the wheel?"

Maud Brewster had stepped inside the companionway, so that only her head was exposed. Wolf Larsen had procured a rifle and was throwing a cartridge into the barrel. I begged her with my eyes to go below, but she smiled and said:

"We may be feeble land-creatures without legs, but we can show Captain Larsen that we are at least as brave as he."

He gave her a quick look of admiration.

"I like you a hundred per cent. better for that," he said. "Books, and brains, and bravery. You are well rounded—a blue-stocking fit to be the wife of a pirate chief. Ahem! we'll discuss that later," he smiled, as a bullet struck solidly into the cabin wall.

I saw his eyes flash golden as he spoke, and I saw the terror mount in her own.

"We are braver," I hastened to say. "At least, speaking for myself, I know I am braver than Captain Larsen."

It was I who was now favored by a quick look. He was wondering if I was making fun of him. I put three or four

spokes over to counteract a sheer toward the wind on the part of the *Ghost*, and then steadied her. Wolf Larsen was still waiting an explanation, and I pointed down to my knees.

"You will observe there," I said, "a slight trembling. It is because I am afraid, the flesh is afraid; and I am afraid in my mind because I do not wish to die. But my spirit masters the trembling flesh and the qualms of the mind. I am more than brave: I am courageous. Your flesh is not afraid. You are not afraid. On the one hand, it costs you nothing to encounter danger; on the other hand, it even gives you delight. You enjoy it. You may be unafraid, Mr. Larsen, but you must grant that the bravery is mine."

"You're right," he acknowledged at once. "I never thought of it in that way before. But is the opposite true? If you are braver than I, am I more cowardly than you?"

We both laughed at the absurdity, and he dropped down to the deck and rested his rifle across the rail. The bullets we had received had traveled nearly a mile, but by now we had cut that distance in half. He fired three careful shots. The first struck fifty feet to windward of the boat, the second alongside; and at the third the boat-steerer let loose his steering-oar and crumpled up in the bottom of the boat.

"I guess that'll fix them," Wolf Larsen said, rising to his feet. "I could n't afford to let the hunter have it, and there is a chance the boat-puller does n't know how to steer. In which case, the hunter cannot steer and shoot at the same time."

His reasoning was justified, for the boat rushed at once into the wind, and the hunter sprang aft to take the boat-steerer's place. There was no more shooting, though the rifles were still cracking merrily from the other boats.

The hunter had managed to get the boat before the wind again, but we ran down upon it, going at least two feet to its one. A hundred yards away I saw the boat-puller pass a rifle to the hunter. Wolf Larsen went amidships and took the coil of the throat-halyards from its pin. Then he peered over the rail with leveled rifle. Twice I saw the hunter let go the steering-oar with one hand, reach for his rifle, and hesitate. We were now alongside and foaming past.

"Here, you!" Wolf Larsen cried suddenly to the boat-puller. "Take a turn!"

At the same time he flung the coil of rope. It struck fairly, nearly knocking the man over, but he did not obey. Instead, he looked to his hunter for orders. The hunter, in turn, was in a quandary. His rifle was between his knees, but if he let go the steering-oar in order to shoot, the boat would sweep around and collide with the schooner. Also, he saw Wolf Larsen's rifle bearing upon him and knew he would be shot before he could get his rifle into play.

"Take a turn," he said quietly to the man.

The boat-puller obeyed, taking a turn around the little forward thwart and paying out the line as it jerked taut. The boat sheered out with a rush, and the hunter steadied it to a parallel course some twenty feet from the side of the *Ghost*.

"Now get that sail down and come alongside!" Wolf Larsen ordered.

He never let go his rifle, even passing down the tackles with one hand. When they were fast, bow and stern, and the two uninjured men prepared to come aboard, the hunter picked up his rifle as if to place it in a secure position.

"Drop it!" Wolf Larsen cried, and the hunter dropped it as though it were hot and had burned him.

Once aboard, the two prisoners hoisted in the boat, and under Wolf Larsen's direction carried the wounded boat-steerer down into the forecabin.

"If our five boats do as well as you and I have done, we'll have a pretty full crew," Wolf Larsen said to me.

"The man you shot—he is—I hope?" Maud Brewster quavered.

"In the shoulder," he answered. "Nothing serious. Mr. Van Weyden will pull him around as good as ever in three or four weeks.

"But he won't pull those chaps around, from the look of it," he added, pointing at the *Macedonia's* third boat, for which I had been steering and which was now nearly abreast of us. "That's Horner's and Smoke's work. I told them we wanted live men, not carcasses. But the joy of shooting to hit is a most compelling thing, when once you've learned how to shoot. Have you ever experienced it, Mr. Van Weyden?"

I shook my head and regarded their work. It had indeed been bloody, for they had drawn off and joined our other three boats in the attack on the remaining two of the enemy. The deserted boat was in the trough of the sea, rolling drunkenly across each comber, its loose spritsail out at right angles to it and fluttering and flapping in the wind. The hunter and boat-puller were both lying awkwardly in the bottom, but the boat-steerer lay across the gunwale, half in and half out, his arms trailing in the water and his head rolling from side to side.

"Don't look, Miss Brewster, please don't look!" I had begged of her, and I was glad that she had minded me and been spared the sight.

"Head right into the bunch, Mr. Van Weyden," was Wolf Larsen's command.

As we drew nearer, the firing ceased, and we saw that the fight was over. The remaining two boats had been captured by our five, and the seven were grouped together, waiting to be picked up.

"Look at that!" I cried involuntarily, pointing to the northeast.

The blot of smoke which indicated the *Macedonia's* position had reappeared.

"Yes, I've been watching it," was Wolf Larsen's calm reply. He measured the distance away to the fog-bank, and for an instant paused to feel the weight of the wind on his cheek. "We'll make it, I think; but you can depend upon it that blessed brother of mine has twigg'd our little game and is just a-humping for us. Ah, look at that!"

The blot of smoke had suddenly grown larger, and it was very black.

"I'll beat you out, though, brother mine," he chuckled. "I'll beat you out, and I hope you no worse than that you rack your old engines into scrap."

When we hove to, a hasty though orderly confusion reigned. The boats came aboard from every side at once. As fast as the prisoners came over the rail they were marshaled forward into the forecabin by our hunters, while our sailors hoisted in the boats, dropping them anywhere upon the deck and not stopping to lash them. We were already under way, all sails set and drawing, and the sheets being slacked off for a wind abeam, as the last boat lifted clear of the water and swung in the tackles.

(To be continued)



From the original painting, by permission of Arthur Tooth & Sons
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE: MRS. ANGERSTERN

IN THE NATURE OF A HERO

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"BEHIND HIM CAME BRUNTON, COVERED WITH THE DUST OF THE CHUTE"

HE came into Captain Meaghan's office about noon,—Captain Meaghan, the foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 0,—carrying his turnout of fire-hat and rubbers in a bransack over his shoulder. He wore his cap slanted down on an ear that had been nipped and scarred with fire. He had the face of a veteran from the regular army in the West, deep-eyed and lean, as if heat and exposure had tried him out to bone and sinew. He introduced himself briefly: "I'm Brunton. I been transferred here." And

been the mannerism of a friend of his earlier days—a red-headed daredevil of a boy who had led the "gang" to which Meaghan had belonged.)

"Feelin' all right again?" he asked affably.

"Yes 'r," Brunton said. "Feelin' fine. Much doin'?"

"No. Not much. What kep' yuh late?"

Brunton replied vaguely that there had been a delay about his transfer papers. The captain accepted that unsatisfactory explanation without suspicion, and swung around in his swivel desk-chair. "Gal-



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"DID YUH?"

the captain, the tyrannical and blustering Meaghan, was so absorbed in an admiring scrutiny of this unbeautiful recruit that he did not answer.

From the tales he had heard of Brunton, he had expected a thick-set, burly gorilla; and Brunton was tall and loose. His neck rose from his shoulders, as long as the neck of a plucked turkey; and he had a trick of hitching up his chin, every now and then, with a nervous twist of that neck, as if his collar pinched him.

It was a mannerism that appealed to Meaghan for obscure reasons. (It had

legher 'll fix yuh up when he comes in," he said. "Yuh 'll find the boys up-stairs." And having waited for Brunton to go out, he drew a cigar from his pocket and presented it to himself with an air of flattered self-congratulation. For Brunton was the reigning "hero" of the whole fire department.

He had been only two years in service, but already he had been entered seven times on the roll of merit. He had first distinguished himself, as Meaghan remembered, by climbing up the back of a burning house, without a scaling-ladder, from

sill to shutter and from shutter to cornice, to rescue a child from a third-story window. He had made himself famous in the de-

ing timbers of a house that had collapsed and working there with ax and hand-saw for an hour—a stream of water playing on



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THERE WAS A FLASH OF FIRE AT THE HORSES' HEADS"

partment by diving into the steaming drip of a flooded cellar to bring out a suffocated pipeman. He had made himself famous to the public by crawling among the burn-

him to keep his clothes from catching fire—until he had released a fireman who had been pinned down in the wreckage.

He had been a scout "in th' Injun

wars," it was said. He could lift the tail of a five-ton truck "with his shoulder." He would go down the leader pipe from a burning roof "like a Guinny's monk." In short, there was nothing that he could not do—if he had not already done it.

Captain Meaghan, thinking over these things, smoked and smiled. He had no misgivings. He had been receiving all raw probationers latterly as recruits; and it was a new and grateful compliment to have a Brunton transferred to his rolls. He had no suspicions. Brunton had been injured in his last exploit, and had been sent to the Bronx to rest in the comparative quiet of a suburban engine-house; and this was his return to active duty, evidently. The captain smoked and smiled.

He was still smoking when his lieutenant returned from dinner, but the look of complacent satisfaction had left his face, and he was listening impatiently to the shouts of laughter that sounded from the sitting-room up-stairs. (The truck-house humor is as delicate as the slap-stick joke of a Bowery variety show, and the applause that follows it is thunderous.)

"Brunton's here," he said. "See what's goin' on up there."

Lieutenant Gallagher hung up his coat and cap, and went to investigate. He was a big, patient, diplomatic Irishman. The noise stopped at once.

He came back with his face divided between a smile and a frown. "It's just Brunton," he reported. "He's been showing them a trick of swallowing money—and bringing it up again."

"Brunton?" Meaghan said, with a surprised scowl.

Gallagher laughed apologetically. "Well, it was Donnelly's fault, I guess. He was doing it to catch Donnelly."

"Huh!" the captain grunted, mollified. "Donnelly, was it?"—for "Long Tom" Donnelly was the caustic censor of the house.

The lieutenant nodded. "He said Brunton was palming the money and was n't swallowing it. And Brunton stumped him to mark a quarter and give it to him. And he swallowed it all right, but now he says he can't get it up again—and Donnelly's out twenty-five cents."

The captain's mouth twitched. "Serve him right. Donnelly's been gettin' too wise round here, anyway. He thinks he

knows it all. Serve him right." He reached for his cap. "Give Brunton the bed down by the window, an' move Donnelly up nearer the pole."

He went out for his three hours off duty, —being a "one-mealer,"—and Lieutenant Gallagher drew a package of "fine-cut" from his hip-pocket, and sat down to chew over his doubts of Brunton.

It was evident that the new man was a "peculiar genius," as Sergeant Pim, privately interrogated, had confessed; and it was evident, too, that his reputation gave him a prestige among the men that would be powerful for good or evil. Lieutenant Gallagher was responsible to his captain for the maintenance of discipline in the truck-house, but he had made himself the friend of the crew, and had tempered old Meaghan's absolutism by allowing the men a degree of liberty in their leisure hours and a license of unusual freedom during the captain's absence every afternoon from two o'clock till five. He began to fear that Brunton might lead in an abuse of the company's privileges, and he listened with uneasiness to the growing uproar that began to echo from above stairs.

The sallow Donnelly—"Long Tom" Donnelly—put his head in the door, in the midst of these reflections. "That man's crazy," he said. "He's sittin' up there with strips of paper pasted all over his face an' a paper funnel on his nose, makin' faces at himself."

Gallagher recognized the personal bias of Donnelly's report, and said nothing. "Long Tom" shrugged a shoulder and withdrew.

Sergeant Pim dropped in, quite casually, a moment later. "Brunton's a reg'lar goat!" he laughed. "He's got Long Tom on the run, pretendin' he's crazy. It's his good 's a minstrel show up there."

"Don't let him get too gay, Pim," the lieutenant said. "He'll be making trouble for us all with the old man if he ain't careful."

Pim dutifully smoothed out his grin. "Oh, he's all right. It's been pretty slow fer 'm up in the Bronx, I guess. He's feelin' his oats, gettin' back down-town. He's after Donnelly, that's all. Donnelly tried to come the lofty on him, an' he would n't stand fer it."

The lieutenant shifted his cud. "Tell him to go slow on it," he said, somewhat reassured.

"Sure," Pim promised. "He's all right."

The lieutenant rested on that promise until another of the men, on his way out to dinner, looked in, laughing, to report. "Brunton's more fun 'n a cage o' kittens," he said. "Pim's puttin' him on to Donnelly—gettin' back at him fer settin' the cop wise to that trick he played the kike down the street. He's got Long Tom goin' fer fair."

"Pim has?" Gallegher said.

He knew of the bitterness between Sergeant Pim and Long Tom Donnelly. He knew that if Pim saw in Brunton an agent of retaliation, there would be no limit to the fool's play he would instigate. That was the known defect in Pim; he was wise in the affairs of his profession, but outside of them he was as irresponsible and mischievous as a school-boy.

There was nothing now for Lieutenant Gallegher to do—his trusted deputy having failed him—but to wait until the men went beyond bounds and then to repress them with a prompt show of authority.

He waited.

In the meantime, from sleight-of-hand and coin-swallowing, Brunton had gone to uproarious foolery; he had badgered the contemptuous Donnelly until Long Tom had gone down-stairs in disgust to look after his horses; and he proposed now that he should startle Donnelly by sliding down the hay-chute to him, from the store-room to the ground floor, feet first. His audience did not suppose that he would dare do it, and encouraged him jocularly, until—in the face of Pim's warning that he would either stick in the walls and smother, or drop down the two stories and break his legs—he got into the chute, cried, "Here goes nothin'," and disappeared.

The crazy daredeviltry of it left the men standing snickering guiltily at one another. "Gad!" Pim said, "we'd better go down an' get a hearse." And they

dropped down the sliding-poles after him to the ground floor.

They were met by Donnelly, who came running to the stairs with the expression of a man who has seen insanity. Behind him came Brunton, covered with the dust of the chute, his shirt-sleeves torn at the elbows and his fingers cut. "I'll fix yuh," he was saying. "I'll cut yer heart out.

Crazy am I? By Crikey Mike, I'll fix yuh! Crazy am I? I'll blow yer brains out! By Crikey Mike!"

He winked at the men, and went after Donnelly, muttering crazily; and the crew dodged behind the truck and struggled with the agonies of their unrelieved laughter, bent double or leaning helplessly against the wall, choking and shaking in silent convulsions.

Donnelly burst in on the lieutenant with a sputtering excited account of the affair; and Gallegher heard him out without comment. "I can't interfere," the lieutenant said doggedly. "As soon as he does something against rules, I can call him down. But I can't until he does. Leave him alone. Keep away from him."

"Well, I'm tryin' to keep away from him," Donnelly protested, "an' he's chasin' me all over the place."

The lieutenant took up his newspaper. "I can't help it," he repeated. "You'll have to fix it up between yourselves."

Donnelly went back to his persecution, and it proceeded in a conspiracy of silence which all the men joined. It endured without official notice until Captain Meaghan had returned; and the lieutenant was already congratulating himself on the end of the trouble, when Donnelly came back in desperation to the office to report that Brunton was threatening to shoot him. "He's crazy!" he insisted. "He's crazy! An' he's got a gun in his clothes at that."

Captain Meaghan, taken unawares, glared at him in astonishment.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

BRUNTON

Lieutenant Gallegher asked: "Did you see the gun?"

"You ask Pim," Donnelly cried. "*He* saw it. *He* tol' me—"

"Pim 's playing you, I guess," the lieutenant said.

The captain found his voice to demand suddenly:

"Who 's crazy?"

"Brunton is," Donnelly answered. "Pim tol' me—"

Captain Meaghan leaned forward at him, grasping the arms of his chair. "You go 'n' mind yer own bus'ness, see?" he said. "Yuh're a pinhead. That's all that's wrong with *you*. Yuh're no good. It'd take a whole crew of *you* an' a battalion chief to make a man like Brunton. You get out of here an' shut yer holler."

Donnelly swallowed and made as if to speak.

"Shut up—an' *get out!*" Meaghan ordered, in a voice that fairly blew Long Tom backward out of the door.

"Blamed yellow cur!" the captain muttered. "Comin' round here with a whine like that!"

Lieutenant Gallegher did not reply. And for the rest of the day Donnelly suffered dumbly an organized persecution that allowed no echo of Brunton's horse-play to reach the office.

II

BUT at eleven o'clock that night—when peace seemed to have settled down with darkness on the house, and the bunk-room was as quiet as a nursery asleep, and there was not so much as a snore to disturb the dimly lighted repose of the hypocrites in their white cots—a shot exploded on the stillness with a stab of flame and a deafening echo. A scream wailed up after it, horribly shrill. A roar of laughter followed in a tremendous guffaw, and rose in the half light with a volume that shook the walls. The captain's door flew open, and Meaghan shouted into the uproar. Donnelly, crouching in the aisle between the cots, greeted him with an indignant "He's tryin' to ass-ass-inate me!" And the room rang with the haw-haws of men who could no longer struggle against the convulsions that shook and twisted them as if they had all been taken with fits.

Captain Meaghan shouted at them in

vain until the lieutenant turned up the gas-jets on the pandemonium, and the men, surprised by the light, smothered themselves in their pillows and choked down their laughter to a suppressed and spasmodic snorting and grunting. The captain—standing in the doorway in his underclothes, his gray hair tousled from the pillow—swore at them in a wrathful bewilderment. Long Tom Donnelly stammered unintelligibly and pointed at Brunton; and Brunton, sitting up in his bed, stared in the wildest amazement.

"Wha—what 's up?" he asked.

At that innocent inquiry, Sergeant Pim rolled out of his bed in his blankets and writhed helplessly on the floor, drumming with his heels on the linoleum. Brunton looked around at him and blinked.

"Who fired that?" Captain Meaghan cried.

"He-e-e did!" Donnelly screamed. "I seen him. I was watchin' him. He's been threatenin'—"

"Shut up!" Meaghan ordered, and bore down on Brunton with his hands clenched.

"Did yuh?"

Brunton shook his head, open-mouthed. "No," he said. "I was asleep. I—" He looked about him at the men shaking under their bedclothes. "What 's the matter?" he asked mildly.

Sergeant Pim, on the floor, squealed in another spasm, and the men, who had been holding themselves in to listen, went off again into hysterics as if they had been a class of boarding-school girls. Meaghan leaped around at them with the purple face of a man on the verge of apoplexy; and he was still struggling with an oath that stuck in his throat, when the "jigger" on the wall clicked and struck.

If it had been a cry of "Fire!" to a theater audience roaring at a farce, or the warning shot of an outpost to a company of soldiers singing around a camp-fire, it could not have made a more sudden silence. The men started up, on their elbows. The captain stopped with his hand in the air, dropped it, and turned. The bell clanged out its swift strokes and paused—and the men were out of their beds and kicking into their boots and trousers before it could complete the alarm.

Sergeant Pim followed Brunton down the sliding-pole, and leaped with him to the truck.

"Where 'd yuh get the gun?" the sergeant asked out of the corner of his mouth.

Brunton leaned over to answer, behind his hand: "Up in the Bronx. I had to carry one. Dunk Cooper's gang was after me."

"What 'd yuh do with it?" Pim whispered.

Brunton winked and laughed. "I got it here." And while they were still laughing, the catastrophe began to develop.

On account of the disorder in the bunk-room and the consequent unreadiness of the crew to respond to the alarm, the man on watch had been left unaided to lock the collars and hook the bit-snaps of the three horses as they charged down on him from their stalls; and while he had been still struggling with the last of them, Long Tom Donnelly had sprung into the driver's seat, so excited that he did not wait for the word of command before he jerked on the reins, brought down the harness on the horses' back, and started them out. The watchman had time only to jump aside from their heads; he had not time to make sure that the doors had been slid back to the walls; and the hub of a front wheel struck an edge-strip that was projecting from the door-frame, and smashed through the heavy timber with a noise that frightened the horses and a shock that almost threw Captain Meaghan from his place on the "turn-table." He shouted at Donnelly and confused him the more; and the truck, turning too sharply, swung its rear wheels wide over the sidewalk and dropped them with a jolt from the curbstone to the gutter.

Brunton grunted: "'S worse 'n ridin' strip-saddle." He tightened his belt. In a few moments he added: "Lickety split! Crikey Mike!"—for the horses were leaping along at a furious gallop. He leaned out from the side-step to see the off horse plunging ahead. He heard Meaghan cry: "Hold 'em in! Hold 'em in!"

Donnelly answered through his teeth: "Somethin' 's loose!"

They spun past a corner light, with all the men craning their necks to see. Captain Meaghan shouted: "H——! That bit ain't snapped! The center horse!"

The truck began to swing dangerously from side to side. Lieutenant Gallegher turned to the men. "Look out now, boys," he said.

"What 's the matter?" Brunton asked Pim.

The sergeant answered: "They 're off. 'Baby' in the lead. Her bit ain't snapped."

The three horses, running wild, were pounding out the confused clatter of a stampede over asphalt and paving-stones, instead of that regular pulse of hoof-beats which times the speed of a well-reined gallop. Donnelly, braced and straining, clung to the lines; but the pull was all against him, and the great animals jerked and tore at his arms as they rose and fell. He was being dragged, not they driven; and they were dragging him straight for the water-front, down a sloping street so narrow that it was impossible, going at such speed, to turn a corner from it.

The captain reached forward and hooked the leather strap which held Donnelly to the seat. "Get both feet on the brakes," he said. "Hang on to them."

Long Tom did not need the order. He was bent forward, bareheaded, his face set to the rush of air. He was as cool, now, as a railroad engineer watching the tracks ahead; but the brakes were useless to stop a ten-thousand-pound truck running on ball-bearings behind three deep-chested, mighty-flanked fire-horses gone mad together. They shot past the pillars of an elevated road; and the truck took the car-tracks with the bound of a toboggan. Another electric light whipped past them; the shadows of another dark street leaped to swallow them like the mouth of a tunnel; and there were only two more streets between them and the piers.

Captain Meaghan pushed back his helmet from his forehead and looked around at his lieutenant as if hoping for the suggestion of some aid; and he saw Brunton swing nimbly up from the step to the other side of the turn-table, and peer out at the horses.

"What 're yuh doin'?" Meaghan called.

His voice was lost in that clang and roar and rattle of jolting wheels and ringing pavement and clamoring bell. Brunton did not notice him, but dropped his head into his shoulders like a cat, and went forward around the turn-table until he was crouched at Donnelly's knee.

Then suddenly he jumped forward and disappeared. The captain turned to catch up a lantern, but a lurch of the truck almost threw him from his hold, and he could only cling helplessly to the iron upright and wait for a corner light. As one flashed by, it showed Brunton astride of the off horse,

working forward to its shoulders. Before the darkness closed again he had reached its mane and stretched himself out along its neck to catch the bridle of the middle horse.

Captain Meaghan understood that he was trying to pull its head around and throw it, as a cavalryman throws his mount. But he also understood that this was the sixteen-hundred-pound filly of a mixed-blood Percheron mare, and as strong in the neck as a bull; and Brunton had not even the purchase of a bit to aid him. When the feeble gaslights of half the block had flowed past them without any slackening of speed, Meaghan gave up hope. "He can't do it," he groaned. "Run 'em into somethin', Tom."

Before Donnelly could answer there was a flash of fire at the horses' heads, and a shot rang out above the noises of hoof and wheel. A second report cut the echo of the first.

The middle horse leaped and fell kicking. It was dragged between the poles, on the asphalt, until it brought down the off horse. The truck swept them forward in a struggling heap with broken poles and snapped harness until the third horse fell too; and then the front wheels jammed into them and stopped the truck with a lurch that shot Meaghan forward as he leaped.

He ran to the pole. "Bring a light," he cried, forcing down the head of the struggling off horse with his knee. "Brunton?" he said hoarsely. "Brunton?"

He got no answer. Lieutenant Gallegher and the men ran up with lanterns. "Loose those flank horses," Meaghan cried. "He must be 'n underneath." The men began to unbuckle the tangled straps. "Cut them! Cut them!" he ordered.

He reached down to raise the head of the bleeding animal which Brunton had shot. Lieutenant Gallegher touched him on the shoulder. "Brunton's over there, on the curb," he said; and Meaghan turned to see the missing fireman sitting beside the gutter, painfully nursing a bruised shoulder.

It was plain from his expression that he was pretending to be more hurt than he really was; and below his exaggerated grimace of pain there was a sheepish look of guilt. Captain Meaghan stared in surprise and bewilderment, until he remembered that forgotten incident in the truck-house and

understood Brunton's expression. He drew a long breath.

In the silence one of the men snickered hysterically. Meaghan shouted at Brunton, "Yuh 're a liar! *You* fired that in the bunk-room!" and threw up his hands and swung a passionate kick into a lantern that stood at his feet.

It rose flaming, fell with a crash of broken glass, and went out. In the darkness, the men heard his profanity choke in his throat. He coughed. He said, in a moment, "Fix those horses an' let 's get out o' here."

THREE hours later, the men had returned to their quarters, a very dark and solemn crew. Captain Meaghan had not spoken a word to them. He had gone up-stairs to his office without even stopping to look at the two lamed horses or to examine the truck; and when Gallegher followed, twenty minutes afterward, he found him sitting dumb before his open journal, a dry pen in his hand, and the lid of his inkwell still unlifted.

Gallegher waited. Meaghan did not move. "Better leave that till the morning, I guess, sir," the lieutenant said.

Meaghan reached out quickly, dipped his pen, and drew a shaky black line through Brunton's name on the roll. "Brunton goes back to the goose-pastures," he growled. "Take Donnelly off the seat an' put him on the tiller again."

Gallegher waited. "What about Pim?"

Meaghan swung around to him. "Pim? What's *he* got to do with it?"

Gallegher said: "His monkey-shining's at the bottom of the whole thing. I know he did n't mean any harm, but he started Brunton going in the first place."

Meaghan threw down his pen. "Well, darn my eyes!" he cried. "I'm captain of a crew of fools. I'm up against it!"

There was a suspiciously timely tap at the door; and when Gallegher opened it, the shamefaced Pim was standing on the threshold.

"Well?" Meaghan growled.

The sergeant took off his cap and slunk in guiltily. "Cap'n," he said, "if there's goin' to be any trouble about this thing, I want to take my share of it. I—"

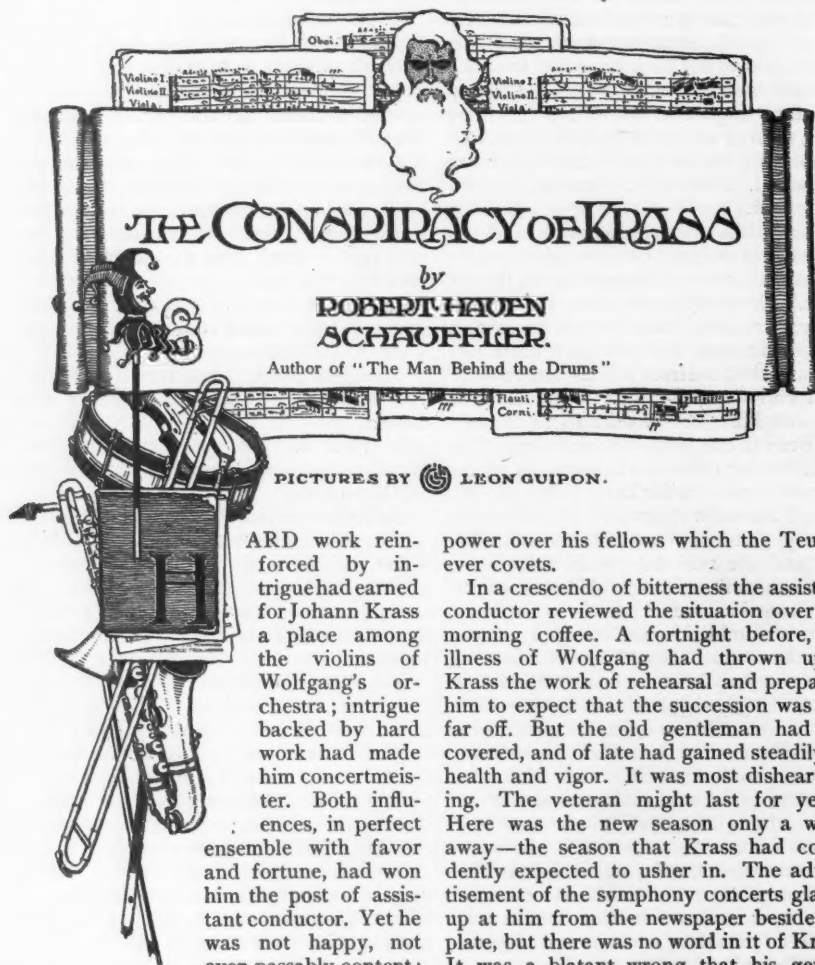
"You get out of here," Meaghan ordered. "You're the fool that did n't know it was loaded. I'll lose my job

through *you* some o' these days, Pim. But it's no good talkin': yuh 're too old to get sense. Go on. Go to bed."

Pim nodded solemnly. "That's right, cap'n. That'll hold me fer a while. That's right. I'm a darn ol' fool. That's what I am. That's right!" He went out, abusing himself vilely. "Good night," he said, and shut the door.

Captain Meaghan put a cigar in his mouth, rolled it over between his lips, and

shook his head blankly. "That's the second time," he said. "That's the second time I been up against a man that was n't ascared o' nothin'. An' they don't do—they don't do. I might've known Brunton could n't've done the things he's done an' have good sense. I might've known it. These here——heroes——" he shut his journal with a bang—"I don't want no more o' them. They ain't what they're cracked up to be!"



PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON.

HARD work reinforced by intrigue had earned for Johann Krass a place among the violins of Wolfgang's orchestra; intrigue backed by hard work had made him concertmeister. Both influences, in perfect ensemble with favor and fortune, had won him the post of assistant conductor. Yet he was not happy, not even passably content;

for he cherished one consuming ambition—to succeed Wolfgang and obtain that

power over his fellows which the Teuton ever covets.

In a crescendo of bitterness the assistant conductor reviewed the situation over his morning coffee. A fortnight before, an illness of Wolfgang had thrown upon Krass the work of rehearsal and prepared him to expect that the succession was not far off. But the old gentleman had recovered, and of late had gained steadily in health and vigor. It was most disheartening. The veteran might last for years. Here was the new season only a week away—the season that Krass had confidently expected to usher in. The advertisement of the symphony concerts glared up at him from the newspaper beside his plate, but there was no word in it of Krass. It was a blatant wrong that his genius should further be wasted in mere fiddling and in the directing of stupid accompani-

ments. Suddenly another notice caught his eye:

THE FUTURE DIVULGED!

Advice

Given in All the Affairs of Life

Help by Occult Means

Beyond the Power of Other Clairvoyants

ONE DOLLAR

HABAKKUK

413 Gavel Street

The fingers of Krass sought imaginary harmonics on his Vienna roll as he pondered the advertisement, reading it over and over.

"The future divulged!" What would he not give to know, for instance, how old Wolfgang's health would stand the season? Perhaps there was some other way in which his ambition would be realized. "I will try it!" he cried, with a sudden gesture of determination. "It may be that he will take half-price."

It was thus that after luncheon the assistant conductor found himself in Gavel street. No. 413 was calculated to charm the senses as little by its architecture as by its interior decorations, and the tawdry squalor of the office into which he was admitted led Krass to hope that the medium could do more for the fortunes of others than for his own.

He was a short, pale man, lean and lithe like an underfed greyhound, with eyes that brightened to an uncanny and perfervid intensity as the details of Krass's situation were presented to him.

The medium paced the room restively, his chin buried in a soiled vermillion cravat, and seemed to grapple with diseased nerves as he glowered at the twiddling fingers of the musician. He broke abruptly into Krass's tale of hope deferred.

"What would you make in this new position?"

"An increase in salary of three thousand dollars."

Habakkuk quickened his step as if under the growing excitement of a monumental conception. Then he stopped suddenly, and in a low, rapid mutter, his body vibrant apparently with the power of some suppressed idea, said:

"You came for a prophecy, did n't you? You wished to ascertain what is

going to happen this season. Much good *that* would have done you! But you're in luck to have found me. I do more than foretell events." He drew himself up with an inscrutable and Napoleonic air. "I *make* them happen," he whispered sharply. "If you will obey me," he continued, "I may be able to secure you this position, and soon, too."

He attempted to stare the musician down, but Krass warily regarded the wallpaper.

"See here," he exclaimed, "no assault nor nothink; I can't hear to that."

Habakkuk darted to the door.

"There is the street!" he cried, with a jerk of his disengaged thumb.

"Come," returned Krass, in a softer voice, "I meant nothink out of the way. Be so kind to tell me your plan."

"Just this," replied Habakkuk, shutting the door and again lowering his voice. "You give me the necessary introduction, I do the rest. Lucky for you that I know about musicians. I once played snare-drum and triangle in a the-a-ter. On the day I secure you Wolfgang's position you pay me five hundred dollars. No go, no pay. You see, it all depends on whether I can get the old man under."

"Under what?" inquired Krass, in some alarm.

"The influence."

"What for a thing is that?"

"Hypnotism."

Krass looked blank.

"Speak you German?"

Habakkuk waved the interruption aside.

"What, don't you know what hypnotism is? Why, my friend, it's the greatest science of the age."

The medium assumed an effective pose.

"I can do more things, O Ratio," he intoned, "than are dreamt of in your philology."

No light glimmered in the German's stare.

"Why," cried the medium, "I think nothing whatever of common ordinary miracles. I can do things that you'd dream about all the rest of your life. Science is fairly sprinting along these days. Talk about olden times—pshaw! I only wish I had one of them old Hebrew prophets here. I'd show him!" Habakkuk

suddenly lowered his voice. "Never heard of post-hypnotic suggestion, did n't you? Well, you see it works this way . . . shall I put you under? I won't charge nothing for it."

The medium fixed the musician with a steady glare and advanced upon him.

"*Gott bewahre*," yelled Krass, assuming a hurried posture of defense.

"All right, sir," purred Habakkuk; "I won't do you nothing. I can explain well enough without an object-lesson."

And soon Krass was deep in the mysteries of the weird science of influencing the conduct of "subjects" by "suggestion."

II

THE orchestra was holding its Friday evening *Kneipe*, and the private hall of the Bismarck restaurant was filled with the effusions of those pipes which are dearer to the German heart than even oboe or flute. The conductor presided at the board, smoking a deep-bowled affair, resembling a bass clarinet; and from that the style diminished to the straight, pert American variety, smaller than the tiniest of piccolos. Wolfgang was a sociable old martinet and, scorning the conventional aloofness of conductors, frowned on all of his men who refused to compete together once a week with him over a keg of Munich beer.

The sound of mirth was perceptibly deadened as the concertmeister opened the door, glancing about with his usual air of bored asceticism, and ushering in a stranger. The apparition of Krass in any genial gathering generally produced the effect of a mute on a violin.

"I have taken the liberty to bring here a friend," he announced,—"Mr. Ferrara—gentlemen."

The newcomer, a small man of no obvious nationality, bowed jerkily right and left, and snapped himself into the proffered chair. He was evidently unacquainted with German drinking customs, and after the very first draught, to the huge delight of the company, he neglected to close his stein-lid. With remarkable alacrity, Frauenknecht, the tenor trombonist, lunged across the table and clapped his own stein on that of Mr. Ferrara. In a trice, a dozen more were superimposed, while belated aspirants pranced about on the table-cloth for an opening.

"What 's up?" inquired the stranger of Krass. "Do they want me to drink out o' their mugs?"

"*Nein, nein*, it iss not fair!" exclaimed Wolfgang, starting from his seat. "I shall myself pay de round." Then turning to the stranger with a courteous inclination, he explained the immemorial student custom whereby he who leaves open the lid of his stein must "stand the beer" for all who can pile their own upon it.

The general complexion was of a deeper shade of pink when the voice of the assistant conductor became audible. All stared with some surprise, for Krass usually sat out the revels, indecently sober, and glaring at the merriment through his horn eyeglasses in cynical silence. "As convivial as Krass" had passed into a byword.

"*Meine Herren*," he began. The noise ceased abruptly, so that old Loewen, at the other end of the room, was distinctly audible.

"He iss a verdammt razgal, I dell you," growled the kettledrummer—"a plotter—a—" surprised by the lull in the proceedings, he pulled up sharply on the last staccato syllable.

Krass moved uneasily, but did not glance in Loewen's direction.

"I have to propose," he continued, "that each of us shall, in turn, make for the company some fun—sing a song, tell a story, or—do perhaps a trick. Is it good?"

A chorus of "*Ja! Ja!*" was the response.

And so the evening wore on in a revel of jollity. Anecdotes flowed like beer. Profane and unclassical songs were trolled by thoroughly untrained voices. Even Wolfgang consented to desecrate the high places of music by playing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" on the piano in the respective styles of Schumann, Wagner, Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin. The musicians were determined, for once, to be as unprofessional as possible.

At last came the turn of Ferrara, who arose crisply to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he began suavely, appearing to take in the company with a comprehensive eye, "I have no power of elocution, neither can I sing, but I happen to know a trick that may amuse you."

There was a unanimous shout of approval.

"If you will allow me to examine your foreheads, I will select one of you and make him do whatever I tell him, whether he wishes it or not."

undisturbed somewhere in the depths of every tranquil soul.

"This gentleman," he announced after traveling half-way about the table, and



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"I DO MORE THAN FORETELL EVENTS. I MAKE THEM HAPPEN."

Loud was the delight of the company as Ferrara glided about the board, scanning face after face and peering with his small, steely pupils to an uncomfortable depth into many a pair of frank and apparently shallow Teutonic eyes. There was something weird and unsettling in his glance, as though he could penetrate into the heart of that darkness which, like a buried bomb, must lie unsuspected and

indicated the tenor trombonist, who, wheeling about, presented a ponderous front, as if defying the newcomer to attempt his worst.

Instantly Ferrara began to make sweeping downward passes close before the eyes of Frauenknecht, crouching tensely before him with every muscle rigid. The lids of the trombonist grew heavy.

"Close the eyes," insinuated Ferrara.

"Good; now, you see, you cannot open them." The eyebrows of the musician tugged upward in vain. The delight of the crowd was indescribable. "Play us a solo, if you please." Instantly the hands of the trombonist assumed their usual pugilistic attitude. His cheeks began to bulge and redden, his fists to strike out lustily as at an unseen foe, while the encouraging jibes of his friends fell upon his deaf ears.

Under cover of the derisive greetings which met the awakened musician, Krass slipped up to Ferrara. "That's not Wolfgang, fool!" he hissed. "He's the old man at the end of the table."

"Shut up and keep off," returned Habakkuk, sharply, behind his hand; "I know my business better 'n you."

Loud were the demands for more, and, much to the exasperation of the hovering Krass, Habakkuk induced Ballschütz, the piccolo, to make ardent love to old Loeuwen. Then he caused the first hornist to hop about the room in a humble posture, under the apprehension that he was a toad. Krass noticed that Habakkuk took occasion in each case to whisper into the ear of his subject before waking him, and once he could distinguish the singular phrase:

"When I cough—"

At length the entertainer approached Wolfgang.

"I should like to try this gentleman," he announced.

The hall resounded with the groans, shrieks, and howls of the delighted musicians. What! this little fellow subdue the will of that most indomitable conductor? They were convulsed.

The tumult subsided, as Wolfgang said defiantly:

"I bet mit you anyding dat I shall no-thing do vich you desire."

"Well and good," returned the stranger, never taking his eyes from those of the old man; "what shall it be?"

Wolfgang glared back, and pulling his gold-mounted baton with a sudden and menacing gesture from his coat-pocket, he flourished it before the nose of Ferrara.

"Mein baton against a fife-cent cigar!" he cried.

"As you say," replied the stranger, with composure.

He beckoned Wolfgang to a chair in one corner, backing against a bunch of gas-jets, and placed himself before the old man.

"If the gentlemen will kindly observe a short silence—" He held up a sedative finger.

The light, striking directly on the brilliant whites of his eyes, was reflected with an uncanny shimmer into the inflamed orbs of the old conductor. Try as he might, Wolfgang could not seem to shake off an insidious and alluring drowsiness, while Habakkuk waved at him, with compelling gestures, the baton of a bony hand.

As the eyes of Wolfgang grew dim, the stranger whispered: "Don't obey me now."

It would be impossible to say whether the members of the orchestra could have been more diverted by the success than they were by the apparent failure of Ferrara. For Wolfgang remained inert to all persuasion, and the seemingly discomfited stranger roused him without the accomplishment of a single feat which he had suggested.

Before the return of consciousness the stranger whispered something into the old man's ear. Krass could distinguish only the words:

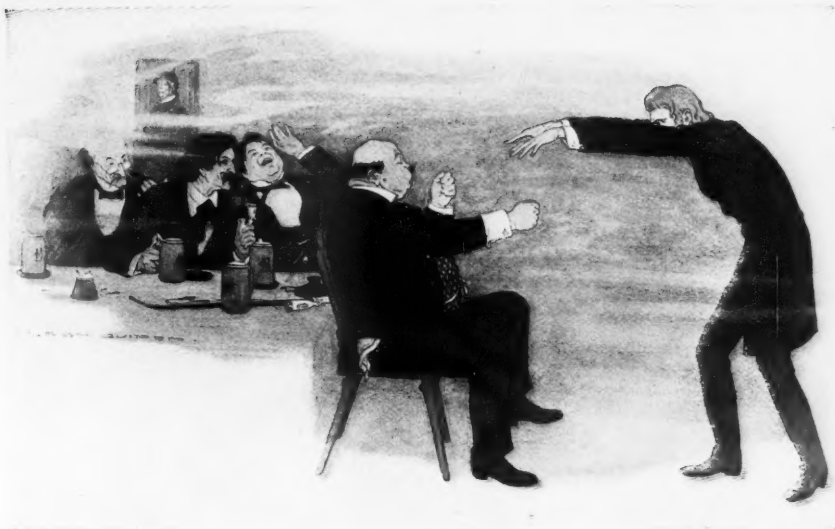
"When I sneeze—"

"You're one too many for me, sir," observed the medium in a loud voice, with a grin of humility. "Have a cigar?" Then he treated Krass to a private wink.

III

THE hour for the season's first concert was at hand, and every musician was in his place on the deep and sloping concert-stage. When Wolfgang emerged from the wings the orchestra rose as one man to welcome him. Each player blew, scraped, or pounded his instrument, mindful only to swell to the uttermost the din of acclamation, striving to invent for one minute some particularly raucous dialect of the universal language, to the greater glory of Wolfgang.

The conductor made stately inclinations to the applauding pit and stage; then he rapped on his desk for attention, and turned to survey the unquiet audience. More than one laggard mended his steps under the old German's peremptory gaze, which came to rest impatiently on a very short gentleman, who wore a large, snowy beard and tottered decrepitably to a seat in the foremost row. There was something about him—Wolfgang could not tell what—that



Drawn by Leon Gulpon. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"PLAY US A SOLO, IF YOU PLEASE"

compelled the attention. Perhaps it was the exceeding whiteness of his beard or the brightness of his eye, or perhaps the discrepancy between the senility of one and the youthfulness of the other. At any rate, Wolfgang experienced a singular difficulty in dropping his speculations to attend to the overture in hand.

The program progressed smoothly. Wolfgang was in his best form, restraining, directing, encouraging, and urging on his forces with his usual easy dignity, reaching his climaxes without strain, securing his nuances without affectation. The music was blessedly free from those usual concomitants of orchestral concerts—the sputtering of French horns, the quacking of clarionets, or the catarrhal phenomena of bassoon solos. The aged man in the front seat did not go to sleep, but stared at Wolfgang's back with singular concentration.

The symphony, the last number on the program, had reached the soft introduction of the *presto* when an alarming sneeze, issuing from immediately behind the conductor, broke the tissue web of tone with an incisive detonation.

Wolfgang started painfully. The expressive and masterful mien of his back seemed subtly to be altered. His feet shuffled slightly under him, although in perfect keeping with the prevailing rhythm.

It seemed as though they could not cease. From a shuffle they passed to a sidle, and from a sidle to a hop. The legs of Wolfgang appeared to have recovered their forgotten youth. From a hop he attained to a caper, from a prance to a cavort. His voluminous coat-tails he swirled in perfect time to the music. At every *sforzando* he kicked to a surprising altitude, and pirouetted from time to time upon a square, Teutonic toe.

The performers on the more ticklish wind-instruments found it quite impossible to conform their convulsed lips to the demands of a mouthpiece. Old Loewen, supposing that he saw a specter, collapsed in a heap upon his kettledrums. The little second violinist on the last stand, in the delirium of his mirth, became over-demonstrative. For, as he poked his neighbor's ribs, he hitched his chair too far, and vainly brandishing his violin, shot over the edge of the concert-platform with a sonorous crash. The others played on to the beat of the bow of Krass, which, with commendable presence of mind, he had converted into a baton at the earliest symptom of his conductor's aberration. And the auditors, standing on their seats in a frenzy of excitement, hardly knew whether to laugh or cry at this metamorphosis of the high priest of American music into a common danseuse.

As the movement reached its climax the steps of the conductor grew more and more extravagant, and with the final chord, Herr

that a caller was forced to employ his boot on the door in lieu of knuckles.

"My congratulations, Mr. Conductor,"



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE PIROUETTED FROM TIME TO TIME"

Heinrich Wolfgang, Mus. Doc., the veteran of forty classical campaigns, skipped coyly into the wings, blowing kisses to right and left.

IV

KRASS, the newly appointed conductor of the — Orchestra, was so deep in the piano arrangement of a symphonic poem

observed Habakkuk, entering with a smile and a flourish.

"Thanks," said Krass, shortly.

"You may well thank me," returned the medium, rattling his loose coins and glancing significantly at the desk. "There's no other medium in the Western hemisphere could have done it."

He puffed out his chest.

"Well?" said Krass, glancing impatiently at his music and strumming a few dismal chords.

"Well?" echoed Habakkuk, jingling a loud coin accompaniment. "Where do I come in?"

"Here," said Krass, nervously, rising to unlock a drawer of his desk.

"Wot 's this you 're givin' us," cried the medium, running rapidly through the roll of bills—"a measly two hundred an' fifty?" In his concern he relaxed somewhat from the precision of professional speech.

"Certainly," returned Krass. "It was the agreement. Be so good to make a receipt."

The eyes of the hypnotist flared unpleasantly.

"An' here 's wot you propose to put off on me for losin' Wolfie his job—makin' every one think he was drunk an' the old boy think himself crazy. W'y, it 's worth *double* the money! An' here 's wot you put off on me"; and the little man shook the roll of bills at Krass with a threatening menace.

"*Dummheit!*" cried the musician, with an oath. "Be off! Not one cent more!"

A sinister calm settled upon Habakkuk.

"Look here, Dutchy," he said, "you are n't bright enough to fool with me. You think because I can't sue you that you have me cold, hey? Now listen here. Habakkuk don't never get into a box without he 's made himself a nice, private little trap-door of his own. Remember that trombone solo?"

With something like a chuckle, he snapped his fingers in the face of the conductor elect and turned to go.

"Bear in mind," he called back, "that I 'm subject to colds."

v

"ACH, could I but understant!" moaned Wolfgang to himself. In the week that had passed since his downfall he had suddenly aged.

He sat alone in his gloomy music-room, miserably reviewing the shadowy details of his calamity, while attempting to create a final order in his affairs.

The busts of Beethoven, of Wagner, of Schubert seemed to observe with lamentable eyes the plight of their servitor, and the plaster hand of Liszt on the table be-

fore him impotently to proffer assistance. Only the photograph of Robert Schumann, with its affectionate autograph inscription, regarded him from the walls with warm human sympathy.

"Ach Robert, *mein freundt*," muttered Wolfgang, catching sight of the picture, "hafe I followed you into de world of madness?" He caught his head suddenly between his trembling hands. "*Nein! nein!*" he cried convulsively, "I am no longer worthy to be your friendt!"

Since the night when the old gentleman had rushed to his rooms, in all the frenzy of a suddenly realized disgrace, to send the trustees his resignation, he had admitted none of his solicitous callers. The sight of a friend, he felt, would be more than his manhood could bear. To lose the work of forty years in a moment! It was too much.

He began pacing the room.

"De drustees vere kind," he went on more quietly. "Dey t'ink dat I had begome drunk, and vished not dat I resign. *Aber* I knew bedder—"

He paused to count the strokes from a neighboring clock-tower.

"In von hour," he exclaimed, "will Krass enter upon his gareer. *Ach je!* dey should hafe chosen a bedder conductor as Krass—a man of more heart. It must go badly mit my dear orchester. *Jammer-voll!* And to t'ink dat I shall nefer again hear—" The old man halted abruptly as if struck by a sudden idea.

"Vonce again before I die," he shouted.

vi

THE musical world of —, gathered to witness the advent of the new conductor, treated Johann Krass to tentative applause as he stepped from the wings, bowing with a condescending smile to pit and balcony. It was the supreme moment of his life. In the glow of reaching his goal the means of its attainment troubled him not at all. The old must give place to the young; if they are obstinate, a little tact is necessary. Krass felt that his recent display of "tact" had been of so masterful a variety as to rank well up among the beneficent forces of nature.

An old gentleman, his face obscured in the folds of a cloak, slipped unobserved into a rear seat.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THEN THE MUSIC, GATHERING TRIUMPHANT VOLUME, SWEEPED HIM,
ABJECT AND SHAKEN, FROM THE SCENE"

"Vonce again!" he muttered.

Conductor Krass tapped with his baton—the one which Wolfgang had wielded. The young man had received it in the mail the day before, accompanied merely by the words "Be worthy," written in a trembling hand.

He suspended his arms for a dramatic moment of silence, tense and impressive. A sonorous cough from one of the stage-boxes destroyed the first effect of the career of Krass. There was something ominous and well-nigh articulate about that cough, like the cadence of a far-off and unintelligible threat.

The audience settled itself to enjoy such a rendition of the overture as only the seasoned orchestra of Wolfgang could give. Luxuriously did the connoisseurs anticipate the quiet and deliberate splendors of the religious theme for trombones and horns. Down came the baton sharply, but without firmness, almost as though the new conductor had experienced a nervous shock. The first phrase of the overture startled the knowing, scattered through the vast audience, into erectness. It was as if a squall had struck in an instant all parts of some tranquil tropical lagoon. "The Elect," a fraternity of hearers in the balcony, exchanged glances of consternation. The philistine looked into his program to see whether this were not some new "atrocious" by Strauss. For the tenor trombone and the first horn had led off at a fierce and unwarrantable tempo and were belching forth the melody at the utmost capacity of their capacious lungs. The other performers on horn and trombone, caught suddenly between loyalty and obedience, attempted to reconcile those conflicting claims by holding tactfully the brazen mean between the tempo of Krass and that of their too impetuous brethren.

It is in the midst of such distracting crises that the mind often notices the most trivial incidents; and more than one musician afterward recalled an excitable old gentleman who, leaning from a stage-box, had nodded his head violently and in perfect time to the strains of the tenor trombone.

It was difficult to determine whether the gesticulations of the now frenzied Krass were calculated to quell or further to incite the general panic. The piccolo dashed into the fray with demoniacal shriekings, far before its predestined time, while the first hornist seemed about to develop the apoplexy. And, misinterpreting the now ambiguous signalings of the baton, the entire body of wind and strings surged to the scene of action with the clangor and the stridor of an infuriated army; while above the braying and the snoring of horns, sweeping to the attack with their stern and ecclesiastical chant, the hearers seemed to detect the collapse of the new conductor's musical Jericho.

There was one among that audience to whose fancy no military symbols occurred—an old gentleman who sat with streaming and horror-stricken eyes among the hissers and the coffers of a rear row. All sense of his own misfortune, of his own disgrace, was swallowed up in the present calamity. To behold the one object of his hopes, the darling of his lifelong nurture, come to such a pass, through the folly and ineptitude of another! He felt like some old sea-captain forced to stand on shore and watch his beloved vessel making for the rocks under the guidance of an imbecile successor.

"*Gott!*" cried the old man, springing up. "It shall not be!"

All at once the new conductor, his baton suddenly wrenched from his grasp, was thrust from his place by a masterful arm; and at the same instant the orchestra, recalled from chaos as if by magic, launched into the final jubilant strain of the overture. The audience rose to its feet by a common impulse of loyalty and delight, while Krass, dazed and overcome, stood inert, regarding with ghastly eyes the opportune appearance of the late conductor. Then the music, gathering triumphant volume, swept him, abject and shaken, from the scene.

As he passed the stage-box a familiar voice reached his ear. It proceeded from a jungle of snowy beard. "It's worth the money!" quoth Habakkuk.





Drawn by Irma Dérèmeaux. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"AND THE PREACHER, MISS NIGGER, WHAT DID HE SAY?"

"MISS NIGGER"

BY ROSE YOUNG



ONCE, a long time ago, I heard her say, "Yass, Ah'm a nigger. I knows it. Proud of it, proud of it." It was so long a time ago that I had not then lost the finer senses of childhood, and I heard not only the words, but the defiance, perplexity, and trouble in them. After that I called her "Miss Nigger," meaning, in my child's way, that the Miss should somehow make up for the Nigger. I think it did. I think she divined what I was about, and was pleased. Later on it came to pass that everybody at Twin Oaks called her Miss Nigger, and she always responded high-headedly, with an inscrutable smile. My father said that if any one else had given her the name she would have torn him limb from limb, if she could. She liked what I did, however, just as I liked what she did. We understood each other and sympathized with each other.

One late June evening, when the moon was high, I was sitting on our gate-post, trying to kiss my elbow. Miss Nigger had said once that if I ever kissed it,—the extreme, exasperating tip of it,—I would turn into a boy, and I had worried with my elbow a good deal ever since. The grown ones were on the side porch, singing sometimes, and talking and laughing sometimes. There were "ha'nts" in the osage hedge of the long lane. The grown ones did n't know it, but I knew it. Miss Nigger had told me. The air was full of tree whispers and bush whispers and flower whispers. Peering down the long lane watchfully, I was finally rewarded by the sight of Miss Nigger. In the white light of the moon her tall, gaunt figure stood out plainly on the top of Sugar Tree Hill. I scrambled down from my post and hurried to meet her. I had been waiting for her all day.

She was, I knew, now on her way to our house to return the handkerchief she had borrowed from Flindy, our cook. Flagtail Cooper, the driver over at Mr. Shanklin's, had been buried that morning, and Miss Nigger had used Flindy's handkerchief at the funeral. When I reached Miss Nigger's side, I slipped my hand into hers in ecstasy. After a funeral she was always finely satisfying.

"Were there many people at the funeral, Miss Nigger?"

I tingled with what was coming, both for her and for me.

"Yass, gre't minny, gre't minny." Her voice was shaking and unsafe. There were low rumblings and mumblings within her.

"Did you have um this morning, Miss Nigger?"

She made no answer, yet I could but infer from her manner that she had had um. We had reached the place in the long lane where the osage hedge would n't grow for a distance of several rods, "to spite the ha'nts." There were wide sweeps of pale light on the wheat-fields on our right. Beyond the wood-pasture the shafts of the Twin Oaks burying-ground rose white and cold against the purple trees. Ahead of us my father's house was gray-green in the shadows. We could not see the milk-gap, where the quiet, commonplace cows stood dribbling. The little spring-house, the chicken-house, Flindy's cabin, all the comfortable home things, were lost among the great trees.

"And the preacher, Miss Nigger, what did he say? What did Br'er Johnson say?"

I often worried the grown ones at my father's house by adopting Miss Nigger's relationships, domestic and religious, as my own.

"Oh, my! Oh, Lawdee!" she crooned, and one of our emotional orgies had begun.

I shivered and my hand twitched, but I felt glorified. "Oh, Lawd, my Lawd! Br'er Johnson say He conquer death in the worl'. Hoopee, Ah a-gittin' um, Ah a-gittin' um. He say Flagtail soul pass on to glory! Cotch up in the buzzum er the ram! Whay-o, my Lawd, oh, me! Buzzum er the ram!"

Miss Nigger wrenched her hand from mine, and crossing her arms on her breast, rocked her body from her hips with a weird, rhythmic movement. Her eyes were shut. Her head rolled on her chest. "Bress the ram! Buzzum er the ram! Death in the worl'! Pass on, pass on!" she screamed, and jumped straight up in the air and clapped her hands together.

Two bats swooped low. The evening wind sighed mournfully. There were shadows in the trees. The osage hedge was dark with secrets. Far above us two golden stars drifted wildly in an ocean of blue.

"Oh, Miss Nigger, Miss Nigger," I cried suddenly, "go on! You 've got um; go on!" I was frenzied with the feeling of it all, it suited something in me so well—the late evening, death in the world, the remote mystery of the sky and stars, the remoter mystery of Miss Nigger and me, two golden sparks drifting recklessly in the blue mists of a psychiatry unknown to the grown ones at my father's house.

"Whay-o!" intoned Miss Nigger again. "Hi! Hi! Hi! I got um! Git out the way! I got um!" I had to jump from her side, and jump quickly. She no longer knew what she was doing. She was "shouting." The infectiousness of her mood and her actions became irresistible. I, too, began to swing my hands up and down and to scream. The tears poured down my cheeks like rain. "Pass on," I cried. "I got um! Buzzum er the ram! Death in the worl'! Pass on!"

We had forgotten everything, the noise we were making, the increasing nearness of the grown ones at my father's house, everything save the riotous response within us to something we could not name.

"Oh, now, I will be—did n't I say this was not to happen again? Did n't I?"

At the sound of my father's voice, Miss Nigger and I stopped suddenly and stood with lax, exhausted arms. Then I crossed to my father and took up life again as a white child must. "Now you know it is n't her fault, father," I cried, with some of his own impatience. "You know she can't

help it. You know I make her do it." There was no heroism in my shouldering of the matter. I knew how I stood with my father.

"But why do you?" he asked, laughing fretfully. "Have n't you any white sense? Where do you get this foolishness? Are you voodoo?"

The lean figure still drooped by the fence, burdened and ashamed. The sight of it made me cry out again hotly: "I don't know why I do it, father. It's a something inside me. I don't know why. But it is n't Miss Nigger. Let her take me to bed, father. I'm nearly sick. I want to go to bed."

My father made the face that signifies, "Now, are n't you ashamed?" But Miss Nigger and I knew from his eyes that we were forgiven, and we hurried on to the house. On the side porch my young mother made the face that means, "Now, are n't you ashamed?" But I held my lip steady and said, "It was nothing but a joke." The tears on my lashes brushed off on her soft cheek.

Inside the house Miss Nigger put me to bed quietly. Once and again I turned and clung to her, desperate with fear and nervous reaction. By and by the thing happened that always happened. I heard voices on the side porch. "Oh, I know I do, but she's the only one I've got, Margaret." That was my father talking. I lay and waited. Presently through the hall door I saw the straight figure of my father, half in the shadow. But the light fell in a white shaft across his face. His mouth was grave, his eyes danced. I grew quieter at once, knowing that he was near. He seemed so unafraid—of death in the world, of too much feeling, of anything.

"Tha', tha', honeyful! Tha', tha'! Yo' daddy is a-watchin'; he won't never let us git um ag'in lessen you repose yo'self. Tha', tha', lamb-baby!" I was quite calm. My father stole from the hall. I could hear him laughing at my mother's raillery when he returned to the porch. Their rocking-chairs creaked softly. By and by I rose from my pillow to ask boldly, "Am I going to camp 'vival with you, Miss Nigger? Say, am I?" I had recovered my mental balance. I was a white child again. I was not afraid of feeling. My eyes lighted up with some of my father's humor. The lamp-glow was kindly. I was not afraid, I was not voo-

doo. "Am I, Miss Nigger,—going to 'vival with you,—in August? Am I?"

"So, so, honeysuckle sugar, tha', tha'!" She leaned over me suddenly and gathered me to her with passionate affection. "Yass, yo' is now, going ev'whur with me, bress the ram!"

One last time I rose from my pillow, troubled by something that would not have troubled me had I not been my

father's child. "Miss Nigger," I began deprecatingly, "it was n't bless the ram, was it? Br'er Johnson did n't say bless the ram, did he? Was n't it bless the lamb?"

"Umph!" grunted Miss Nigger, imperiously, "I ain't puzzackly know. Ram er lamb—sim lak 't wuz some kind er sheep. Tha', tha', sing low! Whay-o, lily-flower! Tha' now, you 's soun' asleep!"



ROSE LORE

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

NOW since it knows
My heart so well,
Would that this rose
Might speak and tell!

You could not scorn
Its winsome grace,
The blush of morn
Upon its face.

Unto your own
You needs must press
The sweet mouth prone
To tenderness;

Then, lip to lip,
With rapture stirred,
You might let slip
The secret word,

With fragrant kiss
Interpreting
The dream of bliss
The rose would bring.

Then to your breast
Take it to be
Your own heart's best
Love-augury,—
A welcome guest,—
To gladden me.

THE EVIL EYE AND WITCHES' NIGHT IN ROME

BY
MAUD HOWE



THE strangest thing about life in Rome is that one not only does as the Romans do, but ends by thinking as the Romans think, feeling as the Romans feel. The best illustration I know of this is the mental attitude of the foreign residents toward certain superstitions, notably the belief in the evil eye—the *malocchio* or *jettatura*, as it is indifferently called. I never knew an Italian who did not hold more or less to this superstition. Americans who have lived long in Rome either reluctantly admit that "there does seem to be something in it," or, if they are Roman-born, quietly accept it as one of those things in heaven and earth of which philosophy fails to take account.

In certain respects the Italian is markedly free from superstition as compared with the Celt or the Scot: for instance, the fear of ghosts or spirits is so rare that I have never met with it; on the other hand, the belief in the value of dreams as guides to action is deep-rooted and wide-spread. The dream-book in some families is held hardly second in importance to the book of prayer. The Italian's eminently practical nature makes him utilize his dreams in "playing the lotto," as the buying of lottery tickets is called. To dream of certain things indicates that one will be lucky and should play. The choice of the number is the chief preoccupation of the hardened lottery-player. It is decided by the oddest chance—by the number on a bank-note that has been lost and found again, or the number of a cab which has brought one home from delightful festivity. I remem-

ber in Venice once calling on a friend who lives in a noble old palace on the Canale Grande. The pali, the dark posts rising out of the green water for the mooring of gondolas, bear the heraldic colors of the owners of the palace, and the doge's cap, showing that the family gave a doge to Venice. Stepping from my gondola to the water-worn marble stair, I was helped by one of the servants, an old man with the suave, sympathetic manners that make the Italians the best servants in the world. I put him down as a majordomo of the old school whom my friends probably had taken over with the palace, the library, and the historic murder that go with it. I had brought some flowers, which he insisted upon carrying. He led the way across a square courtyard to an outer stairway with a wonderful carved marble balustrade, lions rampant at the top and bottom. Suddenly he stopped and whispered to me: "Signora,—a thousand excuses for the liberty,—but will you have the inexpressible gentility to tell me your age?"

The question was so startling that he got the right answer before my inevitable counter-question, "Why do you wish to know?" which he pretended not to hear, drowned in a flood of gratitude.

"You have conferred an immense benefit on me. The signora is expecting you."

He had my wrap off and the drawing-room door open in a twinkling. That was not fair play; he had his answer: I would have mine. I put my question to his mistress. She laughed indulgently.

"Beppino is up to his old tricks. I told him this morning I was expecting a lady he did not know; he was on the lookout

for you. When a stranger comes to the house for the first time it is the greatest possible luck to play in the lotto the figures which make up his age."

Our own servants all played regularly, sometimes winning small sums, always imagining that they would win the *quaterno*.

The lottery and the *monte di pietà*—somehow one associates them together—are now under government control, as formerly they were under the control of the church. It is assumed as a foregone conclusion that men will gamble, that men will pawn their goods; therefore it is expedient that these inevitable concomitants of city life should be administered by the government, in order that the accruing profits should return to the people by helping to pay the expenses of their government.

The lottery always appears to me like a tax offered to the citizens in the form of a gilded pill. The *monte di pietà* seems to be a really beneficent institution; it is well administered, the percentage charged being as low as is practicable.

The evolution of Christian out of pagan Rome is not more interesting than the evolution, still going on, of Rome, the modern capital, out of that picturesque medieval Rome of the "forties" which my mother has described to me so vividly that it is as if I myself had seen it. The first call that came over our telephone put me in communication not only with my friend Mrs. Z—, but with the Rome of Horace and the witch Canidia as well.

"Can you come to dinner next Monday?" the lady began.

"With leaps and shrieks of joy."

"Wait; do not accept till you hear who else is coming. We are giving the dinner in honor of M. de Gooch."

"So much the better. We like to meet distinguished Frenchmen."

"You are sure you do not mind meeting this particular Frenchman?"

"Why in the name of common sense should we mind?"

"Well, you know what they say about him?"

"Yes."

"And you are not afraid? I am positively grateful to you. We are having the hardest time to fill the eight places at the table."

"What particular variety of heathen are you inviting?"

"American."

That afternoon we had a visit from an American gentleman, a friend of ours and of the Z—s'.

"Shall we meet next Monday at the Z—s' dinner?" I asked.

"No; they were good enough to invite me, but I got out of it."

I stared at him; he is one of the Z—s' greatest friends.

"Yes; the fact is, I will not go where I have to meet that man."

"You? You believe that M. de Gooch has the evil eye?"

"It is all very well for you to look scornful; just wait a little. I used to take your point of view, but so many uncomfortable things happened that I now avoid the man like the plague."

"What sort of uncomfortable things?"

"We were once at a hotel in Naples. The first time that person—it is not well to mention his name—came into the dining-room, a waiter stumbled and dropped a tray full of valuable Venetian glass; every piece was smashed. The second time, the big chandelier fell from the ceiling. That evening the proprietor begged the person to leave the hotel; said all the other guests would go if he did not, as it was evident that he had the *malocchio*. Enough; let us speak of other things."

After the visitor left I went up to the terrace to feed the goldfish. Pompilia was on her knees, digging about the roots of the big honeysuckle.

"Pompilia," I said, "do you know any one who has the *malocchio*?"

She turned pale, scrambled to her feet, and made the sign against witchcraft, with the first and the fourth finger.

"Signora mia, what a fright you gave me!" She reflected a moment. "You remember the *carbonaro* who used to bring the charcoal every Saturday? I told you he cheated us; you discharged him. It was not true; he gave good measure. I do not wish to harm him, but every time he came into the kitchen some *disgrazia* happened: the soup was burned, the milk curdled, or the salt got into the ice-cream."

"Do you believe the *carbonaro* wished to injure us? Did he desire to bring misfortune?"

"It is his misfortune to bring misfor-

tune," Pompilia reluctantly explained. "One may even be sorry for him, but one spits as one passes him, and makes the *corni* (horns) with the hand behind the back to avert the jettatura. *Ma, signora mia*, for charity's sake, let us talk of other things!"

The Z——s' was one of the best dinner-parties I have seen in Rome. All the guests seemed on their mettle to make it go off well. It was put through with unlimited champagne and conversational fireworks. De Gooch thawed out as I have never known him to do before; he is usually congealed by the chilly atmosphere which he, poor man, brings with him. I asked Mr. Z—— how he accounted for the evil stories. He said:

"Some enemy, who spreads the reports, takes this dreadful way to destroy him."

The dinner was so merry that the coming of the coffee, instead of being a relief, was a surprise. M. de Gooch, after a moment's hesitation, refused the cup offered him.

"I am rather proud of my coffee; change your mind and try a little," said Mrs. Z——.

I was sitting on the other side of De Gooch, and heard him say in a low voice: "Are you sure of your cook?"

"Perfectly. He is a Piedmontese; he has been with us ten years; his coffee may be trusted."

Do you know what that meant? It meant that De Gooch is afraid of being poisoned. That poison is most commonly administered in coffee or chocolate, see the Roman saying, "*Ha bevuto una tazza di cioccolata*" ("He has drunk a cup of chocolate"). I asked Mr. Z—— if he believed anybody wanted to murder De Gooch. He said:

"I do not believe him in more danger of poison than of lightning-stroke. It is not wonderful, however, that he thinks he is."

"Is not the malocchio very like the voodoo?" I asked.

"It is a horse of the same color. Both come out of darkest Africa, whose shadows fall across the broad earth."

I take back every word I ever said against missionaries.

The next time I was at the Vatican I dropped into the Sala Borgia and took a good look at the charming portrait of Lu-

crezia Borgia by Pinturicchio, filled with a realizing sense that the Rome of the Borgias was not so far away from my Rome as I had formerly supposed.

It is hard for us to realize the deadly significance to an Italian of the suggestion that one may have the evil eye. I was walking one day with a young American girl to whom I had been unfolding some of the tragedies I have known connected with the superstition. She took it all lightly and joyously, after the manner of her kind; and later, during our walk, when a saucy, tormenting beggar pursued us, she made the sign of the corni as I had described it to her, shaking the hand slightly, with the first and the fourth finger extended. Then the beggar became convulsed with anger and seemed almost beside herself, shrieking out such a torrent of abuse that we were glad to jump into a cab and fly from the wrath to come. The poor creature was not to be blamed: she knew that once the shadow of suspicion falls, it means social excommunication, banishment outside the pale of whatever society one belongs to—a thing, like illness or death, as much to be dreaded by the pauper as by the Pope. Many people, by the way, believed that Pius IX had the evil eye, and made the sign of the corni behind hat or fan as they received his benediction in front of St. Peter's. The Romans generally are not supposed to be as superstitious as the Neapolitans. In Naples most people wear, as a charm, a little hand of gold, coral, or mother-of-pearl, with the fingers in the attitude to avert evil. Even the horses wear horns upon their harnesses! Some of our Roman friends are not without faith in the efficacy of horns. One day, when my painter had occasion to go behind the big canvases in his studio, he found that an artist who had dropped in during his absence had drawn horns with a bit of charcoal all over the backs of his pictures. Later, when the work was finished and the queen came to the studio to see it, the friend claimed some of the credit for the royal visit.

"You owe all your luck to my horns," he said, half in fun, half in earnest.

ST. JOHN'S EVE! Witches' night! In order that no harm may befall one, it is safest to sit up all night. To sit up all night alone or in the company of one's family is rather cold comfort, so the so-

ciable Romans spend the night in one vast nocturnal picnic.

We left home at ten o'clock; in the Piazza Scossa Cavalli we found every cab gone except the *gobbo's* (hunchback's). This was great luck, to be driven by the gobbo, all the more so as it was by chance: if we had engaged him beforehand it would not have counted.

As soon as we started, J—— sneezed. "Salute, signore" ("Your health, sir," the equivalent of "Bless you"), said the gobbo. This meant more luck. By the time we reached the Via Merulana the gobbo's white horse—a white horse is lucky—dropped into a walk. The crowd of cabs was so great that from there on to the Piazza San Giovanni we were obliged to move at a snail's pace.

"*Vuole spigo, signora?*" cried a vender, thrusting a bunch of lavender into the cab.

"*Bisogna pigliarlo, signora,*" said the gobbo. "You must buy lavender for yourself, for me, even for my poor beast. It is the rule to wear lavender on St. John's eve."

We bought lavender for the party, the white horse included.

A little farther on another vender stopped us.

"How is this?" he said gravely. "You are without red carnations; that is not well."

"He is right, signora," said the gobbo; "we must wear red carnations as well as lavender."

We bought enough red carnations for an army.

"What do the lavender and the carnations signify?"

"Who knows, signora? It is the custom to wear them. One says it brings *buona fortuna*, another that it keeps the witches away; it is well to be on the safe side."

As the cab came to a dead stop for a moment outside a trattoria, a saucy boy sprang on the step and asked for "a soldo to buy a dish of snails."

"Do not refuse," said the gobbo; "he is a good boy. It is the custom on the eve of San Giovanni to eat snails and polenta, as you may see for yourselves."

Over the door of the trattoria hung an illuminated transparency: on one side was a picture of a large snail, on the other a witch riding a broomstick.

"*Aglìo*, aglio [garlic]! Who wishes the

aglio? There is nothing so good against the *fascino* [fascination] as aglio!"

We bought a pair of long-stemmed garlic-blossoms, in shape not unlike the classic thyrsus.

"*Campanelli, campanelli!* Who wants the campanelli? The witches fly away at the sound of these marvelous campanelli."

Everybody but ourselves had apparently already bought campanelli. All the people in the carriages and on the sidewalk carried these small terra-cotta bells, which they rang violently at one another and at the witches. The bells were of two sizes.

"Buy a large one for yourself, signore, and a small one for the lady," counseled the gobbo.

"And one for you and one for the mare?"

"Naturally. The animal cannot well spare a hand to ring her campanello, so we will tie it about her neck."

Peacock-feathers were next offered. The gobbo was prejudiced against them and advised us not to buy them. There seems to be a divided feeling about peacock-feathers; some people hold that they bring bad luck, others that they avert it. We left the carriage at the piazza, which was lined with booths, illuminated with flaring torches. These stalls extend a considerable distance down the Via Appia Nuova, outside the Porta San Giovanni; some displayed the classic bush, from the earliest time the sign of the wine-shop. Outside one of the most important booths hung a large painted head of the wine-god, crowned with leaves, bearing the words, "A Baccho." At some stalls fried pancakes and *gnocchi di patate* were sold. Gnocchi is one of the delicious Roman dishes. It is made of potatoes and corn-meal, bewitched together into miniature oval croquettes and served with a rich sauce of tomato conserve and Parmesan cheese—truly a dish fit for the gods. Near the gnocchi-booth was a stall hung with evergreens, where a man in white linen clothes and cap stood beside an enormous roasted hog, brandishing a huge knife.

"*Majiale arrosto—ah che bel majiale!*" ("Roast pig—oh, what a beautiful pig!")

At some of the stands toys and dolls were sold. I was kept away from certain of these, as J—— said the toys were indecent. Those I saw were ordinary every-day toys which the elders bought for the chil-

dren; for when one goes to the *festa* of San Giovanni one takes the whole family along—grandmothers, grandfathers, babies, and all.

The noisy people were all gathered together in the piazza and the Via Appia Nuova; the quieter sort were scattered about in groups on the outskirts of the crowd. On the right-hand side, a little distance from the Church of St. John Lateran, there is a hillside with ancient ilex-trees. This dark hillside was dotted with torches and candles, each the center of a knot of people.

We soon left the turmoil in the neighborhood of the booths and strayed about among the quieter folks. Under a dark gnarled tree a family group had made themselves comfortable. On the trunk above their heads two long garlic-stalks were nailed crosswise to avert evil. Directly below the cross sat a lovely young woman suckling a large baby, certainly eighteen months old. Beside her an aged woman held a four-year-old child in her lap, whose chubby hands were stretched out to touch the nursling; in the shadow behind stood a grave bearded man. The huckster's cart that had brought them was drawn up near by; the donkey could be dimly seen munching a bundle of hay.

"Behold Mary and the Child, St. Elizabeth and St. John, with the good St. Joseph taking care of them all," said Vincenzo, who had seen us and followed us up from the piazza. As we stood entranced before this living Holy Family the moon rose full and yellow over the dark hillside. For a moment we saw it behind the head of that young mother like a halo. It was a group worthy the pencil of Raphael.

"*Che belli fanciulli!*" ("What beautiful children!") I said to Vincenzo.

St. Elizabeth, hearing the innocent words, caught the little St. John behind her, scowling and muttering angrily at me.

"Come away quickly," said Vincenzo,

urging me down the hill. "Don't you know that you must never praise a child in that way—of all times on the night of San Giovanni?"

"It is time to go home," said J—.

I begged a few minutes' grace, for just at that moment a heavy car hung with laurel garlands, drawn by milk-white oxen with gilded horns, creaked into the piazza. The car was filled with young men in costume, singing to the music of guitar and mandolin. They were all masked. From the rich trappings of the car and their cultivated voices we fancied them to be persons of some distinction. A high tenor voice pierced the babel of sound: "*Sei la rosa piu bella che c'è!*" ("Thou art the most beautiful rose that is!")

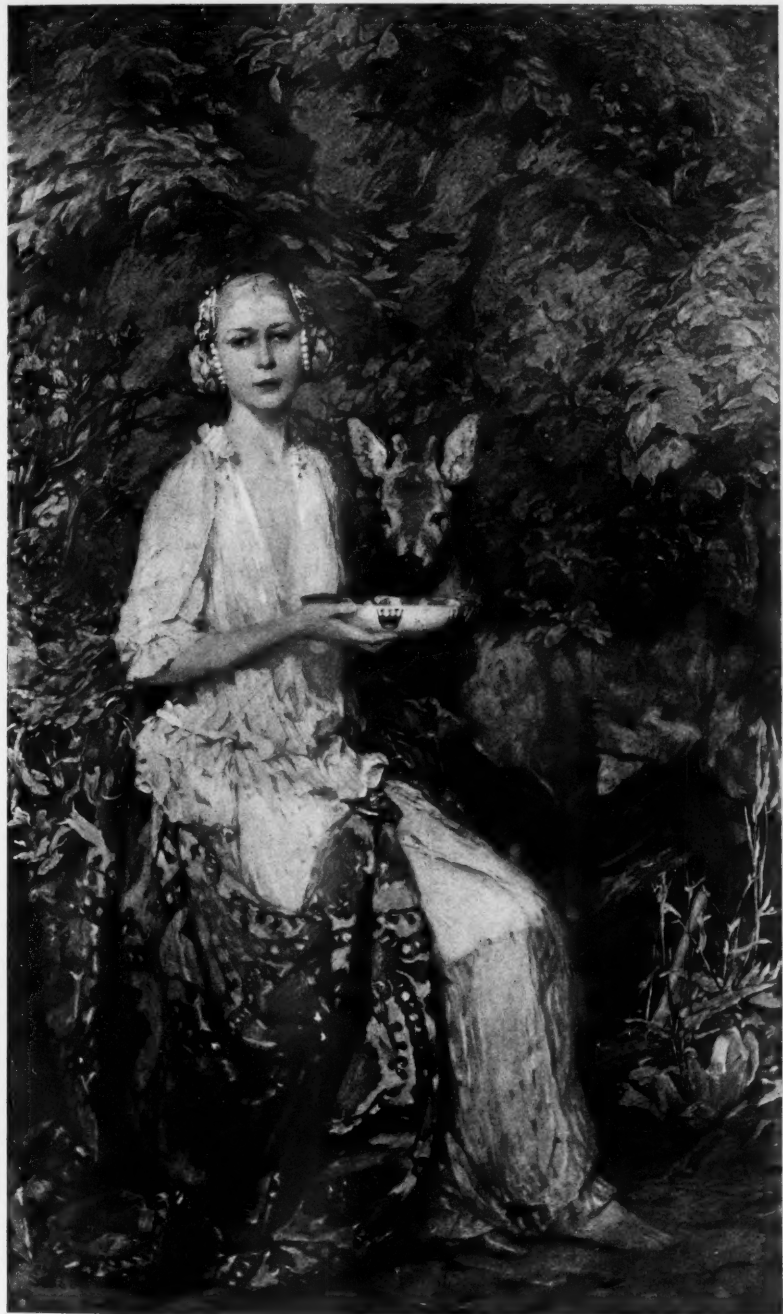
It was near midnight; the fun was growing fast and furious. J—, who from the first had objected to the expedition, backed up by Vincenzo, now declared that it was impossible for me to stay longer. An unwilling Cinderella, I was torn away on the stroke of twelve.

"It is not a seemly revel," I was told; "dreadful things happen; respectable people do not stay after midnight."

To me it was all a wonderful revelation: I was in pagan Rome, where Bacchus and Vesta were worshiped, where Italy's spoiled children, the Roman populace, took their pleasure, as they have done with little change since Rome was, since "step bread" was distributed gratis on the steps of the Capitol, and the costly games of the Colosseum kept them amused and pacific.

Till broad daylight I heard the people coming home, ringing their little terra-cotta bells, singing snatches of the song of the evening: "*Sei la rosa piu bella che c'è!*" As I look back at that riot of youth and age, where the faces of faun and satyr leered at nymph and dryad, the whole pagan scene is sweetened and purified by that vision of the Holy Family.





Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "The Century's American Artists Series" in "Open Letters"

A FAIRY TALE. PAINTED BY SAMUEL ISHAM



Drawn by Will Grefé

"NOT YET, ETHEL. FIVE MINUTES MORE"

THE HEART-BREAKERS

BY BERTHA RUNKLE

Author of "The Helmet of Navarre"

WITH PICTURES BY WILL GREFFÉ



ON the last night of the house-party everybody grew sentimental. Of the two in the window-seat on the stairs, the girl was trying to look innocently unaware that the object in the man's clasp was her hand.

"Really, they're all saying good night, Harry. I must go."

"Not yet, Ethel. Five minutes more." She smiled.

"What good are five minutes?"

"It's five minutes more of heaven—for me." His eyes were dark, and his sigh seemed to come from the depths of a wrung soul. She moved as if to rise. "Don't go," he pleaded. "We've just begun. I've a million things to say."

"Well, I'll grant you time for—let's see—just two."

"The first is, I've never seen your eyes look so lovely as they do to-night."

She rose lazily.

"That old story!"

He was on his feet, still clasping her hand.

"Ethel—dear!"

A new note rang in his voice. She glanced at him, startled. He had both her hands now.

"You witch, you set me on fire! I'm not easily moved—I'm a hard-headed, callous-hearted business man. But you—are *you*! Oh, my girl, don't you know how you've made me love you?"

The instant's silence was intense. Then she murmured:

"They're shutting the piano. I—"

He leaned toward her, and her voice was muted on his lips.

The group from the music-room, pouring into the hall, found the girl on the landing, the man discreetly at the foot of the stairs. With his good night came the emphatic whisper, "In New York next week."

II

IN the cold light of the morning after, on the westbound train, his prudence spoke to Mr. Harry Beckford:

"See here, my friend, you waded in last night farther than you meant."

"Oh, well, it's simple enough not to be able to go to New York at present."

On the east-bound train, her conscience to Miss Ethel Maynard:

"Ethel, what did you mean by letting that man kiss you?"

"I did n't go for to do it. It just—happened."

"But you've been flirting with him for two weeks."

"He was far the most attractive man at 'The Alders.' And he's no school-boy that can't take care of himself."

"But last night you believed he really loved you?"

"Yes, conscience dear. I knew he did."

"And you let him kiss you, knowing what he would think."

"I was flustered—it was all so quick—I did n't know what I was doing."

"Do you happen to care for Harry Beckford?"

"He's an awfully nice fellow—"

"But you don't care for him?"

"Oh, conscience, what a bore you are! Do leave me alone! Well, if you must have it, I do not care a brass token for him."

"But when he said he was coming to see you next week, you gave him a most melting glance."



"PAUSED WITH THE END OF HER PENHOLDER
BETWEEN HER LIPS"

"The prisoner at the bar has no defense."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

To decide this question kept Ethel puzzling all her journey home. The woman could not, like the man, turn sentiment out of doors without notice. She enjoyed her emotions too much for that. Both were somewhat ashamed, both desired to be merciful. He, of the sex that hates scenes, decided that the kindest course (not to say the easiest) was to let false hope starve. She, of the sex that loves scenes,

nerved herself to an unflinching coup de grâce. She wrote,

MY DEAR MR. BECKFORD:

and paused with the end of her penholder between her lips.

"They tell me I write graceful notes, but, however one expresses it, it is n't pretty to discard a man like yesterday's neck-ribbon. Well, I must say something."

When you spoke of a trip to New York next week, I had forgotten that I must be away then, paying a long-promised visit in—

"What's a good remote place?"

—Montreal. It is so unfortunate that I shall miss the pleasure of seeing you.

"H-m-m. That's certainly polite, but is n't it too polite? Suppose he answers that he can just as well come this week?"

"The Alders" by candle-light, with a sweet voice in the distance singing "Annie Laurie," is a sort of dream-country, no relation to this workaday world, and sometimes under the spell of fairy-land one says—or implies—more than one means. If you mistook the stuff that dreams are made of for reality, forgive me, and forget those foolish minutes on the stairs.

Sincerely yours,

Ethel Maynard.

III

HE hesitated a full minute to open her letter. What he found in it was so unlike what he looked for that he read it through three times without stopping. Then he ejaculated: "The little cat! So she was playing with me!"

He lighted a cigarette, and, puffing thoughtfully, scanned the note a fourth time.

"By Jove, though, suppose she did care, and had the brains to see I did n't, and so shook me before I could shake her? Clever little girl! No, I'm hanged if she could think I did n't care, for I did—that night."

He rose to pace the room with his hands in his dressing-gown pockets.

"Yes, I jolly well meant it, that time on the stairs. She 's pretty and merry, and quick as a whip-lash, the dearest little comrade in the world, and if I were a marrying man—" He stood still a moment, his face serious, then laughed and lounged on. "No, Ethel, as Mr. and Mrs. Beckford I don't think we 'd score a hit."

At his desk he read her letter for the fifth time. His emotions, to quote the novelists, were mingled. "I suppose I 'm glad I 'm out of a mess," he mused. "I know I 'm glad the little girl is n't hurt." But a feeling he did not formulate inspired his reply—a distinct sense of injury, of a blow to his dignity, of the beastly impertinence of the little minx to dare hand him his dismissal.

MY DEAR MISS MAYNARD: You need hardly have taken the pains to explain the glamour of candle-light and "Annie Laurie," for only the very young and callow suppose that anything said after dinner is said in earnest. I have already forgotten what happened on the stairs, but I remember that at the time it seemed the proper finale to our fortnight's comedy. A modern comedy, you know, has no epilogue.

Faithfully yours,

Henry Beckford.

IV

ETHEL, mastering the contents of his note in one lightning glance, cried out, "The beast!" so emphatically that her mother called from the next room, "Who 's a beast?"

"Parsons won't promise my blue dress for the 15th," Ethel explained, and made her further comments on Harry's letter in silence.

"Well, of all the cads! To let me put

myself out to save his feelings, and to answer me that he was just playing!"

She read the letter again, cheeks growing redder and redder.

"Oh, Harry Beckford, I could call that bluff! A proper finale to our little comedy, indeed! When your voice was just a husky



"NOW, I COULD HAVE HAD THAT GIRL!"

whisper, and your whole big frame trembled! You used to change color when I spoke to you! And you call it a comedy!"

She snatched up the letter again. Her angry flush faded, her expression softened.

"Poor old boy! What if he does try to save his face? What did I expect him to write? 'You have cut me to the heart'? The young and callow, as he says, might do that. Men of the world hide their hurts. I called it a dream, he calls it a comedy. He 's following my lead, accepting like a gentleman whatever line I choose to take. 'I have already forgotten what happened on the stairs.' Nothing could be more generous than that. He 's a dear, sweet fellow. I wish I could have cared for him."

v

WITH some self-denial, she decided to forgo her woman's privilege of the last word. To her best friend she summed up the story:

"He took it beautifully, Polly, but I

shall always feel guilty. He was pretty badly hurt."

Rummaging through his desk one day, Harry came across an old kodak of her. He propped it up against the inkstand, to regard it with some complacency. "Now, I could have had that girl."



RUSSIAN COSSACKS IN MANCHURIA AT THEIR MIDDAY MEAL

MANCHURIA

BY JAMES W. DAVIDSON, F.R.G.S.

United States Consul at An-tung, Manchuria

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



TO produce a Manchuria out of home material, we should take for the southernmost part, including the territory leased to Russia, ten thousand square miles of the rocky land of Vermont; for that great garden extending from Liao-tung peninsula to Harbin, five hundred miles to the north, the rich grain belt in North Dakota known as the Red River Valley would form a substitute; and for that portion of Manchuria extending from Harbin four hun-

dred and fifty miles to the northern frontier, a likeness might be found in the grassy plains of western Nebraska. This refers to the eastern portion. The western half is mountainous, and, with its heavy virgin forests, resembles the pine-clad hill districts of Oregon. The Khingan range presents the only mountainous scenery found in the western part, but it has nothing of the grandeur of the Rockies, resembling more closely the Blue Ridge of the East.

Manchuria, if placed with its greatest length east and west, would reach from New York to Chicago. With its area of three hundred and sixty-three thousand

square miles it is nearly eight times the size of the State of New York; and France and Germany combined are about its equal. In latitude it occupies a position corresponding to the territory extending from Washington to Hopedale, North Labrador. The climate differs somewhat, however, from that of the districts mentioned. In southern Manchuria it is colder than at Washington. In central Manchuria the climate is not unlike that of the Dakotas, and in northern

Siberia. If one includes the Shilka River, the Amur can be navigated by steamers for more than two thousand miles. The Sungari, which flows into the Amur near the northeast frontier, is in Manchuria throughout its total length, and is navigable for nearly seven hundred miles. The Argun flows into the Amur near the northern frontier, and steamer communication is possible for five hundred miles of its length.

From the south there are two great



RUSSIAN CHURCH AT HARBIN

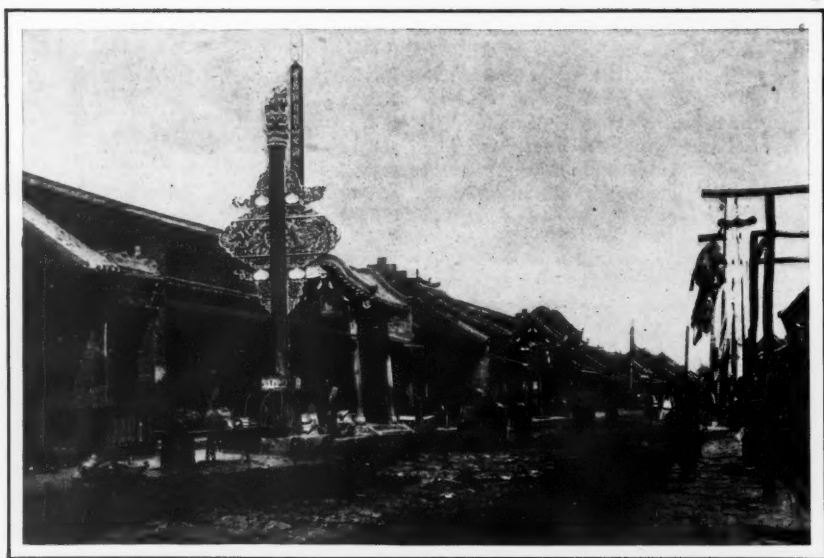
Manchuria there is a winter of arctic severity, though the snowfall scarcely exceeds that of the South Dakota plains. Cold weather in central Manchuria often comes in October, though continuous frost does not set in until November, and with March comes the first sign of spring. In winter a temperature of 45° below zero is not infrequently registered.

In a country of such vast extent, great rivers are to be expected, and Manchuria is singularly well provided for in this respect. The majestic Amur, one of the great rivers of the world, is fed by streams having their sources far in the interior of Mongolia and in the Baikal districts of

streams, the Liao and the Yalu. The Liao flows into Liao-tung Gulf near Newchwang, and can be entered by the sea-going steamers which anchor off the port mentioned. Chinese river junks can ascend the stream for more than a hundred and seventy-five miles. The Yalu River flows into Korea Bay and forms the northwest boundary of Korea. It is navigable for small coasting-steamers for thirty-five miles. Chinese boats, however, can ascend several hundred miles.

THE HISTORY OF MANCHURIA

MANCHURIA, though a part of China, is considered distinct from the empire proper



STREET SCENE IN KIRIN, WITH THE SIGN OF A PAWNBROKER ON THE LEFT

in much the same way that Americans regard Alaska, though there is no similarity in their respective positions with regard to administration. Three or four centuries ago the southern part of what is now known

as Manchuria was occupied by Koreans and was a portion of their territory. It is not known how far north their rule extended, but there are traces of Korean architecture as far as Liao-yang, which is one hundred and twenty miles from the present Korean boundaries. At this early period the Manchu element consisted of a few powerful tribes, who, though of the same general Mongolian stock, possessed many ethnological points of difference sufficient to distinguish them from the great Chinese race which occupied China proper. The roving life in a wild country where young braves thought it no extraordinary achievement to kill with bow and arrow, single-handed, the fierce Northern tiger, developed the Manchu into a hardy, fearless warrior, with a love for courageous deeds.

The history of the Manchus is one of continued and rapid growth. From a small tribe their influence spread over the great plains of western Manchuria until they became a force which even great China deemed it advisable to conciliate. Their ambitions knew no limit, and early in the sixteenth century they began an invasion of China. A century later, by methods which at times gave evidence of the most crafty and skilful diplomacy, and again were those of a most cruel tyrant, the



IMPERIAL THRONE IN THE MANCHU PALACE AT MUKDEN

greatest empire that the world has known was acquired by a race of half-savage nomads.

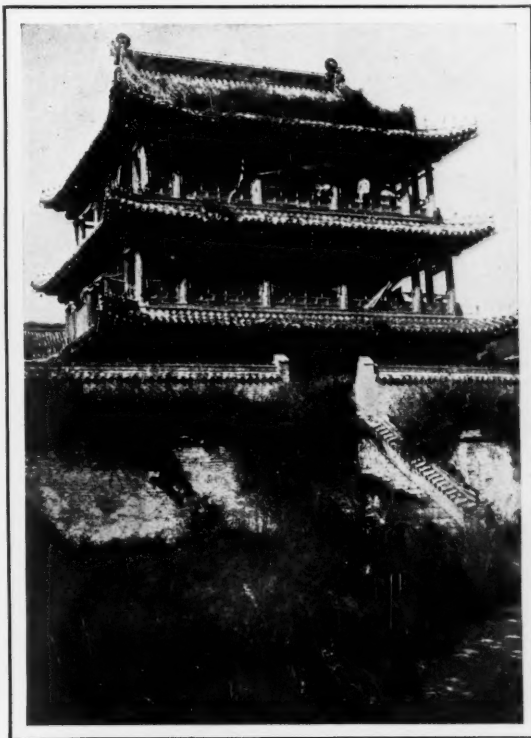
As the home of the Manchu dynasty, Manchuria, in the eyes of the emperor, deserved honored treatment, and the followers of the standard—there was scarcely a Manchu who had not seen service—were specially cared for. It was declared by special decree that all Manchus for time unending should belong to one of the eight banner corps and receive a small monthly stipend. The great home country should remain the exclusive property of all Manchus, and Chinese were forbidden to hold land in it. The Koreans had now been driven to the south, and Manchuria extended virtually to the banks of the Yalu on the south and to the sea on the east.

The Manchu policy, which, in its conception, provided for the continuance and development of a great race of pure Manchus, who would always be at the beck and call of the Manchu dynasty and would be a safeguard against the restoration of Chinese rule, brought on results quite the reverse of those desired. The Manchu found his small wage sufficient at first to provide food, and there was no longer the necessity to live the arduous life of a hunter or herdsman. In a generation or two the race had degenerated into a lazy band of parasites who, in the absence of a strenuous life, had lost all the cunning and the warlike skill which had brought to them a great empire. They maintained a reputation for fierceness, however, and at the time of the late war with Japan it was predicted that the Japanese would find a match in the Manchu cavalry. The first engagement between the two dispelled forever this illusion.

THE POPULATION AND ITS GOVERNMENT

It was unreasonable to expect that the farmers in overpopulated China would

permit an adjoining and sparsely settled land to remain unexploited merely because their own government forbade them entrance, and no sooner had the Manchus completed their subjugation of the unruly south-China spirits than the northern Chinese began a peaceful invasion of Man-

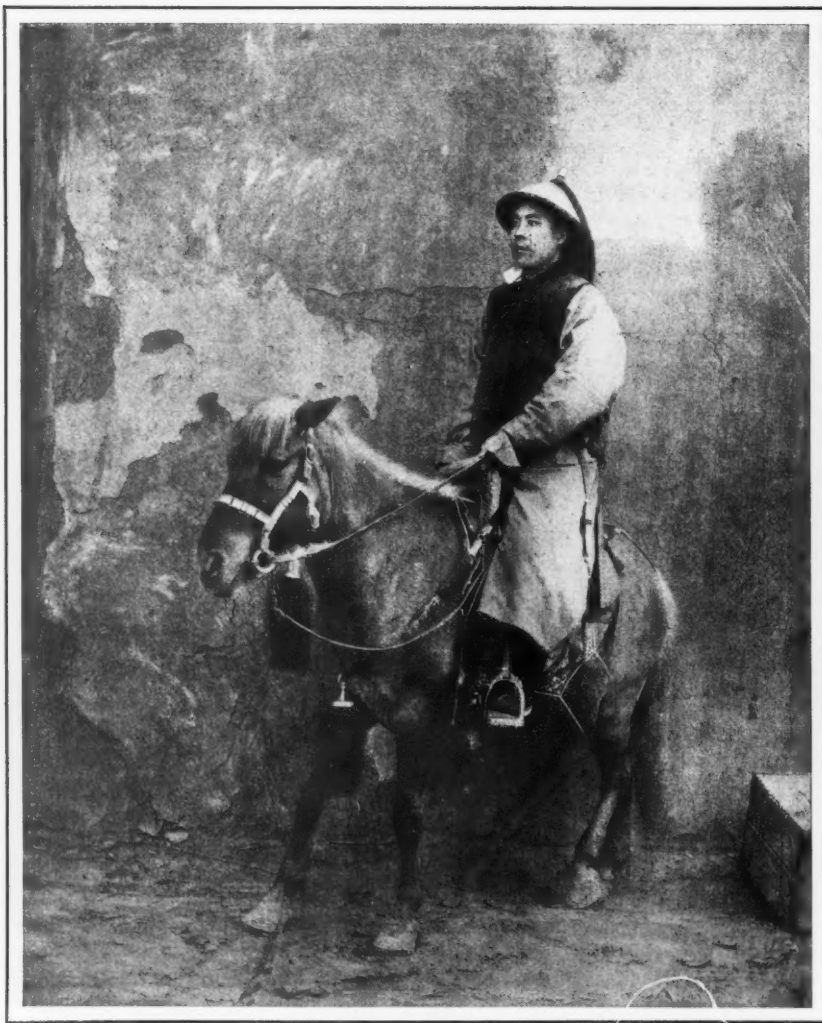


IMPERIAL RESIDENCE IN THE OLD MANCHU PALACE AT MUKDEN

churia. True, they could not legally hold land, but by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" they gradually obtained control of the more fertile districts of southern Manchuria. The Manchu thought the life of a farmer too strenuous; if labor was necessary, he preferred that of a huntsman, herdsman, or a gatherer of wild ginseng; besides, it was he who at first profited by the sale of his land. Thus he offered no active hostility, and when at last he was reduced to a mere vagrant, with no income other than his trifling wage as a soldier, which he drew and still draws from the government, the Chinese had arrived in such

numbers that he was helpless. At the present day more than ninety per cent. of the population in the southern half of Manchuria is Chinese. In the northern half

in all Manchuria; but foreign observers double that number, and there are some authorities who believe that 18,000,000 is not an extravagant estimate. Even this



A COLONEL OF MANCHU CAVALRY

the Mongols are most numerous, and the Manchus occupy second place; but the Chinese are working their way in rapidly. The population is variously stated. The Chinese government declares that the census of 1902 revealed only 8,500,000 souls

population is not sufficient to supply the demand for labor, and many tens of thousands of Chinese coolies arrive in the spring in Chi-li and Shan-tung provinces and engage in agricultural pursuits or as helpers on the native boats, returning to China

before winter. In case of war or any other great disturbing factor, these laborers come in fewer numbers, and the high wages demanded by the faithful few work, sometimes, considerable hardship to employers.

The government of Manchuria is a military one, administered by a governor-general responsible only to the emperor. In Mukden, the capital of all Manchuria and

richest treasures of the country and the greatest population. It includes all that portion of Manchuria lying to the west of the Yalu River and has an area of some sixty thousand square miles. Kwang-tung peninsula was a part of this province until leased to Russia. The eastern half of Sheng-king is mountainous and contains some virgin forest, which, however, is not



FILING OFF THE TEETH OF A BEAR TO RENDER THE ANIMAL HARMLESS

The natives, living near the northern terminal of the Ussuri section of the Siberian railway, use bears in their religious ceremonies

of Sheng-king province as well, are all the official boards found in Peking with the exception of the civil office. There are three provinces in Manchuria, commonly known as the "three Eastern Provinces," each presided over by a military governor who in some state matters is responsible to the so-called Tatar-general in Mukden.

Before dealing with late events in Manchuria, it is advisable to tell something of the land, its resources, and its principal cities.

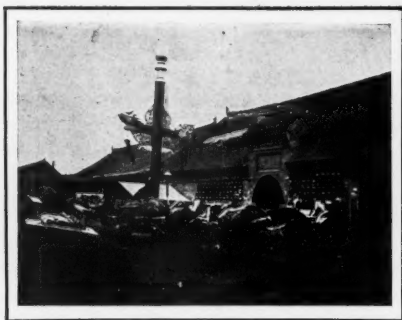
SHENG-KING PROVINCE

BEGINNING with Sheng-king, the southernmost province, we deal with that division which possesses within its boundaries the

of great commercial value. Coal, gold, asbestos, iron, copper, and other minerals have been found in these mountains, but, with the exception of coal in the Yentai district, none have been mined on a profitable scale. In the north of this region is the old imperial hunting-ground. Manchu officers, in order to maintain their warlike spirit and prowess, are expected to make yearly excursions to this wild district and to hunt the big game found there. But the mandarins now find the pleasures of the opium-chamber and the music of the "sing-song" girls far more satisfying, and therefore professional huntsmen are employed to make the yearly expedition. The game killed is sent in great quantity to the em-



CHINESE BRINGING IN BANDITTI



STREET SCENE IN KUANCHENG TZU

peror at Peking, who is considerate enough not to ask embarrassing questions as to the identity of the slayers.

The famous Red River Valley of our Middle West is not more fertile than the valley of the Liao River, which extends north and south through the province. A district larger than the State of New York is drained by this river and its branches, and nearly all of this territory is either alluvial plain or a rich, rolling country. The soil is chiefly a sandy loam, and water in abundance can be obtained a few feet below the surface. The climatic conditions are such that crop failures and their attendant famines, so common in China, are virtually unknown. This district is the first in the world in the production of beans and kaoliang (giant millet), and in addition it produces maize, tobacco, cotton, opium, indigo, and hemp. A large fleet of ocean steamers is maintained in carrying from Newchwang the vast quantity of bean products, which reach in some years to a value of ten millions of dollars. The northern portion of the valley extends

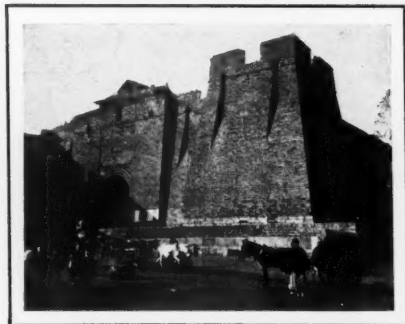
into Mongolia, with its vast plains of rich grasses on which subsist the horses, cattle, and sheep for which this land is famous.

All this country would make excellent wheat-land. The natives who are engaged in the growing of this cereal have found it very profitable, and as fast as modern flour-mills are constructed the Chinese will undoubtedly be prepared to meet the demand. Manchuria is destined to become a great wheat-producing country, and Sheng-king province, owing to cheap water transportation to the coast, is advantageously situated to supply a part of the demand for flour in China and Japan.

By treaty between the United States and China, proclaimed January 13, 1904, Mukden has been opened as a place of international residence and trade. The Manchu dynasty, before acquiring China, had its capital at this city for nearly a hundred years, and the imperial palaces are still in existence, though in a very dilapidated condition. The tombs



STREET SCENE IN MUKDEN



CITY WALL, MUKDEN

of the Manchus are located in a beautiful grove about four miles from the city, and there is buried Narachu, the founder of the Manchu imperial dynasty. At Mukden reside the Tatar-general and the members of the various boards which have their counterpart in Peking. The city, which is the largest in all Manchuria, has a population variously stated at from 270,000 to 300,000. It is a few miles from the Hun River, which flows into the Liao River, and which in summer is navigable to this point for Chinese junks, and gives water communication with Newchwang, the seaport, one hundred and forty miles distant. It possesses a fine wall, and in addition to the big city within there are eight Chinese suburbs, and a Russian settlement at the railway-station two miles distant. Mukden is the leading commercial mart and the greatest fur market in all Manchuria. The larger merchants of Peking, Shanghai, and central China have representatives there who purchase fur and import tea, ginseng, sharks' fins, and birds' nests.

There are many well-known Manchus who, while stationed in other parts of China, still maintain their homes in Mukden, and in many cases their relatives live there. The foreign residents, excluding Russians, are limited to the American consul-general and staff, several British missionaries, and two French priests.

Second in importance in Sheng-king province is the southern port of Newchwang or Yinkow, which was thrown open to the trade of the world in 1861. The old Chinese town of Newchwang is forty miles from the mouth of the Liao River, and Chinese historians declare that two hundred years ago it was a seaport. A few years before its opening as a port, Yinkow

was a small village at the mouth of the river; but so rapidly has new land been formed by the tremendous quantities of silt brought down-stream that the city is now thirteen miles from the sea. The land in the vicinity of the treaty port, and in some cases reaching twenty or more miles back from the coast, is all newly made and permeated with salt. It is consequently quite barren, and fresh water is a luxury. During the Boxer war the city was occupied by the Russians, who established a provisional civil administration which is at the present writing still in existence.

Newchwang in trade ranks fourth among all the treaty ports of China. It contains forty-five bean-oil-and-cake factories and is the greatest bean market in the world. There are, it is said, upward of twenty thousand junks engaged in this traffic on the Liao River, and it sometimes occurs, when all conditions are favorable, that there will be six or eight thousand junks at one time in the port. The total Manchurian export and import trade handled through this one port during the year 1902 reached to the value of forty million dollars. In the import trade the United States occupies an important place. We supplied, in 1902, goods to the value of five million dollars, or thirty-five per cent. of the whole.

The permanent population of Newchwang in 1903 consisted of 50,529 Chinese, 67 Russians, excluding the government class, and a small handful of English, Americans, and Germans. English firms handle most of the shipping and insurance, and there are Russian, Japanese, and English banks. The foreigners import kerosene, coal, and sugar, but the vast bulk of all the trade is in the hands of Chinese merchants. Newchwang



Malcolm Fraser

Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

A SHOE-STORE SIGN



RUSSIAN ARTILLERY IN CAMP AT KIRIN

is the southeastern terminus of the Imperial Chinese Railway, which runs from Tientsin, three hundred and forty-eight miles distant. It is also on a branch line of the Russian Manchurian railway, one hundred and eighty miles from Port Arthur. During the winter the harbor freezes over and all sea communication ceases.

The other important cities in Sheng-king province, with the exception of the Yalu ports, are all on or near the Russian railway.

Haicheng (Seaside City), forty miles from the sea, is the first city of importance as we proceed by rail in a northerly direction. The name of the town would imply that at some remote period it was near the sea. It was at one time held, as was all this part of Manchuria, by the Koreans. There exist to this day two gateways and ruins of an old wall which are believed to have been Korean. In the war with China the Japanese captured the city and occupied it for one year, but did not proceed farther north than this point. It has a population of 22,000 Chinese, including a thousand Mohammedan families. A notable Buddhist idol thirty feet in height is in one of its temples.

Some forty miles north of Haicheng lies the walled city of Liao-yang, the cleanest and most attractive city that I saw while

in Manchuria. It is interesting historically. Here, it is said, was located the old capital of Korea. The inability of the Koreans to oppose the advance of the Chinese lost them this rich part of Manchuria, and now we find their capital nearly four hundred miles to the south. Liao-yang was also at one time the capital of the Manchus. There is an estimated population of some 80,000 people in the city, and there is a large Russian settlement at the station. An important trade in Chinese products is carried on from Liao-yang, and the place is famous for the fine grapes which are grown in the near vicinity. At Yentai, some twenty miles northeast of Liao-yang, are the Russian government coal-mines. Among the many coal deposits which have been worked, these alone have really been a success, though the production does not exceed one hundred and fifty tons daily.

Passing through Mukden, and forty miles to the north, is the very thriving walled city of Tieling (Iron Hill City). Within the wall there is a picturesque pagoda erected by the Chinese in commemoration of the retirement of the Koreans. Tieling is a junction-point of several important highways, has water communication by the Liao River, and is fast becoming an important commercial city. The principal trade is in bean products, and there are ten mills engaged in extracting

the oil and preparing bean-cake. There are also two native distilleries and a Russian vodka-factory. There is a population of 60,000 people, only one third of whom live within the city wall. The Russian settlement is at the station.

In reaching Kuanchengtzu (City of Perpetual Spring), the next important town in the province, we pass through Kaiyuan, with a population of about 20,000. Kuanchengtzu has a population within and without the wall of 80,000. It is on the road to the great inland city of Kirin, and has many Chinese inns to accommodate overland travelers. The principal trade of the city is in beans, of which thirty-six million pounds are shipped annually, and there are also large shipments of indigo, pigs' bristles, horses' tails and manes. Cattle from Mongolia come to this point and are shipped to Harbin. Large native distilleries are in operation here. There are also tanneries and many great mercantile establishments. In the vicinity of this city the Chinese have shown much enterprise in the growing of wheat, and a Russian flour-mill equipped with modern machinery has been in successful operation at this point.

Next in importance to the Liao valley in the province is the Yalu River district. The possession of this river is of greatest importance to the two powers now engaged in war, and doubtless before this appears in print important battles will have occurred in its vicinity.

The Yalu River, unlike most of the streams in Manchuria, is unusually picturesque. For almost its entire length it passes through a mountainous country, well wooded, but with few rapids compared with most mountain streams. It is navigable for Chinese craft to Shinkaihao, a distance of over two hundred miles, but sandbanks and shoals give much trouble to navigators. Steamers, and of these only light-draft coasters, cannot proceed beyond An-tung. The entrance to the Yalu River is not an impressive sight. There is a long vista of sand and mud flats, and at low tide the depth of water is insufficient for even the smallest ocean craft. The river is closed by ice during the midwinter months.

Tatungkao, which lies near the mouth of the Yalu, is reached at low water by small Chinese cargo-boats through a chan-

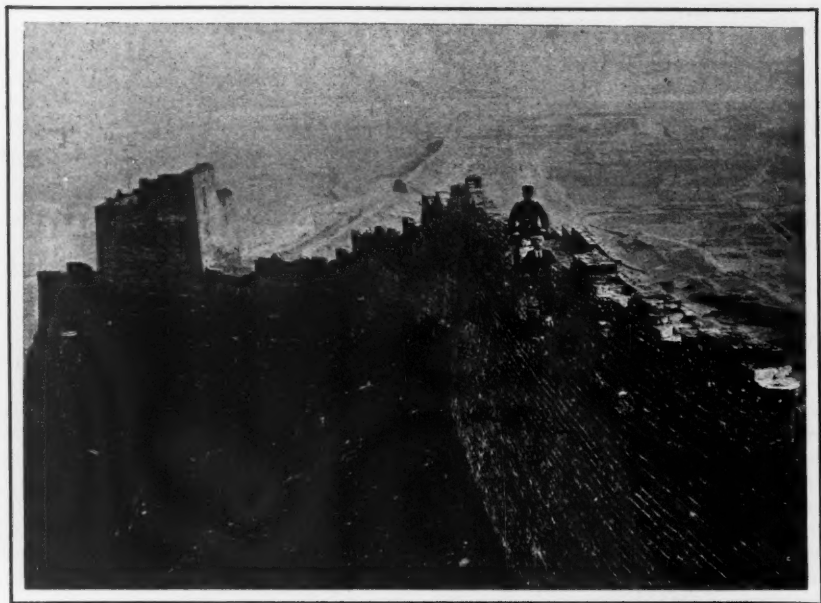
nel with only two feet depth of water. It is a very busy little town, inasmuch as it is the port of transshipment for a portion of the Chinese cargo which goes up or comes down from An-tung (Shaho). There have been stationed here some eighty Russians, employees of the lumber company, but no other foreigners reside here. This port has been lately opened to international trade by the Japanese treaty with China. The China coast in this vicinity is low, and, though sparsely settled, beans, millet, wheat, and barley are under extensive cultivation.

The next place of importance is Yon-gampo, fifteen miles above Tatungkao on the Korean side of the river. Here have been located the headquarters of the Russian lumber company. The Russians have constructed a bund which extends along the river-bank for twelve hundred yards, and have erected two large storehouses, half a dozen fine brick dwelling-houses, besides many temporary wooden buildings and barrack-like huts for their employees. The main street of the settlement runs parallel with the bank, and there is deep water close inshore. The river at this point forms a right angle and is over a mile wide, and as all shipping must pass within gunshot of the village, the location is one of no little strategical importance. The lumber which is cut along the upper reaches of the river, and floated down in great rafts, is collected here. Sawmills are in course of erection.

Proceeding up-river for eight miles, we come to Santaolantao, on the Manchurian side, where there is a likin station for the collection of this excise from all junks and rafts passing up- or down-stream and loading on the Manchurian side. From this point the river bears away to the north-east, and after a seven-mile stretch, An-tung, on the Manchurian side, is reached. This city is of special interest at present, as it has, through the efforts of the United States government, been declared an open port. There is an American consulate here, and doubtless other nations will soon be represented. An-tung is new, the site of the present city having been a millet-field only a few years ago. The Chinese merchants here are enterprising and have constructed large buildings surrounded by high and thick walls, with no windows opening on the street,

doubtless as a precaution against robbers, who are somewhat numerous here. The streets are unusually wide for Manchurian cities. The population of An-tung is estimated at 15,000, with an additional population of some 12,000 junkmen and rafts-

awakening slightly every sixth day, when traders come in from considerable distances with their wares to attend the fair held on that day. If the railway projected from Seoul to Wiju is completed, the city will become one of much importance.



THE GREAT WALL DESCENDING TO THE GULF AT SHANHAIKWAN

men. The port offers shipping facilities superior to those of other Yalu towns, and over five hundred junks have been counted at one time along the bank. Rafts come down from three hundred miles up-river, and junks bring piece-goods, sugar, flour, old iron, paper, kerosene-oil, raw cotton, and Chinese commodities from the whole of the Shan-tung coast. Small steamers keep up communication between the Yalu and Chi-fu, China, which is an important ocean port one hundred and eighty-five miles distant. From An-tung the Great Peking Road leads to Liao-yang, and this is the nearest overland route to the capital.

A few miles above An-tung, on the Korean shore, is Wiju, which has been opened to foreign trade by special treaty with Korea. The town lies in a hollow nearly two miles from the river. It has about 12,000 inhabitants and is a sleepy town,

KIRIN PROVINCE

THE second province in importance in Manchuria is Kirin, which comprises all the territory from east to west between the Sungari River and Sheng-king province. This province has an area of about one hundred thousand square miles. A considerable portion of the western district is a low, hilly country of black adobe and great plains. This province is taking the lead in the production of wheat, for which it is eminently suited. Beans, barley, oats, small millet, corn, hemp, and tobacco are other products extensively grown. The eastern two thirds of Kirin province is a mountain wilderness, very sparsely settled by a few hunters and trappers, and, unfortunately, innumerable Hunhuses (banditti). The hills are well wooded, with the exception of a narrow strip on the Tumen River; but few trees are found sufficiently

large to justify the introduction of modern sawmills.

Kirin, the capital, is the most important city and has a population estimated at about 250,000. It is eighty miles from the Russian railway lines, but during the summer months a small Russian steamer plies on the Sungari River between it and Laosaokao, which is on the Russian railway.

The Chinese government maintained an arsenal and a mint at Kirin, which have been closed since the Russian occupation. The manufacture of Chinese shoes, silver ornaments, cabinets, and coffins are important industries here. It has been the custom since the first establishment of Manchu rule to send from this city every winter, as presents to the emperor at Peking, stag, deer, tigers, frozen fish, furs, and pearls, and these gifts are still forwarded annually. Large droves of pigs are driven from here to Peking, and cattle are sent to Vladivostok. There is also some export of pigs' bristles. A few British missionaries reside in the city, and during the last two or three years many Russians.

Ninguta, the former capital of the province, is about one hundred and forty miles east of Kirin. It is sixteen miles from the Vladivostok-Harbin branch of the Manchurian railway, and at one time was an important Chinese military station.

The town is surrounded by a wall of considerable age, and the business is conducted on one narrow street paved with wood. There are several tanneries, Chinese spirit-distilleries, and a bean-oil-and-cake mill, and a large wholesale trade in furs is carried on. The Russians have a regiment of soldiers stationed here, and there are several Russian shops and a Russian vodka-factory. It has a Chinese population of about 60,000.

Kirin province contains the largest and most prosperous of all Russian towns in Manchuria, Harbin. It is only three years old, and yet it had, in December last, a population exceeding 60,000 people, of whom half were Russians. It is splendidly located on the Sungari River, and is in about the geographical center of Manchuria. It is on the main line of the Russian railway, and the Vladivostok line branches off at this point. We are accustomed to boom-towns in the United States, but I doubt if we can equal the Russian

record in the construction of a town with great government buildings, brick and stone business houses, great flour-mills, and factories in one hundred and fifty weeks.

Harbin is the administration center of the whole Manchurian railway system, officially known as the Chinese Eastern Railway, and repair-shops costing \$1,258,500 have been erected. The railway administration building cost \$550,000, and there was expended on schools of various kinds, including eight institutions for teaching Russian and Chinese, the large sum of \$423,000. In addition to these there was spent \$212,000 for a hospital, \$185,000 for a railway club, and \$81,500 for a hotel. These are the principal items, but \$15,000,000 have, in addition, been expended in municipal improvements, railway buildings, warehouses, residences for employees, road construction, etc. Moreover, Russian enterprise has invested nearly \$800,000 in ten flour-mills, and \$500,000 in spirit-distilleries, brick-factories, packing-houses, and a brewery. The Russo-Chinese Bank has just completed a beautiful building at a cost of \$150,000.

If the Russians emerge victorious from the present war, and maintain control of the territory originally held by them, Harbin is destined to be the metropolis of all Manchuria. It has already become a large flour-milling center, the ten mills erected there producing over forty-five hundred barrels of flour a day. If the present war does not interfere with agricultural work, the total flour requirements for almost any force that the Russians are likely to maintain in Manchuria can be amply supplied from Harbin.

HEILUNGCHIANG PROVINCE

THE most northern of the provinces is Heilungchiang. It has an area of about two hundred thousand square miles and is the largest, though the most sparsely settled, of all the provinces. This division is very mountainous, and there are large tracts of barren land. Very few even of the more fertile districts are under cultivation, though there is much land that could be profitably put in wheat. Regardless of reports to the contrary, Russian farmers have not settled this, or any other portion of Manchuria, for that matter. In

the northwestern part one enters a great plain, a continuation of the valuable grazing districts of Mongolia.

One frequently hears of the great mineral resources of Manchuria, but it is a fact that up to the present time little of value has been discovered. In the western part of Heilungchiang province there are, however, gold-mines of undoubted value. The fields extend along the shores of the Argun and Amur rivers, from the bed of the Hailar to the mouth of the Sungari River.

Until last year only placer-mining had been carried on, but several quartz-mills are now in course of construction, and ore of sufficient richness has been found to make them rank well with the great mines of the world. The most valuable of the districts are owned by Russian companies, and the placer-fields have yielded very large profits.

The most important city in this province is Tsitsikar, which is the capital and the principal military post. Tsitsikar is in the center of a great plain, apparently an ideal wheat-land, though at present little cultivated. It is twenty miles from the Russian railway-station of the same name. It has a population of 70,000, chiefly Manchus and Mongols, though the shopkeepers are mostly Chinese. Thousands of cattle are purchased yearly in this city.

Hailar, in the far northeast, is the only other point of importance in Heilungchiang province. It is a most quaint old Mongol city, and has been an important military station for several hundred years. The Russians have built at the railway-station a bright little town of 1500 people. The old town is only a mile or so distant, is surrounded by a miserable mud wall, possesses but one long street made up of one-story mud houses, and has every appearance of poverty. Nevertheless, it is an important shipping-point for cattle, and there is much more life visible than in more pretentious south-China towns. Cattle, sheep, and horses are reared on the rich grasses in the surrounding districts. Regardless of the extreme cold of this country in winter, camels are used extensively for draft purposes. They are long-haired animals and most hardy.

RUSSIA IN MANCHURIA

RUSSIA first showed an interest in Manchuria when, in 1860, at the close of the

British and French war with China, she obtained a rectification of the Siberian-Manchurian frontier, which gave to her the eastern maritime districts of Manchuria, of which Vladivostok is the principal harbor. This city, valuable possession though it was, did not possess an ice-free harbor, and with the gradual development of eastern Siberia there came, perhaps not unnaturally, a keen desire to acquire a harbor in the Orient open the year around.

At the conclusion of the Japanese-Chinese War Japan emerged victorious, with Formosa and the Liao-tung peninsula as the trophies of war. Russia, however, with the support of France and Germany, induced Japan to restore to China the last-mentioned acquisition, on the plea that it would be impolitic, for strategical reasons, to permit a foreign power to hold a position so near the capital of China.

The original plan for the construction of the Siberian railway included a line following closely the Amur River and connecting the Lake Baikal section with the Ussuri railway, which had Vladivostok as its terminal. This was abandoned, however, for in 1896 the Russo-Chinese Bank, an institution which is reported to be a branch of the Russian Ministry of Finance, obtained from the Chinese government permission to form a company to be known as the Chinese Eastern Railway Company, to undertake the construction of a line through Manchuria, thus connecting the Siberian line with the Ussuri railway by a more desirable route.

In the fall of 1897 China gave permission to Russia to winter her ships in Port Arthur, and the following March granted a formal lease of the two harbors of Port Arthur and Taliénwan, as well as consent to the construction of a branch of the Chinese Eastern Railway to extend from Port Arthur northward to Harbin, which was on the line from Baikal to Vladivostok.

Before the completion of the railway the Boxers arose and attacked the Russians throughout Manchuria, and, with the exception of the leased territory in the south, became absolute masters of the whole country. A large Russian force immediately assembled and crossed the frontier, and, after a few weeks of comparatively trifling warfare, were able to reoccupy not only all points held prior to the disturbance, but the leading cities throughout the

country. The unwillingness of Russia to withdraw her forces from these cities off the railway line has given life to the so-called Manchurian question.

Much has been written regarding the trouble that the Russians have had with the Hunhuses. These mysterious people are not a distinct race or semi-savage people, as is commonly thought. They are only common, every-day Chinese or Manchus who find it more profitable and less arduous to wander over the country, seizing wealthy merchants for ransom, robbing remote farms and villages, attacking travelers, and looting carts on the great highways, than it would be to drive animals or till the soil. Their suppression is not easy, for the vast stretches of wilderness which abound in Manchuria offer secure retreat. So numerous are these banditti, and in some districts so perfect is their organization, that they have constructed fortified encampments and in large bands not infrequently attack Russian stations. They have the impudence to maintain, in important centers like Mukden and Liao-yang, offices where safe-conducts are sold to travelers or shippers by cart. During the construction of

the Vladivostok-Harbin line, the Russian engineer in charge at Imenpo paid the Hunhuses for some time one dollar and twenty-five cents a cart as toll on all supplies arriving for his section of the line.

Along the railway line and at Dalny and Port Arthur the Russians have exhibited extraordinary enterprise in building up fine cities and promoting Russian commercial interests. At Port Arthur the Russians found, on their arrival, a wretched little Chinese village, which they ultimately set aside as a site for the administration town. Well-located plots of ground adjoining it were utilized for the construction of a new Port Arthur, which was to consist of the Russian town,—where Chinese were not permitted to live, and where an official board which passed on all building plans was able to insure that the town should possess architectural beauty,—and also a new Chinese town laid out on a sanitary basis. To describe this city further, or to deal with the wonderful town of Dalny, which came into existence three years ago by imperial decree, and stands to-day replete with all that is considered essential to a modern city, would be to go over ground already covered by hundreds of writers.



RUSSIAN COSSACKS IN MANCHURIA

RUSSIA IN WAR-TIME

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

Late United States Ambassador to Germany



WHILE yet an undergraduate at Yale, my favorite studies in history and some little attention to international law led me to take special interest in the diplomatic relations between modern states; but it never occurred to me that I might have anything to do directly with them.

Having returned to New Haven after my graduation, intending to give myself especially to modern languages as a preparation for travel and historical study abroad, I saw one day, from my window in North College, my friend Gilman, then of the class above mine, since president of Johns Hopkins University and of the Carnegie Institution, rushing along in great haste, and, on going out to greet him, learned that he had been invited by Governor Seymour of Connecticut—the newly appointed minister to Russia—to go with him as an attaché, and that, at his suggestion, a similar invitation would be extended to me.

While in doubt on the matter, I took the train for New York to consult my father, and, entering a car, by a happy chance, found the only vacant place at the side of the governor. I had never seen him, except on the platform at my graduation, three months before; but on my introducing myself, he spoke kindly of my argument on that occasion, which, as he was "pro-slavery" and I "antislavery," I had supposed he would detest; then talked pleasantly on various subjects, and, on our separating at New York, invited me so

cordially to go to Russia with him that I then and there decided to do so, and, on meeting my father, announced my decision.

On the 10th of December, 1853, I sailed for England with Gilman, and in London awaited Governor Seymour, who, at the last moment, had decided not to leave Washington until the Senate had confirmed his nomination; but this delay proved to be fortunate, for thereby opportunity was afforded me to see some interesting men, and especially Mr. Buchanan, who had previously been minister to Russia, was afterward President of the United States, and was at that time minister at the court of St. James. He was one of the two or three best talkers I have ever known, and my first knowledge of his qualities in this respect was gained at a great dinner given in his honor by Mr. George Peabody, the banker. A day or two before, our minister in Spain, Mr. Soulé, and his son had each fought a duel, one with the French ambassador, the Marquis de Turgot, and the other with the Duke of Alba, on account of a supposed want of courtesy to Mrs. Soulé; and the conversation being directed somewhat by this event, I recall Mr. Buchanan's reminiscences of duels which he had known during his long public life as among the most interesting I have ever heard on any subject.

Shortly after the arrival of Governor Seymour, we went on to Paris, and there, placing myself in the family of a French professor, I remained, while the rest of the party went on to St. Petersburg; my

idea being to hear lectures on history and kindred subjects, thus to fit myself by fluency in French for service in the attachéship, and, by other knowledge, for later duties.

After staying in France for nearly a year, having received an earnest request from Governor Seymour to come on to Russia before the beginning of the winter, I left Paris about the middle of October and went by way of Berlin. In those days there was no railroad beyond the eastern frontier of Prussia, and, as the Crimean War was going on, there was a blockade in force which made it impossible to enter Russia by sea; consequently I had seven days and seven nights of steady traveling in a post-coach after entering the Russian Empire.

Arriving at the Russian capital on the last day of October, 1854, I was most heartily welcomed by the minister, who insisted that I should enjoy all the privileges of residence with him. Among the things to which I now look back as of the greatest value to me, is this stay of nearly a year under his roof. The attachéship, as it existed in those days, was in many ways a good thing and in no way evil; but it was afterward abolished by Congress on the ground that certain persons had abused its privileges. I am not alone in believing that it could again be made of real service to the country; one of the best secretaries of state our country has ever had, Mr. Hamilton Fish, once expressed to me his deep regret at its suppression.

Under the system which thus prevailed at that time, young men of sufficient means, generally from the leading universities, were secured to aid the minister, without any cost to the government, their only remuneration being an opportunity to see the life and study the institutions of the country to which the minister was accredited.

The duty of an attaché was to assist the minister in securing information, in conducting correspondence, and in carrying on the legation generally; he was virtually an additional secretary of legation, and it was a part of my duty to act as interpreter. As such I was constantly called to accompany the minister in his conferences with his colleagues as well as with the ministers of the Russian govern-

ment, and also to be present at court and at ceremonial interviews: this was of course very interesting to me. In the intervals of various duties my time was given largely to studying such works upon Russia and especially upon Russian history as were accessible, and the recent history was all the more interesting from the fact that some of the men who had taken a leading part in it were still upon the stage. One occasion especially comes back to me, when, finding myself at an official function near an old general who was allowed to sit while all the others stood, I learned that he was one of the few still surviving who had taken a leading part in the operations against Napoleon, in 1812, at Moscow.

It was the period of the Crimean War, and at our legation there were excellent opportunities for observing not only society at large, but the struggle then going on between Russia on one side, and Great Britain, France, Italy, and Turkey on the other.

The main duties of the American representative were to keep his own government well informed, to guard the interests of his countrymen, and not only to maintain, but to develop, the friendly relations that had existed for many years between Russia and the United States. A succession of able American ministers had contributed to establish these relations: among them two who afterward became President of the United States—John Quincy Adams and James Buchanan; George Mifflin Dallas, who afterward became Vice-President; John Randolph of Roanoke; and a number of others hardly less important in the history of our country. Fortunately, the two nations were naturally inclined to peaceful relations; neither had any interest antagonistic to the other, and under these circumstances the course of the minister was plain: it was to keep his government out of all entanglements, and at the same time to draw the two countries more closely together. This our minister at that time was very successful in doing. His relations with the leading Russians, from the Emperor down, were all that could be desired, and to the work of men like him is largely due the fact that afterward, in our great emergency during the Civil War, Russia showed an inclination to us that probably had something to do with hold-

ing back the powers of western Europe from recognizing the Southern Confederacy.

To the feeling thus created is also due, in some measure, the transfer of Alaska, which has proved fortunate, in spite of our halting and unsatisfactory administration of that region thus far.

The Czar at that period, the Emperor Nicholas, was a most imposing personage, and was generally considered the most perfect specimen of a human being, physically speaking, in all Europe. At court, in the vast rooms filled with representatives from all parts of the world, and at the great reviews of his troops, he loomed up majestically, and among the things most strongly impressed upon my memory is his appearance as I saw him, just before his death, driving in his sledge and giving the military salute.

Nor was he less majestic in death. In the spring of 1855 he yielded very suddenly to an attack of pneumonia, doubtless rendered fatal by the depression due to the ill success of the war into which he had rashly plunged; and a day or two afterward it was made my duty to attend, with our minister, at the Winter Palace, the first presentation of the diplomatic corps to the new Emperor, Alexander II. The scene was impressive. The foreign ministers having been arranged in a semicircle, with their secretaries and attachés beside them, the great doors were flung open, and the young Emperor, conducted by his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Nesselrode, entered the room. Tears were streaming down his cheeks, and he gave his address with deep feeling. He declared that if the Holy Alliance made in 1815 had been broken, it was not the fault of Russia; that though he longed for peace, if terms should be insisted upon by the Western powers, at the approaching Paris conference, incompatible with Russian honor, he would put himself at the head of his faithful country,—would retreat into Siberia,—would die rather than yield.

Then occurred an incident especially striking. From Austria, which only seven years before had been saved by Russia from destruction in the Austro-Hungarian revolution, Russia had expected, in ordinary gratitude, at least some show of neutrality. But it had become evident that gratitude had not prevented Austria from joining

secretly the hostile nations; therefore it was that, in the course of the address, the Emperor, turning to the Austrian representative, Count Esterhazy, addressed him with the greatest severity, hinted at the ingratitude of his government, and insisted on Russia's right to a different return. During all this part of the address the Emperor Alexander fastened his eyes upon those of the Austrian minister and spoke with a severity much like that which the head of a school would use toward a school-boy caught in misdoing. At the close of this speech came the most perfect example of deportment I had ever seen: the Austrian minister, having looked the Czar full in the face, from first to last, without the slightest trace of feeling, bowed solemnly, respectfully, with the utmost deliberation, and then stood impassive, as if words had not been spoken destined to change the traditional relations between the two great neighboring powers, and to produce a bitterness which, having lasted through the latter half of the nineteenth century, bids fair to continue far into the twentieth.

Knowing the importance of this speech as an indication to our government of what was likely to be the course of the Emperor, I determined to retain it in my mind, and, although my verbal memory has never been retentive, I was able, on returning to our legation, to write the whole of it, word for word. In the form thus given, it was transmitted to our State Department, where, a few years since, when looking over sundry papers, I found it.

Immediately after this presentation the diplomatic corps proceeded to the room in which the body of Nicholas lay in state. Heaped up about the coffin were the jeweled crosses and orders which had been sent him by the various monarchs of the world, and, in the midst of them, the crowns and scepters of all the countries he had ruled, among them those of Siberia, Astrakhan, Kazan, Poland, the Crimea, and, above all, the great crown and scepter of the empire. At his feet two monks were repeating prayers for the dead; his face and form were still as noble and unconquerable as ever.

His funeral dwells in my memory as the most imposing pageant I had ever seen. When his body was carried from the palace to the Fortress Church, it was borne be-

tween double lines of troops standing closely together on each side of the avenues for a distance of five miles; marshals of the empire carried the lesser crowns and imperial insignia before his body; and finally the great imperial crown, orb, and scepter, the masses of jewels in them, and especially the Orloff diamond swinging in the top of the scepter, flashing forth vividly on that bright winter morning, and casting their rays far along the avenues. Behind the body walked the Emperor Alexander and the male members of the imperial family.

Later came the burial in the Fortress Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the island of the Neva, nearly opposite the Winter Palace. That, too, was most imposing. Choirs had been assembled from the four great cathedrals of the empire, and their music was beyond dreams. At the proper point in the service, the Emperor and his brothers, having taken the body of their father from its coffin and wrapped it in a shroud of gold cloth, carried it to the grave near that of Peter the Great, at the right of the high altar; and, as it was laid to rest, and beautiful music rose above us, the guns of the fortress on all sides of the church sounded the battle-roll until the whole edifice seemed to rock upon its foundations. Never had I imagined a scene so impressive.

Among the persons with whom it was my duty to deal, in behalf of our representative, was the Prime Minister of Russia, — the Minister of Foreign Affairs, — Count Nesselrode. He was at that period the most noted diplomatist in the world; for, having been associated with Talleyrand, Metternich, and their compeers at the Congress of Vienna, he was now the last of the great diplomatists of the Napoleonic period. He received me most kindly and said, "So you are beginning a diplomatic career?" My answer was that I could not begin it more fitly than by making the acquaintance of the Nestor of diplomacy, or words to that effect, and these words seemed to please him. Whenever he met me afterward his manner was cordial, and he seemed always ready to do all in his power to favor the best relations between the two countries.

The American colony in Russia at that period was small, and visitors were few; but some of these enlivened us. Of the more

interesting were Colonel Samuel Colt of Hartford, inventor of the revolver which bears his name, and his companion Mr. Dickerson, eminent as an expert in mechanical matters and an authority on the law of patents. They had come into the empire in the hope of making a contract to supply the Russians with improved arms such as the allies were beginning to use against them in the Crimea; but the heavy conservatism of Russian officials thwarted all their efforts. To all representations as to the importance of improved arms the answer was, "Our soldiers are too ignorant to use anything but the old 'brown Bess.'" The result was that the Russian soldiers were sacrificed by thousands; their inferiority in arms was one main cause of their final defeat.

That something better than this might have been expected was made evident to us all one day when I conducted these gentlemen through the Imperial Museum of the Hermitage, adjoining the Winter Palace. After looking through the art collections we went into the room where were preserved relics of Peter the Great, and especially the machines of various sorts made for him by the mechanics whom he called to his aid from Holland and other Western countries. These machines were not then shut up in cases, as they now are, but were placed about the room and easy of access. Presently I heard Mr. Dickerson in a loud voice call out: "Good God! Sam, come here! Only look at this!" On our going to him, he pointed out to us a lathe for turning irregular forms and another for copying reliefs, with specimens of work still in them. "Look at that," he said. "Here is Blanchard's turning-lathe, which only recently has been reinvented, which our government uses in turning musket-stocks, and which is worth a fortune. Look at those reliefs in this other machine; here is the very lathe for copying sculpture that has just been reinvented, and is now attracting so much attention at Paris."

These machines had stood there in the gallery, open to everybody, ever since the death of Peter, two hundred years before, and no human being had apparently ever taken the trouble to find the value of them.

But there came Americans of a very different sort, and no inconsiderable part of our minister's duties was to keep his

hot-headed fellow-citizens from embroiling our country with the Western powers.

A very considerable party in the United States leaned toward Russia and sought to aid her secretly, if not openly. This feeling was strongest in our Southern States and among the sympathizers with slavery in our Northern States, a main agent of it in Russia being a certain Dr. Cottman of New Orleans, and its main causes being the old dislike of Great Britain and the idea among pro-slavery fanatics that there was a tie between their part of our country and Russia arising from the fact that while the American republic was blessed with slavery the Russian Empire was enjoying the advantages of the serf system. This feeling might have been very different had these sympathizers with Russia been aware of the fact that at this very moment Alexander II was planning to abolish the serf system throughout his whole empire; but as it was, their admiration for Russia knew no bounds, and they even persuaded leading Russians that it would not be a difficult matter to commit America to the cause of Russia, even to aiding her with arms, men, and privateers.

This made the duty of the American minister at times very delicate; for, while showing friendliness to Russia, he had to thwart the efforts of her over-zealous American advocates. Moreover, constant thought had to be exercised for the protection of American citizens then within the empire. Certain Russian agents had induced a number of young American physicians and surgeons who had been studying in Paris to enter the Russian army, and these, having been given high pay and rapid advancement, in the hope that this would strengthen American feeling favorable to the Russian cause, were naturally hated by the Russian surgeons; hence many of these young compatriots of ours were badly treated,—some so severely that they died,—and it became part of our minister's duty to extricate the survivors from their unfortunate position. More than once, on returning with him from an interview with the Minister of War, I saw tears in Governor Seymour's eyes as he dwelt upon the death of some of these young fellows whom he had learned to love during their stay in St. Petersburg.

The war brought out many American adventurers, some of them curiosities of

civilization, and this was especially the case with several who had plans for securing victory to Russia over the Western powers. All sorts of nostrums were brought in by all sorts of charlatans, and the efforts of the minister and his subordinates to keep these gentlemen within the limits of propriety in their dealings with one another and with the Russian authorities were at times very arduous. On one occasion, the main functionaries of the Russian army having been assembled with great difficulty to see the test of a new American invention in artillery, it was found that the inventor's rival had stolen some essential part of the gun, and the whole thing was a vexatious failure.

One man who came out with superb plans brought a militia colonel's commission from the governor of a Western State and the full uniform of a major-general. At first he hesitated to clothe himself in all his glory, and therefore went through a process of evolution, beginning first with part of his uniform and then adding more as his courage rose. During this process he became the standing joke of St. Petersburg; but later, when he had emerged in full and final splendor, he became a man of mark indeed, so much so that serious difficulties arose. Throughout the city are various *corps de garde*, and the sentinel on duty before each of these, while allowed to present arms only to an officer of lower rank, must, whenever he catches sight of a general officer, call out the entire guard to present arms with the beating of drums. Here our American was a source of much difficulty, for whenever any sentinel caught sight of his gorgeous epaulets in the distance the guard was instantly called out, arms presented, and drums beaten, much to the delight of our friend, but even more to the disgust of the generals of the Russian army and to the troops, who thus rendered absurd homage and found themselves taking part in something like a bit of comic opera.

Another example was also interesting. A New York ward leader—big, rough, and rosy—had come out as an agent for an American breech-loading musket company, and had smuggled specimens of arms over the frontier. Arriving in St. Petersburg, he was presented to the Emperor, and after receiving handsome testimonials, was put in charge of two aides-de-

camp, who took him and his wife about, in court carriages, to see the sights of the Russian capital. At the close of his stay, wishing to make some return for this courtesy, he gave these two officers a dinner at his hotel. Our minister declined his invitation, but allowed the secretary and me to accept it, and we very gladly availed ourselves of this permission. Arriving at his rooms, we were soon seated at a table splendidly furnished. At the head of it was the wife of our entertainer, and at her right one of the Russian officials, in gorgeous uniform; at the other end of the table was our host, and at his right the other Russian official, splendidly attired; beside the first official sat our secretary, and beside the other was the place assigned to me. The dinner was successful: all spoke English, and all were happy; but toward the end of it our host, having perhaps taken more wine than was his wont, grew communicative, and, as ill luck would have it, the subject of the conversation became personal courage, whereupon he told a story. Recalling his experience as a deputy sheriff of New York, he said:

"When those river pirates who murdered a sailor in New York harbor had to be hanged, the sheriff of the county had n't the courage to do it and ordered me to hang them. I rather hated the business, but I made everything ready, and when the time came I took an extra glass of brandy, cut the rope, and off they swung."

The two Russians started back in consternation. Not all their politeness could conceal it: horror of horrors, they were dining with a hangman! Besides their sense of degradation in this companionship, superstitions had been bred in them which doubled their distress. A dead silence fell over all. I was the first to break it by remarking to my Russian neighbor:

"You, may perhaps not know, sir, that in the State of New York the taking of life by due process of law is considered so solemn a matter that we intrust it to the chief executive officers of our counties,—to our sheriffs,—and not to hangmen or executioners."

He looked at me very solemnly as I announced this truth, and then, after a solemn pause, gasped out in a dubious, awe-struck voice, "*Merci bien, monsieur.*" But this did not restore gaiety to the dinner. Henceforth it was cold indeed, and at

the earliest moment possible the Russian officials bowed themselves out, and no doubt, for a long time afterward, ascribed any ill luck which befell them to this scene of ill omen.

Another case in which this irrepressible compatriot figured was hardly less peculiar. Having decided to return to America, and the blockade being still in force, he secured a place in the post-coach for the seven days and seven nights' journey to Warsaw. The opportunities to secure such passages were few and far between, since this was virtually the only public conveyance out of the empire. As he was obliged to have his passport viséd at the Russian Foreign Office in order that he might pass the frontier, it had been sent by the legation to the Russian authorities a fortnight before his date of leaving, but under various pretexts it was retained, and at last did not arrive in time. When the hour of departure came he was at the post-house waiting for his pass, and as he had been assured that it would duly reach him, he exerted himself in every way to delay the coach. He bribed one subordinate after another; but at last the delay was so long and the other passengers so impatient that one of the higher officials appeared upon the scene and ordered the coach to start. At this our American was wild with rage and began a speech in German and English—so that all the officials might understand it—on Russian officials and on the empire in general. A large audience having gathered around him, he was ordered to remove his hat. At this he held it on all the more firmly, declared himself an American, and defied the whole power of the empire to remove it. He then went on to denounce everything in Russia, from the Emperor down. He declared that the officials were a pack of scoundrels; that the only reason why he did not obtain his passport was that he had not bribed them as highly as they expected; that the empire ought to be abolished; that he hoped the Western powers in the war then going on would finish it—indeed, that he thought they would.

There was probably some truth in his remark as to the inadequate bribing of officials; but the amazing thing was that his audience were so paralyzed by his utterances and so overawed by his attitude that they made no effort to arrest him.

Then came a new scene. While they were standing before him thus confounded, he suddenly turned to the basket of provisions which he had laid in for his seven days' journey to Warsaw, and began pelting his audience, including the official above named, with its contents, hurling sandwiches, oranges, and finally even roast chickens, pigeons, and partridges at their devoted heads. At last, pressing his hat firmly over his brows, he strode forth to the legation unmolested. There it took some labor to cool his wrath; but his passport having finally been obtained, we secured for him permission to use post-horses, and so he departed from the empire.

To steer a proper course in the midst of such fellow-citizens was often difficult, and I recall multitudes of other examples hardly less troublesome; indeed, the career of this same deputy sheriff at St. Petersburg was full of other passages requiring careful diplomatic intervention to prevent his arrest.

Luckily for these gentlemen, the Russian government felt, just at that time, special need of maintaining friendly relations with the powers not at war with her, and the public functionaries of all sorts were evidently ordered to treat Americans with extreme courtesy and forbearance.

One experience of this was somewhat curious. Our first secretary of legation and I, having gone on Easter eve to the midnight mass at the Kazan cathedral, we were shown at once into a place of honor in front of the great silver *iconostas* and stationed immediately before one of the doors opening through it into the inner sanctuary. At first the service went on in darkness, only mitigated by a few tapers at the high altar; but as the clock struck the hour of midnight there came suddenly the roaring of the fortress guns, the booming of great bells above and around us, and a light, which appeared at the opposite end of the cathedral, seemed to shoot in all directions, leaving trains of fire until all was ablaze, every person present holding a lighted taper. Then came the mass, celebrated by a bishop and his acolytes gorgeously attired, with the swinging of censers, not only toward the ecclesiastics, but toward the persons of importance present, among whom we were evidently

included. Suddenly there came a dead stop, stillness, and an evident atmosphere of embarrassment. Then the ceremony began again, and again the censers were swung toward us, and again a dead stop. Everything seemed paralyzed. Presently there came softly to my side a gentleman who said in a low tone, "You are of the American legation?" I answered in the affirmative. He said, "This is a very interesting ceremony." To this I also assented. He then said, "Is this the first time you have seen it?" "Yes," I answered; "we have never been in Russia at Easter before." He then took very formal leave, and again the ceremony was revived, again the clouds of incense rose, and again came the dead stop. Presently the same gentleman came up again, gently repeated very much the same questions as before, and receiving the same answers, finally said, with some embarrassment: "Might I ask you to kindly move aside a little? A procession has been waiting for some time back of this door, and we are very anxious to have it come out into the church." At this Secretary Erving and I started aside instantly, much chagrined to think that we had caused such a stoppage in such a ceremony; the doors swung open, and out came a brilliant procession of ecclesiastics with crosses, censers, lights, and banners.

But all of our troubles were not due to our compatriots. Household matters sometimes gave serious annoyance. The minister had embraced a chance very rare in Russia,—one which, in fact, almost never occurs,—and had secured a large house fully furnished, with the servants, who, from the big *chasseur* who stood at the back of the minister's sledge to the boy who blew the organ on which I practised, were serfs, and all, without exception, docile, gentle, and kindly. But there was one standing enemy—*vodka*. The feeling of the Russian peasant toward the rough corn-brandy of his own country is characteristic. The Russian language is full of diminutives expressive of affection. The peasant addresses his master as *Batushka*, the affectionate diminutive of the word which means father; he addresses the mistress of the house as *Matushka*, which is the affectionate diminutive of the Russian word for mother. To his favorite drink, brandy, he has given the name

which is the affectionate diminutive of the word *voda*, water—namely, vodka, which really means “dear little water.” Vodka was indeed our most insidious foe, and gave many evidences of its power; but one of them made an unwonted stir among us.

One day the minister, returning in his carriage from making sundry official visits, summoned the housekeeper, a Baltic-province woman who had been admirably brought up in an English family, and said to her: “Annette, I insist that you discharge Ivan, the coachman, at once; I can’t stand him any longer. This afternoon he raced, with me in the carriage, up and down the Nevsky, from end to end, with the carriages of grand dukes and ministers, and, do my best, I could not stop him. He simply looked back at me, grinned like an idiot, and drove on with all his might. This is the third time he has done this. I have pardoned him twice on his solemn pledge that he would do better; but now he must go.” Annette assented, and in the evening after dinner came in to tell the minister that Ivan was going, but wished to beg his pardon and say farewell.

The minister went out rather reluctantly, the rest of us following; but he had hardly reached the anteroom when Ivan, a great burly creature with a long flowing beard and caftan, rushed forward, groveled before him, embraced his ankles, laid his head upon his feet, and there remained mumbling and moaning. The minister was greatly embarrassed and nervously ejaculated: “Take him away! Take him away!” But all to no purpose. Ivan could not be induced to relax his hold. At last the minister relented and told Annette to inform Ivan that he would receive just one more trial, and that if he failed again he would be sent away to his owner without having any opportunity to apologize or to say good-by.

Very interesting to me were the houses of some of the British residents, and especially that of Mr. Baird, the head of the great iron-works which bore his name, and which, at that time, were considered among the wonders of Russia. He was a very interesting character. Noticing among the three very large and handsome vases in his dining-room the middle one, made up of the bodies of three large eagles in oxidized silver with crowns of gold, I was told its history. When the Grand Duke Alexander

—who afterward became the second emperor of that name—announced his intention of joining the St. Petersburg Yacht Club, a plan was immediately formed to provide a magnificent trophy and allow him to win it, and to this plan all the members of the club agreed except Baird. He at once said: “No; if the grand duke’s yacht can take it, let him have it; if not, let the best yacht win. If I can take it, I shall.” It was hoped that he would think better of it, but when the day arrived, the other yachts having gradually fallen back, Mr. Baird continued the race with the grand duke and won. As a result he was for some years in disfavor with the high officials surrounding the Emperor—a disfavor that no doubt cost him vast sums; but he always asserted that he was glad he had insisted on his right.

On one occasion I was witness to a sad *faux pas* at his dinner-table. It was in the early days of the Crimean War, and an American gentleman who was present was so careless as to refer to Queen Victoria’s proclamation against all who aided the enemy, which was clearly leveled at Mr. Baird and his iron-works. There was a scene at once. The ladies almost went into hysterics in their deprecation of the fearful position in which they had been placed. But Mr. Baird himself was quite equal to the occasion: in a very up-and-down way he said that he of course regretted being regarded as a traitor to his country, but that in the time of the alliance against the first Napoleon his father had been induced by the Russian government to establish his works, and this not merely with the consent, but with the warm approval, of the British government; in consequence the establishment had taken contracts with the Russian government and now they must be executed; so far as he was concerned his conscience was entirely clear; his duty was plain, and he was going to do it.

On another occasion at his table there was a very good repartee. The subject of spiritualism having been brought up, some one told a story of a person who, having gone into an unfrequented garret of an old family residence, found that all the old clothing which had been stored there during many generations had descended from the shelves and hooks and had assumed kneeling postures about the

floor. All of us heard the story with much solemnity, when good old Dr. Law, chaplain of the British Church, broke the silence with the words, "That must have been a family of very *pious habits*." This of course broke the spell.

I should be sorry to have it thought that all my stay in the Russian capital was given up to official routine and social futilities. Fortunately for me, the social demands were not very heavy. The war in the Crimea, steadily going against Russia, threw a cloud over the court and city and reduced the number of entertainments to a minimum. This secured me, during the long winter evenings, much time for reading, and in addition to all the valuable treatises I could find on Russia, I went with care through an extensive course in modern history.

As to Russian matters, it was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with Atkinson, the British traveler in Siberia. He had brought back many portfolios of sketches, and his charming wife had treasured up a great fund of anecdotes of people and adventure, so that I seemed for a time to know Siberia as if I had lived there. Then it was that I learned of the beauties and capabilities of its southern provinces. The Atkinsons had also brought back their only child, a son born on the Siberian steppe, a wonderfully bright youngster, who afterward entered the British navy. He bore a name which I fear may at times have proved a burden to him, for his father and mother were so delighted with the place in which he was born that they called him after it, "Alatow-Tam-Chiboulak."

The general Russian life, as I thus saw it, while intensely interesting in many respects, was certainly not cheerful. Despite the frivolity dominant among the upper class and the fetishism controlling the lower classes, there was, especially in that period of calamity, a deep undertone of melancholy. Melancholy, indeed, is a marked characteristic of Russia, and, above

all, of the peasantry. They seem sad even in their sports; their songs almost without exception are in the minor key; the whole atmosphere is apparently charged with vague dread of some calamity. Despite the suppression of most of the foreign journals, and the blotting out of page after page of the newspapers allowed to enter the empire, despite all that the secret police could do in repressing unfavorable comment, it became generally known that all was going wrong in the Crimea. News came of reverse after reverse: of the defeats of the Alma and Inkerman, and, as a climax, the loss of Sevastopol and the destruction of the Russian fleet. In the midst of it all, as is ever the case in Russian wars, came utter collapse in the commissariat department; everywhere one heard hints and finally detailed stories of scoundrelism in high places: of money which ought to have been appropriated to army supplies, but which had been expended at the gambling-tables of Homburg or in the Breda quarter at Paris.

Then it was that there was borne in upon me the conviction that Russia, powerful as she seems when viewed from the outside, is anything but strong when viewed from the inside. To say nothing of the thousand evident weaknesses resulting from autocracy,—the theory that one man, and he, generally, not one of the most highly endowed, can do the thinking for a hundred millions of people,—there was nowhere the slightest sign of any uprising of a great nation, as, for instance, of the French against Europe in 1792, of the Germans against France in 1813 and in 1870, of Italy against Austria in 1859 and afterward, and of the Americans in the Civil War of 1861. There were certainly many noble characters in Russia, and these must have felt deeply the condition of things; but there being no great middle class, and the lower class having been long kept in besotted ignorance, there seemed no force on which patriotism could take hold.

(To be continued)





A FEW OF IRENE'S "FATHERS"

THE ANCESTRY OF IRENE

(STORIES OF THE NEVADA MADIGANS: II)¹

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL



N her heart Irene was confident that, though among the Madigans, she was not of them.

The color of her hair, the shape of her nose, the tempestuousness of her disposition, the difficulty she experienced in fitting her restless and encroaching nature into what was merely one of a number of jealously frontiered interstices in a large family—all this forbade tame acceptance on her part of so ordinary and humble an origin as Francis Madigan's fatherhood connoted.

"No," she said firmly to herself the day she and Florence were see-sawing in front

of the woodshed after school, "he's only just my foster-father; that's all."

How this foster-father—she loved the term, it sounded so delightfully haughty—had obtained possession of one whose birth-right would place her in a station so far above his own, she had not decided. But she was convinced that, although poor and peculiar and incapable of comprehending the temperament and necessities of the nobly born, he was, in his limited way, a worthy fellow. And she had long ago resolved that when her real father came for her, she would bend graciously and forgivingly down from her seat in the carriage, to say good-by to poor old Madigan.

¹ See "Cecilia the Pharisee," in *THE CENTURY* for June.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHE GLANCED UP THE INCLINE OF THE SEE-SAW TO THE HEIGHT
WHENCE IRENE LOOKED DOWN"

"Thank you very, very much, Mr. Madigan," she would sweetly say, "for all your care. My father, the Count, will never forget what you have done for his only child. As for myself, I promise you that I will have an eye upon your little girls. I am sure his Grace the Duke will gladly do anything for them that I recommend. I am very much interested in little Florence, and shall certainly come for her some day in my golden chariot to take her to my castle for a visit, because she is such a well-behaved child and knew me, in her childish way, for a noble lady in disguise. Cecilia? Which one is that? Oh, the one her sisters call Sissy! She needs disciplining sadly, Mr. Madigan, sadly. Much as he loves me, my father, the Prince, would not care to have me know her—as she is now. But she will improve, if you will be very, very strict with her. Good-by! Good-by, all! No, I shall not forget you. Be good and obey your aunty. Good-by!"

The milk-white steeds would fly down the steep, narrow, unpaved streets. On each side would stand the miners, bowing,

hat in hand, hurrahing for the great Emperor and his beautiful daughter—she who had so strangely lived among them under the name of Sprint Madigan. They would speak, realizing now, of certain royal traits they had always noted in her—her haughty spirit that never brooked an insult, her independence, her utter fearlessness, the reckless bravery of a long line of kings, and— and even that very disinclination for study which they had stupidly fancied indicated that Sissy Madigan was her superior! What would Princess Irene want with vulgar fractions, a common denominator, and such low subjects?

"What makes you wrinkle up your nose that way, Sprint?" Florence's voice broke in complainingly on her sister's reverie. She glanced up the incline of the see-saw to the height whence Irene looked down, physically as well as socially, upon her faithful retainer and the straggling little town clinging to the mountain's skirts.

Irene did not answer. She was busy dreaming, and her dreams were of the turned-up-nose variety.

"Don't, Sprint! It makes you look like a—what Sissy just now called you." The smaller sister's eyes fell, as though seeking corroboration from the middle of the board, where Sissy had been so lately acting as "candlestick"—lately, for the incident had ended (no game being enticing enough to hold these two long in an unnatural state of neutrality) in Sprint's washing Sissy's face vigorously in the snow, and Sissy's calling her elder sister "nothing but an old Indian!" as she ran weeping into the house with the familiar parting threat to get even before bedtime. No Madigan could bear that the sun should set on her wrath; she preferred that all scores should be paid off, so that the slate might be clean for to-morrow's reckonings.

"Fom," said her big sister, slowly, when she was quite ready to speak, "I think you 'd better call me 'Irene.' You 'd feel gladder about it when I 'm gone."

"Where?" At this minute it was Fom's turn to be dangerously high, and she wriggled to the uttermost end of the plank to counterbalance her sister's weight.

A mysterious smile overspread Irene's face. It became broadly triumphant as she rose presently on the short end of the board, her arms daringly outspread, her toes upturned in front of her, her agile body well balanced, her spirit exulting in the sense of danger without and superiority within.

"When?" asked Florence, with that amiable readiness to consider a question unasked, so becoming to the vassal. "When are you going?"

"To-night—maybe." Her own words startled Irene. She loved to play upon Fom's fears, but she had not really intended committing herself so far. "He may call for me to-night," she added, with qualifying emphasis.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

SPRINT AS THE PRINCESS IRENE

"Who? Not—not—"

"Yes, my father. I must be ready at any time, you know."

Fom looked alarmed. She had heard long ago and in strict confidence about Sprint's lofty parentage. She had even

and shook her body, for with the brunette of the twins emotion and action were synonymous. "Oh, don't go, Sprint!" she begged, squirming unhappily at her end of the plank. "Don't go!"

High up in the air, Sprint smiled superbly. There was *no-
blesse oblige* in that smile; also the strong teasing tincture which no Madigan could resist using, even upon her closest ally.

"Oh, Sprint—o-o-oh, Sprint!" wailed Fom, forgetting in her wriggling misery how close she already was to the end of the plank.

A crash and a bump and a squeal told it to her all at once. She had slid clear off, getting an instantaneous effect of her haughty sister unsupported at a dizzy eminence, before Sprint came bumping down to earth, the see-saw giving that regal head a parting, stunning tap as the long end finally settled down and the short one went up to stay.

It was never in the ethics of Madigan warfare to explain the inexplicable. Florence was on her feet, flying as though for her very life, before Sprint, shaken down from her dreams, quite realized what had happened. And she was

still sitting as she had fallen when Jim, the Indian, came for the sawbuck.

Jim limped, his eyes were sore and watery, and it took him two weeks to conquer the Madigan woodpile, which any other Piute in town could have leveled in half the time.

"Him fall, eh?" he asked, dismantling the see-saw with that careful leisureliness that accounted for the Chinaman Wong's contempt for Indians.

"Not him; *her*, Jim."

Sprint possessed a passion for imparting



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"I WANT YOU--COME!" THE INDIAN PRINCESS ANNOUNCED

accepted drafts upon her future, rendering services which were unusual in a Madigan fag, with the understanding that when the Princess Sprint should come into her own, she would richly repay. But she had never before heard her speak so positively or set a time when their relationship must cease.

A feeling of utter loneliness came over Sprint's faithful ally. She saw the balance of power in the Madigan oligarchy rudely disturbed. She beheld, in a swift, dread vision, the undisputed supremacy of the party of Sissy. Dismay entered her soul

knowledge, of which she had little, and which was hard for her to attain.

Jim grinned.

"She no got little gal like you teach her Inglis," he said, gently apologetic.

"Not she, Jim; *he*. How old is your little girl?" Sprint remembered that a genteel interest in the lower classes is becoming to the well-born.

"He just big like you," Jim responded mournfully, drawing the back of his brown hand across his nose. "But he all gone."

"Dead?" Sprint crossed her legs uneasily as she squatted, and lowered her voice reverently.

"He no dead," Jim said, lifting the sawbuck and easing it on his shoulder. "One Washoe squaw steal him—little papoose, nice little papoose. Much white—like you, missy. So white squaw say no sure Injun."

"Jim!"

"Take him down Thuckee valley. Take him 'way. Jim see squaw one day long time 'go—Washoe Lake—shoot ducks. Heap shoot squaw. He die, but he say white Faginia man got papoose."

"Jim!" It was the faintest echo of the first terrified exclamation.

"Come Faginia, look papoose. No find. Chop wood long time. Heap hogady—not much dinner. Nice papoose—white, like you."

Jim paused. He expected sympathy, but he hoped for dinner. When he saw he was to get neither, he hunched his lame hip, scratched his head, balanced the sawbuck, and shuffled away.

Too overcome to move, Sprint sat looking after him. Her father! This, then, was her father! She was dazed, helpless, too overwhelmed even to be unhappy yet.

There came a shrill call for her from

Kate, and Sprint, with unaccustomed meekness, staggered obediently to her feet. What was left for her but to be a slave? she said stonily to herself. She was an Indian like—like her father! And Sissy had noticed the resemblance that very afternoon!

"It's the bell, Sprint," explained Kate, who was reading "The Spanish Gypsy" in the low, hall-like library.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THEY HAD COASTED ONLY HALF A BLOCK"

She had begun to read it for the reason that no one in her class at school had read it—usually a compelling reason for the eldest of the Madigans; but the poetic beauty, the extravagance of the romance, had whirled the girl away from her pretentious pose, and she was finishing it now because she could not help it; chained to it, it seemed to her, till she should know the end.

"Shall I go?" asked Sprint, humbly.

Kate looked up, too surprised by her sister's docility to do anything but nod. She had anticipated a battle, a ring at the door-bell being the signal for a flying wedge



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"GOOD-BY, JACK"

of Madigans tearing through the hall, with inquisitive Irene at its apex—except when she was asked to answer it.

The sisters' eyes met: those of the elder,

in her thin, dark, flushed face, hazy with romantic happiness; those of the younger bright with romantic suffering, demanding a share of that felicity which transfigured her senior.

"What're you reading, anyway, Kate?" she asked.

As well tap the bung of a cask and ask what it holds. Kate began chanting:

"Father, your child is ready! She will not
Forsake her kindred: she will brave all
scorn

Sooner than scorn herself. Let Spaniards
all,

Christians, Jews, Moors, shoot out the lip
and say,

"Lo, the first hero in a tribe of thieves!"

Is it not written so of them? They, too,
Were slaves, lost, wandering, sunk beneath
a curse,

Till Moses, Christ, and Mahomet were
born,

Till beings lonely in their greatness lived,
And lived to save their people."

It poured from Kate's lips, the story of the lady Fedalma and her Gipsy father, a stream of winy romance, a sugared impossibility preserved in the very spirits of poetry.

Again the old bell jangled, and again. Kate was glugged, drunk with the sound of the verbal music that had been chorusing behind her lips; while for Irene every word seemed charged with the significance of special revelation. The light seemed to leap from her sister's eyes to kindle a conflagration in her own.

"Read it again—that part—Kate! Read it!" she cried.

And Kate, not a bit loath, turned the page and repeated:

"Lay the young eagle in what nest you will,
The cry and swoop of eagles overhead
Vibrate prophetic in its kindred frame,
And make it spread its wings and poise
itself
For the eagle's flight."

Sprint breathed again, a full, deep breath of satisfaction. An Indian—she, Sprint Madigan? Perhaps; but an Indian princess, then, with a mission as great, glorious, and impossible as Fedalma's own.

When at last she did turn mechanically to answer the bell, she saw that Sissy had anticipated her and was showing old Professor Trask into the parlor. Ordinarily

Irene loved to listen at the door while Sissy's lesson was in progress; for Trask was a nervous, disappointed wreck, whose idea of teaching music seemed to be to make his pupils as much like himself as harried youth can be like worried age. But on this great day the joy of hearing the perfect Sissy rated had not the smallest place in her enemy's thoughts. A poet's words had lifted Irene in an instant from child hell to heaven, had fired her imagination, had rekindled her pride, had given back her dreams.

Reality was not altogether so pleasant, she found, when she went into the kitchen, skirmished with the Chinese cook for Jim's dinner, and went out to the woodpile to give it to him herself.

She did not wait to see him eat it—she was not quite poet enough for that; besides, that impersonal, composite father, her tribe, was calling her.

Pulling on her hood and jacket, with her mittens dangling from a red tape on each side, she flew out and down the long, rickety stairs which a former senator from Nevada had built up the mountain's side, when he planned for his home a magnificent view of the mountains and desert off toward the east.

Sprint did not look at either, though they shone, the one like a billowy moonlit sea, the other like a lake of silver, for the snow that covered them. She half ran, half slid down the hilly street till she came to a box-like miner's cabin, where Jane Cody, the washerwoman, lived with her son. In front of it she halted and called imperiously:

"Jack!"

For this same Jack was her own, her discovery, her possession, who acknowledged her thrall and was proud of it.

But the green shutters over the one window remained fast, and the door tight closed.

"Jack?" There was a suggestion of incredulity in Sprint's voice.

The whistles burst forth in a medley of throaty roars (it was five-o'clock "mining-time"), but the bird-like whistle of Jack was missing.

"Jack Cody!" Sprint stamped her high arctics in the snow.

The door was opened a little, and a round black head was cautiously thrust forth.

"I want you—come!" the Indian princess announced. "And get your sled."

"I can't," replied the head.

"But I want you."

The head wagged dolefully.

"Why not?"

The head hung down.

"Tell me."

The head's negative was sorrowful but determined.

"If you don't tell me I'll—never speak to you again's long as I live, Jack Cody!"

The head stretched out its long neck and sent an agonized glance toward her.

"Tell me—right now!" she commanded.

"Well—she's took my clothes with her," wailed the head, and jerked itself within, while the door was slammed behind it.

Sprint walked up the stoop.

"Jack," she called, her mouth at the keyhole, "who took 'em? Your mother? Why? But she can't keep you in that way. Never mind. What *have* you got on?"

The door was opened an inch or two, and the head started to look out. But at sight of Sprint so near it withdrew in such turtle-like alarm that she laughed aloud.

"What 're you laughing at?" growled the boy.

"What 's that you got on?" said she.

"My—my mother's wrapper."

A peal of laughter burst forth from the Indian princess. But it ceased suddenly. For the door was thrown open with such violence that it made Jane Cody's wax flowers shake apprehensively under their glass bell, and a figure stalked out such as might haunt a dream—long, gaunt, awkward, inescapably boyish, yet absurdly feminine, now that the dark calico wrapper flapped at its big, awkward heels and bound and hindered its long legs.

Sprint looked from the heavily shod feet to the round, short-shaven black head, and a premonitory giggle shook her.

"Don't you laugh—don't you dare laugh at me! Don't you, Sprint—will you?" The phrases burst from him, a threat at the beginning, an appeal at the end.

"No," said Sprint, choking a bit; "no, I won't. You don't look very—" she gulped—"very funny, Jack. And it's getting so dark that nobody 'd know—really they would n't."

"Sure?"

Sprint nodded.

"Get your sled quick, the big, long one,



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"OH, YOU NEED N'T GLARE AT ME!" EXCLAIMED BEP"

the leg-breaker, and take me down—I 'll tell you where. Get it, won't you?"

"In this, this—like this?" Jack faltered.

"It's so important, Jack. Please! It's always you that asks me, remember."

The boy threw his hands out with a gesture that strained the narrow garment he wore almost to bursting. He began to talk, to argue, to plead; then suddenly he turned and ran, a grotesque, long-legged shape, toward the back of the house.

When he whistled, Sprint joined him, and together they plowed their way through the high snow to the beaten-down street beyond. At the top of the hill, Sprint sat down well to the front of the low, rakish-looking leg-breaker. Behind her the boy, hitching up his skirts, threw himself with one knee bent beneath him, and, with a skilful ruddering of the other long, untrouser leg, started the sled.

They had coasted only half a block—Virginia City runs downhill—when they heard the shrill yelp of the Comstock boy on the trail of his prey. As Jack stopped the sled a swift volley of snowballs from

a cross-street struck the figure of a tall, timid, stooping man in an old-fashioned cape, such as no Comstock boy had ever seen on anything masculine.

"It's Professor Trask," breathed Irene, keen delight in persecution lending to her aggressive, bright face that savage sharpness of feature which Sissy Madigan called Indian. "Don't you wish you had n't got that dress on, Jack?" she asked, as the tall, black mark for a good-shot still stood hesitating to cross the polished, steep street, down which many sleds had slipped for days past. "You could get him every time, could n't you?"

Despite the ignoble garment that cramped it, the boy's breast swelled with pride in his lady's approval.

"You could just fire one at him from here, anyway," suggested Irene, adaptable as her sex is to contemporary standards and customs.

"Ye-es," said the boy, hesitating; "but he's such a poor old lunny."

Sprint turned her imperial little hooded head questioningly.

"He is—really lunny," said the boy, apologetically. "Since his little girl wandered away one day from home and never came back, he gets spells, you know. He was telling ma one day when she went over to do his washing. But—but I will land one on him if you want, Sprint."

But Sprint had suddenly pivoted clear around and sat now facing him, an eager, mittened hand staying his hard, skilful, obedient fingers, already making the snowball.

"How—how old would that little girl be, Jack?" she gasped.

"Why, 'bout twelve—thirteen. Why?"

"And what would be the color of her hair?"

"Red, I s'pose, like his; not—not like yours—Sprint," he added shyly, glancing at the brown fire of the curls that escaped from her hood.

But Irene was no longer listening. She was looking over to the other side of the street, where that shrinking, pitiable old figure in its threadbare neatness trembled; not daring to seek safety across the dangerously smooth street, or daring to remain exposed here, where he ducked ridiculously every now and then to avoid the whizzing balls that sang about him.

Irene breathed hard. A coward for a father, a scarecrow, a butt for a gang of miners' boys! This, this was her father! Why, even crippled old Jim, the wood-chopper, seen in retrospect and haloed by copper-colored dreams of romantic rehabilitation—even Jim seemed regrettable.

But she did not hesitate, any more than Fedalma did. She, too, knew a daughter's duty—to a hitherto unknown, just-discovered father. A merely ordinary, everyday parent like Francis Madigan was, as a matter of course, the common enemy, and no self-respecting Madigan would waste the poetry of filial feeling upon any one so realistic.

"You wait for me here, Jack," she said, with unhesitating reliance upon his obedience.

"Where 're you going? I thought you were in a hurry to get down to the wickiups."

She did not hear him. She had spun off the sled, and with the sure-footed speed of the hill-child she was crossing the street.

Old Trask, his short-sighted eyes blinking beneath his twitching, bushy red eye-

brows, looked down as upon a miracle when a red-mittened hand caught his and he heard a confident voice—the clear voice children use to enlighten the stupidity of adults:

"I 'll help you across; take my hand."

"Eh—what?"

He leaned down, failing to recognize her. Children had no identity to him. They were merely brats, he used to say, unless they happened to have some musical aptitude. But he accepted her aid, his battered old hat rocking excitedly upon his high bony forehead, as he ducked and turned and shivered at the oncoming balls. "Bad boys—bad boys!" he ejaculated. "Boys are the devil!"

"Yes," agreed Sprint, craftily. "Girls are best. Your little girl, now—father—" she began softly.

"Eh—what!" he exclaimed. "Who's your father? My respects to him."

"I have no father," she answered softly. A plan had sprung full-born from her quick brain. She would win this erratic father back to memory of his former life and her place in it—somewhat as did one Lucy Manette, a favorite heroine of Sprint's that Sissy had read about and told her of. That would be a fine thing to do—almost as fine, and requiring the center of the stage as much, as rehabilitating the Red Man.

"I have no father," she murmured, "if you won't be mine."

"What? What? No!" Trask was across now and brushing the snowy traces of battle from his queer old cape. "No; I don't want any children. I had one once—a daughter."

Sprint's heart beat fast.

"She was a brat, with the temper of a little fiend, and no ear—absolutely none—for music; played like an elephant."

How terribly confirmatory!

"And what—what became of her?" whispered Sprint.

"She ran away two years ago and—"

"Two years!"

"I said two, did n't I?" demanded the old professor, irascibly.

Disgusted, Sprint turned her back on him. Why, two years ago Sissy had first called her an Indian; how right she had been! Two years ago she, Sprint, was making over all her dolls to Fom. Two years ago she had already discovered Jack Cody's fleet strength, his wonderful aptness

at making swift sleds, in which her reckless spirit reveled, his mastership of other boys of his gang, and—her mastery of him.

She turned and beckoned to him. His sweet whistle rang out in answer like a vocal salute, and in a moment she was seated again in front of him, with that deft, tail-like left leg of his steering them down, down over cross-street, through teams and sleighs and unwary pedestrians; past the miners coming off shift; past the lamplighter making his rounds in the crisp, clear cold of the evening; past the heavy-laden squaws, with their bowed heads, their papooses on their backs, their weary arms bearing home the spoils of a hard day's work, and the sore-eyed yellow dogs trudging, too, wearily and dejectedly at their heels, toward the rest of the wickiup and the acrid warmth of the sage-brush camp-fire.

In short, swift sentences, as they hurdled over artificially raised obstructions, or slid along the firm-packed snow, or grated on the muddy cross-streets, Princess Sprint told her plan—with reservations. She was not prepared to admit to so humble a worshiper the secret of her birth, but the magnanimous self-sacrifice of a beautiful nature, the heroine concealed beneath a frivolous exterior—these she was willing Jack Cody should suspect and admire.

"We'll lift them up, you and I, Jack. I'm going 'to—to be the angel of a homeless tribe,' or something like that," she quoted, as it grew darker and the sled slowed down a bit, where the slant of the hill-street became gentler and she need not hold on tight. "You'll be their general and I their princess. You'll teach them to be fine soldiers, so that the people in town will be afraid of them and have to give them back their lands—and the mines, too. They're theirs, and they shall have them and be millionaires. And, of course, so will we. We'll own all the stocks and brokers' offices, and after a few years, when they're quite civilized, we'll come up to town to live. We'll take Bob Graves's Castle and—Jack! Ah!"

A long scream burst from her. Never in her life had Sprint Madigan screamed like that. For an incredibly fleet instant she actually saw above her head a struggling horse's hoofs. In the next, her calico-wrapped knight had thrown himself and his lady out into the great drifts on the

side. Sprint felt the cold fleeciness of new-fallen snow on her face, down her neck, up her sleeves. She was smothered, drowned in it, when with another tug the boy whirled her to her feet, and swaying unsteadily, she looked up into the face of the man whose horses had so nearly crushed her life out.

It was her father—she knew it was. Else why had fate so strangely thrown them together? Yes, this was her true father. No other girl's father could have so handsome a fur coat as that reaching from the tips of this very tall man's ears to his heels. No other could have a sleigh so fine, and silver-belled horses fit for a king. No other could have such bright brown eyes beneath heavy sandy brows, such red, red cheeks, and so long and silver-white a beard which the sun could still betray into confession of its youthful rudeness. What if he did have, too, a brogue so soft, so wheedling that men had long called him Slippery Uncle Sammy?

Sprint waked with a humiliating start from her lesser, less genteel dreams. Of course this bonanza king driving up from the mine was her real father, and she a bonanza princess, happier, more fortunate than a merely political one; for princesses have to live in Europe, where Madigans cannot see and envy them.

With the mien of one who has come at last into her own, Sprint accepted his invitation to carry her up to town, and, with a facetious twinkle in his eyes that added to his likeness to a stately Santa Claus (though his was not a reputation for benevolence), he lifted her and set her down under the silky fur rugs.

Sprint nestled back in perfect content: at last she was fitly placed.

"Hitch on behind, Jack," she cried patronizingly, and the bonanza king's sleigh went up the hill with its queer freight: queer, for this was that one of them whose strength was subtlety, whose forte was guile, whose left hand knew not the charitable acts of his right—and neither did the right, for that matter.

Thoroughly sophisticated are Comstock children as to the character of the masters of their masters, and Sprint Madigan knew how foreign to this man's nature a lovable action was. All the more, then, she valued the distinction which chance—fate—had made hers. And all the more did a some-

thing fierce and lawless and proud in herself leap to recognize the tyrant in him. Kings should be above law, as princesses were, was Sprint's creed; else why be kings and princesses?

"An' where would ye be a-goin' to, down this part o' the world so late?" she heard the unctuous voice above her inquire.

Sprint was silent. That the daughter of a bonanza king should have fancied for a moment that Indian Jim could be her father!

"An' who 's the gyurl with ye—the witch ye call Jack?"

"T is n't a girl." That virility which Sprint's wild nature respected and admired forbade her denying the boy his sex. "It 's a boy—Jack—Jack Cody."

King Sammy laughed. His was rich, strong laughter, and men who heard it on C street (they had reached the main thoroughfare now, so fleet were these kingly horses of Sprint's father) knew it—and knew, too, what poor, mean thoughts lay behind it.

"An' this Cody," he said, turning his handsome head to look down at the boy on his sled behind. "Cody—Cody, now," he continued, with royalty's marvelous memory, "your father killed in the Ophir—eh? Time of the fire on the 1800—yes—yes! An'. I was goin' to give him a point that very day. Well—well!"

"Ye did!" The boy looked up resentful, and met those smiling, crafty eyes.

"No! An' he sold short? Too bad! Too bad! I thought sure that stock was goin' down. My, the bad man that told me it was! I hope he did n't lose?" he chuckled.

"All we had," said the boy.

"Tut—tut—tut! What a pity! Have n't I always said it 's wicked to deal in stocks!" The king shook his sorrowful old head, then turned to the princess beside him. "An' it 's out for a ride ye 'd be, sweetheartin' on the sly, eh?"

"He 's not! I was not!" Sprint's cheeks grew hotter. He was her father, this splendid, handsome king, yet never had she felt for poor Francis Madigan what she felt now for the man beside her.

"What, then?"

"I was going down for—for a reason," she stammered.

"To be sure! To be sure!" chuckled his old Majesty. "An' ye 've told your

father an' mother ye were goin', no doubt."

"No, I—did n't. I—could n't."

"Coorse not; coorse not, but ye—"

"Let me out!" cried Sprint.

The sneer in his voice had set her aflame. She rose in the sleigh, cast off the furs, and, stamping like a fury, tried to seize the reins.

"Ho! Ho!" The old monarch's bowed broad shoulders shook with laughter as he caught her trembling hands and held them.

"What a little spitfire! A divvle of a temper ye 've got, my dear. Cody, now, does he like gyurls with such a temper?"

"Will you let me out?" Her voice was hoarse with anger.

"Can't ye wait till we get t' a crossin', ye little termagant?"

"No—no!" She tore her hands from him, and, with a quick, lithe leap from the low sleigh, landed, a bit dazed, in the snow banked high on the side of the street.

Uncle Sammy stared after her a moment. Then he remembered the boy behind.

"Hi—there!" he cried, looking over his shoulder as he reached for his whip. "Git!"

But Cody had the street-boy's quickness. All he had to do was to let go the end of rope he held, and the leg-breaker slipped smoothly back, while the king's runnered chariot shot ahead, drawn by the flying horses on whose backs the whip had descended.

"Ugh!" shivered Sprint, as she made her way out of the drift. "It 's cold, Jack. Let 's run."

Together they hauled the leg-breaker up the hill, parting at the snow-caked, wandering flights of steps, which seemed weary and worn with their endless task of climbing the mountain to Madigan's door.

Irene mounted them quickly. She was cold, and it had grown very dark and late; so late that the lamp shone out from the dining-room, warning her that it must be dangerously near to dinner-time. She had reached the last flight when Sissy came flying out along the porch to meet her.

"Sprint—ssh!" she cautioned, with a friendliness that surprised Sprint, who remembered how well she had washed that round, innocent face in the snow only a few hours ago—the face of Sissy, the unforgiving. "Dinner 's ready," she went on, "but father is n't down yet. Go round

the back way, and you can get in without his knowing how late you are."

Sprint did not budge. The sight of Sissy had made her a Madigan again, prepared for any emergency the appearance of her arch-enemy might portend. "What are you up to?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Oh!" Sissy turned haughtily on her heel. "If you want to go in and catch it—go."

But Sprint did not want to catch it. Her day's experience had made her content to bear the eccentricities of her humble foster-father, but she was by no means anxious to be the instrument that should provoke a characteristic expression of them.

She slipped around the back way, passing through Wong's big kitchen, the heat and odors of which were grateful messages of cheer to her chilled little body. She flew up-stairs and tore off her wet clothing, and was out in the hall, buttoning hastily as she walked, when the door-bell rang.

In some previous existence Sprint Madigan must have been a most intelligent horse in some metropolitan fire department. It was her instinct still to run at the sound of the bell; every other Madigan, therefore, delighted in preventing that impulse's gratification. But this time Bessie came hurriedly to meet her and even speed her on her errand.

"Quick—it's your father, Sprint!" she cried.

Sprint looked at her. She trusted Bep no more than she did Sissy, whose lieutenant the blonde twin was.

"Oh, you need n't glare at me!" exclaimed Bep, her guilty conscience sensitive to accusation by implication. "Fom told me all you told her about him. She was 'fraid you were coming after her for letting you fall off the see-saw, and she told me the whole thing. She said you expected him to-night—don't you?"

"How—do you know it's—my father that's at the door?" demanded Sprint, all the warier of the enemy because of her acquaintance, with her secret.

"Why!" Bep opened clear, china-blue eyes, as shallow and baffling as bits of porcelain. "Has n't he been here once for you already, while you were out?"

Sprint turned and ran down the hall. In the minute this took she had lived through a long, heart-breaking, childish regret—regret for the familiar, apprehension of the unknown. It was so warm and snug in this

Madigan house; she seemed so to belong there. Why must that unknown parent come to claim her just now, when her spirit was still sorely vexed with the failings of the various fathers she had borne with in one short afternoon!

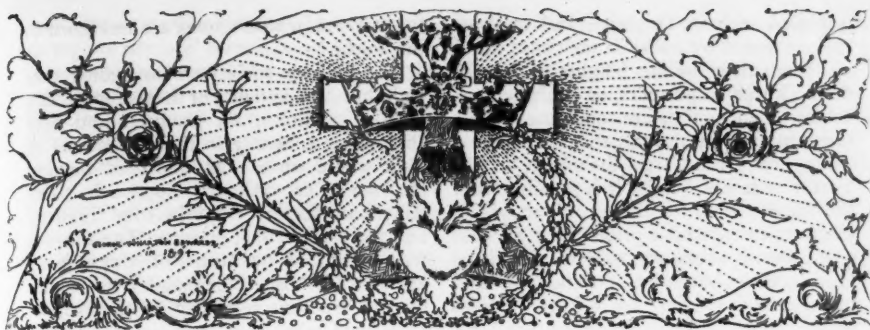
She got to the top of the staircase that led down to the front door, when she saw that some one had preceded her. It was Madigan, who was on his way down to dinner; poor old Madigan, with his slippered, slow, but positive tread, his straight, assertive back expressing indignation, as it always did when his door-bell was rung. Oh, that familiar old back! Something swelled in Sprint's throat and held her choking, as she grasped the banister and gazed yearningly down upon him. For a moment she had the idea of flying down past him to save him from what was coming. But it was too late; already he had his hand on the door-knob. Did he know who it was for whom he was opening his door? Sprint gasped to herself. Did he anticipate what was coming? Some one ought to tell him—to break it to him—to—

But evidently Sprint herself could not have done this, for in almost the identical moment that Madigan resentfully threw open the door, a stream of water was dashed into his astonished face.

From her point of vantage on the stairway Sprint saw a paralyzed Sissy, the empty pitcher in her guilty hand, the grin of satisfaction frozen on her panic-stricken round face; while, before she fled, her eyes shot one quick, hunted glance over Madigan's dripping head to the joyous enemy above.

And Sprint was joyous. Her explosive laugh pealed out in the second before fear of her father stifled it. So this was how Sissy had planned to get even; so this was the plot behind Bep's baffling blue eyes! And only the accident of Madigan's going to the door had saved Sprint—and confounded her enemy.

Oh, it was so good to be a Madigan! Standing there dry and triumphant, Sprint hugged herself—her very own self—her individuality, which at this minute she would not have changed for anything the world had to offer. To be a Madigan, one's birthright to laugh and do battle with one's peers and win, sometimes through strength, sometimes through guile, sometimes through sheer luck—but to win!



THE MOST POPULAR BOOK IN THE WORLD

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE PRINTING, SALE, AND
DISTRIBUTION OF THE BIBLE

BY HENRY RUTHERFORD ELLIOT



ON Wednesday, March 7, 1804, "a numerous and respectable meeting of persons of various denominations" was held at the London Tavern, and a society formed "to promote the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in the principal living languages." At that time the Bible, or portions of it, could be obtained in about forty living languages, spoken by two tenths of the race. During the century since the meeting at the London Tavern adjourned, and very largely from the machinery then and there started, the Scriptures have been translated into four hundred and fifty languages and dialects, understood by seven tenths of the race. By the London society alone 180,000,000 copies have been distributed, at an expense of \$70,000,000. If we add to this total the 70,000,000 copies already distributed by the younger American Bible Society, and the unknown millions printed and sold by private enterprise, we find ourselves inside a safe estimate if we hold that certainly 300,000,000 copies of the Scriptures,

in whole or separate books or portions, have gone into circulation during the last century.

Amazement attends the study of the Bible, whatever the point of view or the course pursued. But nothing about the Bible is more amazing than its continuous, universal, and utterly unparalleled popularity. In nearly every, if not every, country on earth where books are sold, more Bibles are sold than any other book. Last year the British and Foreign Bible Society alone distributed 5,943,775 copies, the majority by sale, in three hundred and seventy languages, covering every part of the globe. And the issue by the American society for the year amounted to 1,993,558 Bibles and portions.

THE BIBLE'S TRAVELING SALESMAN

How is this distribution accomplished? In many ways, but chiefly through a unique machinery known as colportage. The whole world is covered by a network of salesmen, generally natives of the country in which the distribution is made, ac-

quainted with its language and customs, and animated by a zeal in the cause which has often risen to the heights of martyrdom. These colporteurs, or Biblemen and Biblewomen, as they are sometimes called, are employed by the societies on a salary. They are given large discretion in the matter of sales. Where it is possible, they get the list-price for Bibles or portions of the Scriptures, which price never exceeds cost. But, if necessary, they are permitted to sell their books at a reduction, and under certain circumstances to give copies away. In general it is estimated that forty per cent. of the cost of the entire annual output of Bibles is recovered from sales.

Often the payments are made in curious substitutes for money, such as cowry-shells in Uganda, copra and arrowroot in the New Hebrides, swords, daggers, sandals, amulets, straw hats, pieces of silk, eggs, butter, rotten cheese, dogs' teeth, sea-birds' eggs, and other picturesque circulating media. Occasionally, even, Bibles are stolen; but thieves do not much affect this sort of treasure, and have been known to return it when taken under a misapprehension of the facts.

The colporteur travels by all conveyances, under all social and political conditions, and is literally a ubiquitous feature in the world's traffic. There is no speech or language where his voice is not heard. By railroad, carriage, boat, bullock-wagon, sleigh, bicycle, wheelbarrow, on mule, jinrikisha, or afoot, he goes with his pack of books or pamphlets to the remotest corners of the globe. As a publication of the British and Foreign Bible Society says: "Though the Jew and the Chinaman have almost overrun the earth, the colporteur is even more ubiquitous. North and south, east and west, he is wending his way,—through tangled forests, over frozen steppes or parched deserts,—almost invariably a solitary figure. No corner of the earth is too danger-haunted or too unhealthy for the society's Biblemen. We find them at the most northerly outpost in Siberia, among the workers in the awful sulphur-mines of Sicily, in the malarial regions of Africa, on the desolate plains of Mongolia, in the opium-dens of the far East, among the lumber-camps of the West, among the negroes of the Slave Coast and the miners of Klondike—everywhere perils and hardships are being faced by hundreds of faith-

ful workers, whose names are unknown to the world."

The London society employs altogether eight hundred and fifty of these colporteurs, and, in addition, six hundred and fifty Biblewomen, mostly in those countries of Asia where women are secluded beyond the reach of ordinary approach. The American society employs four hundred and forty-seven colporteurs. The force is well organized by means of a system of agencies or district managers, to whom reports are sent regularly by the colporteurs, and who keep in close touch with them.

Next to the colporteur, the two leading methods of distribution are through the local agents and auxiliary stations and in connection with missionaries in their pastoral journeys. It is a significant fact that the two Bible societies furnish the bulk of all the Bibles used in Protestant missions. Sectarianism has not invaded the citadel of Scripture. Thus the London society supplies all the foreign missionary societies of the Established Church, the various undenominational societies like the China Inland Mission, and the nonconformist missions almost entirely. The American Society is equally catholic in its functions.

HOW BIBLES ARE PACKED AND SHIPPED

THE shipments are made to the agents, and thus distributed. One can readily understand that this work is of a most polyglot description. Not the least amazing feature of the work is the packing-room where Bibles in hundreds of languages are stored. Often they must be packed so as to meet local requirements. For example, consignments to Madras are packed in water-tight boxes, to protect the books against damage as they are landed through the surf. Books for Annam are put up in boxes of fifty-six pounds in weight, as that is the standard burden for the coolies. Other books are securely packed to defend them against tropical insects and dampness. The packing-room of the London society is one of its most interesting sights. Between six and seven thousand volumes are received and despatched daily, and it is a very microcosm of the world in its varied activities. Generally about two million copies of books or portions are on hand, embracing books in about three hun-

dred and seventy languages, and of every variety of size and bindings, ranging from the complete Bible at a sixpence to large and sumptuous copies. The American Bible Society contains in its catalogue of Bibles and Testaments seven hundred and eighty different titles, some of which include two or three variations, so that the whole number of editions slightly exceeds eight hundred. The English list mounts up to more than two thousand titles. And the editions due to private enterprise are almost innumerable.

THE BIBLE AS A COMMODITY

MANY guesses have been made as to the distribution of the Bible by private enterprise. It is a tempting topic for speculation, but no reliable statistics are within reach. Such is the judgment of men as well qualified to speak in the matter as the secretaries of the American Bible Society. Naturally, the various publishing-houses are unwilling to make public the volume of their business, and even were they disposed to do so, it would be next to impossible to collect anything like a complete list of editions of the Bible, in whole or part, which are continually issuing from the press.

Take the Sunday-school output alone, with its countless millions of lesson sheets and other printing, then add the religious periodicals which contain in their successive issues the current lesson, the editions of responsive readings, copies of the Psalter, portions of Scripture on programs for special occasions, and one soon finds himself out of all depths of computation. And there is still to be considered the oral distribution, through the stated reading of the Scriptures in the hearing of tens of millions of church, prayer-meeting, and Bible-class attendants on Sunday and through the week. Nor has the "family Bible," with its portion "waled" and read "with judicious care," quite gone out in this hurrying and secular age.

It is perhaps enough to say on this point that the Bible is the best-selling book in the world. It leads, and by a long interval, all other publications in copies purchased in the ordinary channels of trade, without regard to what may be called the official distribution. Every book-store which undertakes to carry a full line of stock sells the

Bible. Several important corporations confine themselves to the manufacture and sale of Bibles, and others find in the Bible their leading feature. Of no other book can this be said. Speaking some time ago of the insatiable demand for the Bible as an article of merchandise, an officer of the Methodist Book Concern, which till recently issued cheap editions of the Bible, said: "Like all publishers, we have to keep watch of the sale of books in general, even the most popular, so as not to get overstocked. But this never occurs in printing the Bible. We just keep the presses steadily at work, and if we happen to find that we have forty or fifty thousand copies on hand, it gives us no uneasiness. We are sure to sell them, and we go straight ahead printing."

CIRCULATION OF OTHER SACRED BOOKS

A WORD on the comparative distribution of the Bible and other sacred books. Inquiry of Professor Lanman of Harvard elicits the fact that within a few years an important movement has been instituted in India, looking to a popular distribution of the sacred books of that country. The late P. C. Roy of Calcutta founded an institution very like the tract and Bible societies, and already the output has mounted to a total distribution of fourteen million printed forms. While statistics of the various publications are lacking, Professor Lanman writes: "It is, however, safe to state that the reproduction of their sacred books by the press is now rapidly reaching enormous proportions."

In regard to the distribution of the Koran, the Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup, the veteran missionary in Syria, writes to *THE CENTURY* as follows:

There is no Koran society in the sense of any Bible societies. The most orthodox Moslems prefer manuscript copies. It was only within fifty years that the Koran was allowed to be printed, and even now they prefer to lithograph it, as they object to subject the name of Allah to pressure!

The Egyptian government have lithographed thousands of copies which have been sold cheaply to Mohammedans. They will not sell the Koran in their shops to Christians. Even in Beirut we find it difficult to buy copies. Copies found in baggage are confiscated.

Strictly speaking, it is unlawful to translate the Koran, but paraphrases have been printed

in Persia, India, and the East Indies. It is the duty of every Mohammedan to learn to read the Koran, and, if possible, to commit it to memory, and this is the more easy as it is all in rhyme.

It would be impossible to estimate the distribution of the Confucian classics. Though these are not, strictly speaking, in the category of sacred books, they deal with the religious institutes of the Chinese. In the aggregate the distribution of these books is very large, and is entirely a matter of business. No organization exists for the spread of Confucianism by means of the printed page.

In general, it may be said that the Bible alone, of all books claiming a divine authorship and authority, is distributed systematically and on a large scale, not only among those who wish copies, but among indifferent or even hostile communities. And the supplementary statement may now be added that to-day there is not a land or language of importance on the face of the earth where this distribution is not carried on with system and success.

HOW THE BIBLE CREATES LANGUAGES

THE Bible societies, however, by no means rest contented with their present horizons of conquest. Both the London and New York societies are very much engaged upon translations and revisions, and missionaries throughout the world are busy with similar tasks. In scores of instances the Bible is the only literature of a language. Often a language is first reduced to literary form in order to produce a Bible. Often, also, the Bible actually creates a language, in the proper sense of that term. The ideas, the topics of thought, the point of view, are not in the local speech. Take, as an example, the translation just made for the Sheetswa tribe in east Africa. They had

no word for Supreme Being, or home, father, heaven, house, and other ideas equally fundamental. "Our Father which art in heaven" was absolutely unintelligible to them. Yet, little by little, the missionaries persevered till they have now compiled a dictionary of eighteen thousand words, a grammar, and a translation of the New Testament that can be used by three million people. Other recent translations have been into Maré (one of the French Loyalty Islands), Uganda, Persian, Labrador-Eskimo, Kongo Baldo, Murray Island (Torres Straits), Wedan (New Guinea), Fang, Madarese (South Malaysia), Nogogu (New Hebrides), etc. That much work still remains to be done, however, appears from the statement that in the borders of the Indian Empire alone one hundred and eight languages, in use by seventy-four million souls, have as yet no version of the Scriptures. Translations and revisions are now going forward in over one hundred languages.

WHAT THE DISTRIBUTION COSTS

THE financial aspects of this world-wide circulation are impressive. The income of the London society for 1902-3 amounted to £232,239, of which £93,458 came from sales, and £138,781 from gifts and other free income. The receipts of the American society for the same period were \$412,406. Reducing the pounds to dollars, at 4.865, we get a total annual income of \$1,532,248 for the two societies. The grants and disbursements were slightly in excess of this amount, and we need not say that there is an urgent call for increased funds. One feature of the centenary of the British society, which fell on March 6, was an effort to obtain a special fund of 250,000 guineas, to enable the society to extend its work along inviting lines without undue risk or embarrassment.



AN IMPORTANT ART TREASURE OF NEW YORK

BY CHARLES DE KAY

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

STROLLING through the Fifth Avenue wing of the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park, one comes upon a small inner gallery where a chariot of bronze occupies a great glass box all to itself. This is a grand prize in the lottery of the excavator, just such a prize as the Louvre or the British Museum would like to draw, since neither in their marvelous collections, nor at Berlin, nor in the many museums of Italy, is its equal to be found. Twenty-five, perhaps thirty, centuries has this specimen of a long-forgotten fashion in war lain beneath the soil of Umbria, the wooden parts under the bronze rotting slowly away, the weight of the earth above gradually crushing in the shell, and only the protective layer of oxidation on the surface of the bronze preventing a total disintegration of car-body, wheels, and pole. Near it lie two curving sheets of metal, all that remains of the wooden yoke with bronze covering-plates, and in a dish a shimmering mass of ivory flakes hints of a rail that graced the curving front.

In such a car, so small, yet so lavishly embellished with hammered and deftly fitted bronze reliefs, may Lars Porsena of Clusium have celebrated many a triumph which the narrow pride of Roman historians has suppressed. With the exception of a fragmentary bronze car at Perugia, this is the only example known of the war-chariots of the mysterious people who civilized and gave kings to Rome.

The relic was found last year in a forgotten burial-ground near the modern Norcia (ancient Nursia), crumpled up, broken, and disfigured. The wheels were

best preserved by their sheathing of bronze, but elsewhere the wooden floor and sides had disintegrated, and the fronts and side-wings of thin bronze, the wheel-tires and pole, had become caked with earthy deposits. The owner of the land is said to have informed the proper authorities and obtained the necessary permit for export. That may be. Certain it is that when the news reached Italy of a bronze chariot from Italian soil which was offered in Paris, sent to New York, and bought by the Metropolitan Museum, the failure to secure it for a national museum was mooted in Parliament, and the inspector responsible for its export was dismissed.

A glance at the chariot, now supplied with new wooden floor and car-body, is enough to warrant the belief that it was not intended for actual war, but belonged to the family treasure of a prince or petty king such as the twelve historic cities of the Etruscan federation boasted, having its abiding-place in some temple, whence it was taken on high days and festivals, or when a triumphal procession was on, or when the deity of the temple, personified by a favored citizen, rode forth with his cortège of warriors and priests, clad in their best harness of war and religious robes. Small may well have been the horses that drew this vehicle, yet its size tells us little in that respect, because the racing-chariot which appears in mosaics found in Italian soil that belong to a period later than this by many centuries is a surprisingly small construction, affording little more than a foothold for the driver. And the chariot as it appears on the walls of tombs,



RIGHT SIDE OF THE CHARIOT

painted on vases, carved on coffins of stone, and chiseled on the pedestal of a bronze bust of a woman found at Vulci, scarcely admits more than two standing figures, one being of course the charioteer and the other the warrior. In later times, however, when the Gauls and the Romans had reduced the Etruscans, and the Romans had begun to allow to victorious generals the pomp of triumphs, a much larger, higher chariot was used for this function, obviously for the purpose of showing the conqueror better to the people.

There is cause for congratulation that we have this unequaled specimen, and there would still be cause if the chariot had been a plain one, like the late Roman example which may be seen in the Vatican. But the reliefs with which it is embel-

lished on three sides add an extraordinary value. Its great age is apparent not only by reason of its condition when found and from the primitive way in which the artist has placed the eyes flat on the side of the head,—a method of very early ages,—but by the fashion of covering the wood with plates instead of using wood to back a large piece of cast bronze. This primitive way of making bronze objects was practised in very early days in Greece, for a statue of Jupiter kept in the acropolis of Sparta was made of thin plates of bronze hammered into shape and finished with the chisel. Judging by such evidence, it would not be far out of the reckoning if we placed this chariot in the eighth or ninth century before Christ.

If we follow those who argue that the



LEFT SIDE OF THE CHARIOT

Etruscans belonged not to the Aryans but to the Turanians, and were an offshoot of the great "yellow" race that includes Finns, Turks, Mongolians, and Chinese, then we have a specimen of bronze-work from one of the most western of Turanian peoples, to compare with the bronzes of the most eastern, the Japanese—one of the earliest civilized may be compared with the latest.

What mean these figures and groups on the bronze chariot from Norcia? Is it Hercules who is delivering up to Queen Omphalé his shield and helmet, on the dash-board or front of the car? Is it Hercules, again, who drives winged steeds and the little war-chariot over a prostrate woman, carefully draped? Is it he who fights a duel with a man and is helped by

an eagle or a raven that strikes full on the enemy's spear and diverts that enemy's aim? Another view may be Homeric. Perhaps the deer lying dead at the feet of the goddess or priestess may be the clue to this interpretation: the warrior Agamemnon has obeyed the will of the gods and prepared to slay his daughter, when Diana relents and substitutes for Iphigenia a deer.

Most obvious of all explanations is the story of Achilles as told in the Iliad. Then the woman is his goddess-mother Thetis, who is handing to him the new armor forged by Vulcan. Achilles, perhaps, on the side of the chariot, is driving his supernatural steeds, the prostrate woman being a symbol of Troy trampled underfoot. The other side-relief might be some duel before Troy not recorded in the Iliad or the

Odyssey, in which Achilles was assisted by a deity in the shape of an eagle. The fallen man under the combatants may be Patroclus, placed there by artistic license, and the duelists may be Achilles and Hector. Who will explain?

However this may be, the little chariot, with its pole, emerging from the jaws of a boar, tipped by an eagle's head, its axle ending in bear or lion masks, its helmet in relief with a crest of a ram's head, is a priceless specimen of art thirty centuries



BRONZE DASH-BOARD OF THE CHARIOT FOUND NEAR NORCIA

Were one to hazard another explanation of a most delightful puzzle for archæologists, then the prostrate woman on the side-board of the car is Aurora, and the smiling charioteer is Phœbus Apollo, riding her down with his celestial winged steeds, while the warrior who is getting his death-stroke from the spear of Achilles on the other side of the car-body is Aurora's son Memnon, unfairly treated by the gods, since one of them, in the shape of an eagle, has thrown him off guard by a sudden attack.

ago, when caldrons of bronze were riveted together, not cast, and the Greeks were not free from many primitive artistic traits. With its strong Greek leaning, its obscure suggestion at once of Egypt, in the small figures where the side-boards join the front, and of Assyria, in the eyes and beards of the male figures, this chariot represents well the genius of the Etruscans, which was not original, but a composite of the art ideas of various peoples.

"THE WHITE FEATHER"

BY MARGARET DELAND

RICHARD PHILLIPS sat at his work-table, staring blankly at the letter lying open on the writing-pad. The pounding in his ears, and the curious, muffled feeling in his throat, were subsiding; but he was still conscious of his body—of a tingling in his hands, and a sense of weakness about his knees.

"I 'm not surprised," he said; "of course I 'm not surprised."

Then, in the midst of the profound surprise of body and soul, he was aware of a small surprise at hearing his own voice. For he had spoken his thought aloud. He picked up the letter again, and, to his annoyance, saw that his hand was not steady. Holmes had said that the work bore the traces of a fatigued body—and here was evidence of that fatigue: his hand was unsteady. Plainly, his nerves were playing a preposterous trick upon him, making him act like an hysterical school-girl. The shame of it made his hand shake all the more. He put the letter back on the table, sharply, and thrust his hands down in his pockets, with a faint laugh. Then he drew a long breath and looked about the darkening room as though to find something to distract his thought. It was not a winning room, but it was not bad—as rooms in flats go. It was small, and looked out on the well-way; on a bright day Phillips could see shadows of blowing steam from an escape-pipe on the roof chasing down the blank white wall opposite the window. In the early morning the sun pointed a thin finger across this well-way and touched Phillips's inkstand, striking a fleeting glitter from the silver top. There were other silver things on his table—Agnes presented him with some new and useless "furnishing" every Christmas; but the litter of letters and old proof-sheets and stray pages

of manuscript hid them. It was a most untidy work-table—more or less dusty, and of a confusion that would have been distracting to anybody but the owner, who maintained, against his womenkind, that the "arrangement" of his papers was the most convenient that could be devised. The walls of the room were lined with books; on chairs and stands piles of pamphlets and magazines grew into dusty towers, a little taller and more toppling each month. There was an ill-smelling collection of pipes on the mantelpiece; and Richard insisted, for reasons best known to himself, on keeping various shoes and slippers in a corner behind the letter-press.

"It 's perfectly disgraceful!" Agnes Phillips used to sigh. "He will not have a thing done to that dreadful study of his! I offered to dust it myself, so that Sarah should n't mix his papers up; but he won't let me touch it."

"My dear," her husband would say, with his whimsical smile, "your part of the flat is immaculate—do be content; only man is vile."

"But you like it," she protested, with displeasure.

And as it was the only spot in the house where this mild creature, tall and thin, with keen, gentle brown eyes, felt himself absolute master, he would reply, with distinct satisfaction in his tone, "Yes, I do like it." And Agnes, who, when she was not displeased or worried about anything, had a pretty wit of her own, would say that she believed he gloried in his shame.

But, in spite of confusion and dust, it was generally not an entirely bad little room, because there was an open fire, chuckling and winking behind the rusty iron dogs. This afternoon, however, the fire had gone out; a log had burned

through in the middle, broken, and fallen apart in two charred points. It was growing dark now, in the early winter dusk; and the dead ashes, the confusion of papers, the dusty mantelpiece, and pipes and pamphlets, brought a certain bleakness into the room that fell cold upon the man's heart, where already the letter lay like a weight. And yet, for sound, warm, honest friendship, the letter was like the clasp of a hand—a surgeon's hand, perhaps, just before he begins his dreadful and beneficent work. For there was surgery in that letter: it bore the imprint of the editorial rooms of a periodical of serious distinction in literature.

DEAR PHILLIPS [it began]: I have read the MS. with most anxious concern. I have been counting on it, as you know, for the 18— serial, and your hint of your own dissatisfaction with it caused me a little uneasiness, for I think you are the only man I know whose opinion of his own work has really critical value. When I finished it I was compelled to believe that your judgment was correct. "The White Feather" is not up to your own standard—a standard, my dear fellow, which, as you very well know, ranks you as among the first men of letters in this country. "The White Feather" bears (as you said you feared) the marks of the physical strain of these last two years: the work is *sick* work; the work of a man staggering from a physical experience which has not yet transmuted itself (as it will) into a spiritual one. In this temporary condition it is obvious that "The White Feather" has been written. When I say that we must not use it for our serial next year, I speak as much for your sake as for our own. You cannot afford, my dear Phillips, to put mediocre work on the market. Your most valuable asset is the absolute integrity of your artistic sense. I don't know that it will mean much to you, but I can't help telling you that you are the only literary man of whom (in my opinion) that can be said to-day. In these times of century runs, so to speak,—of panting advertising efforts for popularity,—your work stands out from the vulgar herd of books as a star above a fog-bank. (Now, for a poor hack of an editor, I think that's rather a fine phrase.) Of course your next book will find you on your legs, and I do hope it will be possible for us to avail ourselves of it. Pray let me know what it is to be about, and when I may hope to see it.

Then followed one or two common-places about some mutual friends, and the hope that Mrs. Phillips and Rosamond were well, and the assurance that the writer was his old friend and admirer.

But when Richard Phillips read this letter he felt the blood buzz in his ears. He had known that the work was not up to his own mark; Agnes knew it, too, and said so, candidly. And yet he had taken it for granted that Holmes would want it. Possibly because he had never since his salad days—never, at least, since he had seriously entered the profession of letters—had any work "rejected." He had come to think of his writing as a merchant thinks of the commodity he has to sell; as a staple—as so much sugar or cotton. Prices might fluctuate, of course; but sugar and cotton always sell. So with his work. For twenty years it had had a market value. To sell a manuscript was a matter of course; the only element of uncertainty in the transaction was the price; better or worse, as the case might be. When he wrote Holmes that he was not quite satisfied with "The White Feather," the idea of its not being published never occurred to him. And just now he was in rather more of a hurry to publish than usual. His long illness of two years ago had been a strain upon his resources, in that it had meant nearly a year of unproductiveness. He had, to be sure, a little income from his savings, but his capital was very small, for the Phillipses were of those easy folk who live, with perfect placidity, up to the limit of an income produced by labor; for them the rainy day was always too far off to make it seem worth while, in fair weather, to raise clouds of economy. But Richard always finished a novel every eighteen months or so, and that meant the sale of serial rights for a comfortable sum; and the book sales were satisfactory, though never phenomenal. He had very much more than a *succès d'estime*, but he did not belong to the period of million-copy sales. However, he earned enough, taken in connection with stray articles and one or two short stories (which always pay well), and with that small and pleasant sum from his investments, to get along very well. People thought him much richer than he was; but certainly he managed to live in the kind of flat Agnes liked; and they were able to give Rosamond a "coming out" tea; and Agnes dressed the girl charmingly—and all this on a sum that is large or small according to which side of it you place your own income. But Phillips's long illness had hampered them a

little; and the writing of "The White Feather" had been a *tour de force* to meet the exigencies of the situation. As he sat there in the little darkening room, staring at the dull white of the opposite wall, he said this to himself, as an explanation and excuse. But as he said it, it seemed as if something cool spread over his whole body—a wave of fear; for the book was as good as he could make it. He had written hurriedly, to be sure, and under pressure; but he had never scamped his work or been slipshod about it. He had done his best: that was the desperate truth. What was lacking was—What was it? Had sickness touched him so that virtue had gone out of him? Was some spring cut? The mechanism, technically excellent, was motionless; there were words, and words, and words; but the divine voice of human experience and passion was silent. Yet he had done his best! He knew it; and that was why his soul sickened within him.

Agnes had hurried him a little toward the end, for she was a practical creature. "We should have to move if it were not for 'The White Feather,'" she used to say, with a sigh of comfortable assurance that they would not move. Once, before the story was quite done, she suggested that he should ask his publishers for an advance. "People do that," she said.

"I don't," Richard said mildly.

But there was no manner of doubt in Agnes's mind of the ultimate sale of the book. "Only, you ought to get five times as much as you do," she declared. "They say that woman who wrote 'The Isle of Dragons' made forty thousand dollars."

"But, my dear, I could n't write an 'Isle of Dragons,'" Richard said, with a droll look.

"I don't suppose you could," she admitted regretfully. But she was proud of his work, or, rather, of his reputation. She kept all the newspaper clippings about his books or himself; and it was she who supplied his publishers with photographs of "Phillips at work in his library," "Phillips on his yacht" (which was a pleasant old tub of a cat-boat), "The apartment-house where Richard Phillips, the distinguished author, spends his winters." Time was when these things had made Phillips wince; then he had got used to them, and after a while forgotten them. But he was aware that Agnes took notoriety very seriously; to her

it meant fame. Of his laborious pages, of the dignity and humanity and sweetness of his delicate insight which set him among the elect, she was affectionately ignorant; but she was absolutely sure of his literary rating.

"How am I going to tell her?" he asked himself, blankly, looking at the sheet of paper on his blotting-pad. The room had grown so dark that he could not see to read the writing; but he knew just where, near the top of the third page, Holmes had written in his small, precise hand, "When I say that we must not use it—"

"Good God!" Phillips said, under his breath, "I'm a back number!"

II

THE telling Agnes was a bad moment. Her astonishment and unbelief and anger were very bad. He told her, with an attempt to be casual, when she came into the study to say good night. Rosamond had come before her, and, balanced on the arm of her father's chair, kissed the thin hair on the top of his head, and told him about her work that day in the life class at the academy.

"It was n't good, daddy, and I felt pretty discouraged."

"It will be better to-morrow, Rose of the World," he said.

"Yes, it shall be better to-morrow," she agreed cheerfully.

Phillips looked at the end of his cigar, his eyes narrowing. Would his work be better to-morrow? Probably not. "I did my best—my *best*," he said to himself again, with that sick sinking of the heart. If only he could have reproached himself for carelessness; but no, he had done his best. And it was bad.

When Rosamond went off to bed, Agnes came in; and after he had listened to her complaints about the janitor and the outrageous coldness of the flat,— "They are just simply robbers, the way they keep the steam-heat down," she declared,— Phillips absently turned his cheek for her good-night kiss and took up his pen. Then, as if it were an afterthought:

"Oh, by the way, Holmes does n't want 'The White Feather.'"

"Does n't *want*—'The White Feather'?" She was shrill in her astonishment.

"Well, it's rather below par, I think myself," he said, with elaborate carelessness.

"But, Dick, he told you he wanted it. He's got to take it!"

"No, he did n't. Holmes is too canny to buy a pig in a poke. He said he 'hoped he could have it.' That's a different story."

"And he does n't want it? He's crazy," she said.

Phillips put down his pen and turned around in his creaking swivel-chair. "You are very flattering, my dear; but the honest truth is, it is n't good. Holmes would be a poor editor if he could n't see that, and a poor friend if he did n't tell me so."

"It's good enough," his wife said decidedly, sitting down in front of the fire, and turning her skirt back so that it should not be scorched; her honest, round face, usually rosy and contented, was a little pale, and her sensible gray eyes, behind her gold-rimmed glasses, were distinctly angry. The fact was, any delay in the sale of the manuscript was an inconvenience. "It's good enough," she said. "I don't know what that man Holmes wants. I believe he's jealous. He simply is a disappointed man himself; he could n't write a popular book to save his life, and so he took to editing a magazine—a sort of hanging on to the skirts of literature. I never did like him. Not want 'The White Feather'? He could n't write a book like that to save his life—or 'The Isle of Dragons,' either."

Richard laughed out loud. How Holmes would appreciate that! If only some other woman had said it, so that he could, with decency, repeat it! "No," he said, "no, my dear; I'm inclined to think Holmes could not have written 'The Isle of Dragons.'"

"Well," Agnes said abruptly, "what are you going to do about it?"

Phillips was silent.

"It's very annoying to have Mr. Holmes act this way," she said. "But of course it does n't make any real difference; the only bothering thing is the delay. Of course you will place the story somewhere, right off. Any of the big magazines will jump at it. And I don't know, Dick, but what, on the whole, it will be better for you. Mr. Holmes's silly old magazine has fallen off dreadfully of late. He never has any timely articles on liquid air and things; he's 'way

behind the times. Do you know, I should n't wonder a bit if the whole thing simply means that they are in a bad way financially and can't afford to pay your price, and this is their way of getting out of it."

Phillips laughed drearily. "I think our butcher and baker and candlestick-maker would be satisfied with their credit, Agnes, if not with ours. Oh, yes; I'll write 'The Caravel' about 'The White Feather' tomorrow, and ask if they want it. But—it's pretty poor truck, Agnes. That's where the shoe pinches. Bad work! Bad work!"

"Oh, nonsense, Richard! Mr. Holmes's letter has got on your nerves. It is n't anything of the kind—bad work. Perhaps it is n't the very best thing you've ever done, but I don't know why you should expect to be always up to concert pitch. Nobody ever is; and it's good enough. You will see that the other magazines won't be so particular."

He winced. "That's just it," he said moodily.

"Now, Dick, you really are absurd. Come! Go to bed; you will be more sensible in the morning." She got up, anxious to cheer him, but a little impatient, too. "You must n't be foolish, Richard," she said decidedly.

He slowly turned down the student's lamp on the writing-table, and then blew it out. She heard him sigh. "I wish I did n't have to publish it at all," he said. At that his wife was genuinely disturbed.

"I believe you're not well, Richard. Have you taken cold? You've just got to stop wearing those low shoes in December. And I'll tell you what—you've got to take some quinine. I know you've taken cold."

"Oh, I don't want any quinine," he remonstrated.

But Agnes was firm. "Yes, you do. I'm perfectly certain you've taken cold."

"Oh, really, my dear," he protested, "I would rather—"

"My dear, it is n't a question of what you'd rather do," Agnes interrupted reprovingly. And when they went to their room she counted out eight grains, which Richard, faintly amused, swallowed for the sake of peace.

III

THE next morning things did look brighter. Perhaps it was the quinine; perhaps it was

the beautiful, endless drift of blowing shadows on the opposite white wall; perhaps it was Rosamond's quick-hearted courage about his book. Her mother had told her of Mr. Holmes's letter before Richard came in to breakfast; and afterward she slipped into the study and gave him a quick squeeze and hurried kiss.

"I'm late and I've got to tear; but I know just how you feel, daddy. And the next book, I do believe, will be the finest thing you ever did in all your born days, because, you old stupid, darling father, what have you told me sixty times about my silly drawing? '*When you can see it is bad, you can make it better. It's when it seems perfect that you are lost.*' What is saucy for the goose, sir—"

"Well, the goose is saucy enough, anyhow," he retorted, laughing. "Come, clear out, Good-for-nothing!"

When she had left him, he did feel the comfort of knowing that his dissatisfaction was his salvation. He knew "The White Feather" was poor work. But there was a deeper depth, which, thank Heaven! he had not reached—the depth of not knowing it was poor; the deepest deep, of thinking it was good. No; his critical faculty was unimpaired; therein, he said to himself, was his hope; therein, also, was his agony.

For, taking the manuscript up that morning, with a view to seeing how he could improve it, he saw that it could not be improved. It was a body of death. By a trick of style it was galvanized, now and then, and made the gestures of life. But it was dead. The situation was not one which labor could remedy. One may toil endlessly to polish a pine board. Richard Phillips had seen color and texture and noble grain come to the surface under his careful, polishing hand too often not to realize that time would be wasted here. He groaned under his breath after a while and sharply threw the thing down on the table. "No use!" he said to himself. He put the manuscript away, as if anxious to get it out of his sight, and called to his wife that he was going out to walk. But she delayed him a moment to remind him of a tea to which he must take Rosamond that afternoon.

"I can't go," she said. "I have a cold, and I won't go out in this horrid weather; though I'm sure I might as well go out as

live in this barn. Those steam-heaters are like ice."

"We might use them for refrigerators," he said whimsically. "Agnes, I think I won't go to the tea. Rosy won't mind going by herself."

"I mind for her," Agnes said, with decision. "And, anyway, Richard, you really ought to go. It's good for your books; you must be seen about, you know; especially now."

"Oh, I can't go, Agnes," he said wearily. "I loathe teas; they are of the devil."

"Now, don't be foolish, Dick," she said impatiently. "What difference does it make whether you enjoy them or not? Enjoyment is n't everything, my dear. You want to sell your books, don't you? You go to one of these things, and people see you and talk about you; and then your books sell. Rosamond will meet you there at five. And do stay, Dick; don't dart out the minute you have said 'How do you do?' I know you," she ended, laughing.

"Well," he said helplessly, "tell Rosamond I'll be there at five." Then he went out to take his walk. The fresh air, and later the flattery of some deference from a stranger whom he met at the tea, brought a certain rebound of hope; in fact, his spirits had sunk so low that a rebound was inevitable, and he argued that he could not be a good judge of his own work. As for Holmes—he winced; well, he had, perhaps, unconsciously prejudiced Holmes just a little. The work was not his best; but it was not—not so very bad. Anyhow, it was only fair to himself to get another opinion. He would try some other magazine.

"And I'll abide by their judgment," he told himself. "If they don't want it—" But imagination turned sick at that.

He went home and wrote his letter. Did Messrs. So-and-so care to consider a novel of his, just finished, for serial publication in 18—, etc. The reply was prompt and flattering: Messrs. So-and-so would be extremely glad to see the manuscript of Mr. Phillips's new novel; and they begged to assure him that they greatly appreciated his courtesy in writing them. They would send an immediate reply.

"What did I tell you?" cried Agnes, triumphantly.

"My dear," he said, "don't count your chickens—"

But his wife laughed. "Dick, you really

are a great goose. You have never had a thing refused in your life, and here you are as scared as a school-girl who sends her first poem to an editor. Did you tie your manuscript up in pink ribbons? That is what the school-girl does."

But Phillips would not be cheered; he had sunk back into the melancholy of his own judgment. "Very likely they'll take it," he admitted; "but the sale of a work of art does not imply its worth."

At which Agnes lost her patience a little. "My dear, there's too much talk about art. I prefer common sense and a bank-account. Don't you, Rosy?"

Rosamond laughed and said that, fortunately, Daddy was able to combine all these important things.

"Well, to come back to earth," Agnes said good-naturedly, "Richard, you must go down-stairs and blow the clerk up. I rang for the elevator five times—five times, if you please—before that wretched Charley saw fit to come up. He was loafing down in the cellar with the engineer. I won't stand it. It's perfectly outrageous. And he treats us so only because we're on the top floor and he thinks we're not important tenants. I want you to go down and just make a fuss. I've talked till I'm tired."

"Oh, I guess it won't happen again," Phillips said vaguely.

"No; because we will make a row. Now go, dear, right off."

"I—don't believe I shall," he said, hesitating. "I guess it will be all right."

"Richard, that is very wrong in you," she told him, seriously. "It's just the American man all over. He refuses to kick, and everything goes wrong. You ought to have more sense of responsibility. Now, do go—and just make things unpleasant for that horrid boy."

"But, Agnes, really, I—I'd rather not; I—"

"Oh, Dick, now don't be silly! You are so weak-minded in such things. And, really, I must say, considering the annoyance to me and that boy's impertinence, you ought to put a stop to it. Rosamond rang three times yesterday before he came up."

Phillips sighed. "Well," he said, "I'll go." He got up, but he made two or three pottering excuses before he wandered down to the entrance-hall. There, leaning on the counter, fingering a magazine, he told the

clerk that it was a cold day; then he gave him a cigar, and observed that Charley was a nice boy.

"We keep him busy, don't we?" he said. "Sometimes he seems rather long getting up to our cockloft."

The clerk laughed and said that was a new name for the top floor. And after a while Richard sneaked up again to his writing-room, avoiding the parlor for fear Agnes would want a report of the row. When she did ask for it, at dinner, her wrath had cooled, and he was able to leave it to her imagination after a word or two to the effect that he "guessed Charley would do better now."

"That's good," Agnes said approvingly; "a good blowing-up once in a while always makes things better." Then she looked at him solicitously, and said he was pale. "You are worrying about 'The White Feather,'" she said; "it will be all right, dear. Now, don't think of it."

"Oh, yes, it will be all right," he agreed quickly. He did not want to talk about it. He was still sore from the shock of Holmes's letter, and he preferred to forget "The White Feather" until he heard from McDonald, which, indeed, he was long in doing. Nearly a month passed before a reply came. Richard was not used to such delay, and it fretted him; once he had a sudden cold perspiration of fear that the answer would be a rejection. But that was at night,—at midnight, in fact,—when he was lying awake thinking of the story.

"If McDonald has any literary sense, he *will* decline it," he said heavily to himself.

And the very next day McDonald's literary sense was displayed. He was very sorry, but he felt that just at present it was undesirable to publish a serial on the lines of "The White Feather." The book was most charming (as was all of Mr. Phillips's work), and he was very greatly obliged to him for permitting him to see the manuscript; but he had hoped that the work was on Mr. Phillips's usual lines, in which case he would have been exceedingly glad to publish it; as it was, he feared he must decline, though with very great regret. He hoped Mr. Phillips would permit him to consider his next novel, and he was, sincerely, Mr. Phillips's "obt. servt."

Richard Phillips put the letter back into the envelop and handed it to his wife, in

silence. While she read it he stood at the window with his back to her, watching the blowing shadows on the opposite wall. He heard her pull the type-written sheet out of the envelop and unfold it. Then he heard a quick, indrawn breath.

"McDonald shows his sense," he said.

"He's crazy," Agnes said.

He turned and looked at her pityingly. Her pride was hard hit, and he was sorry for her. He felt dully indifferent himself. McDonald had shown his sense.

"I have a higher opinion of that young man than I had," he said listlessly. But he was sorry for Agnes.

"Well, all is, we'll try So-and-so," she said violently. "I believe it's Mr. Holmes's fault; he has told McDonald, and McDonald—"

"Now, Agnes, you know Holmes would n't do that. My dear, it's poor work, that's the amount of it. And Holmes sees it, and McDonald sees it, and you see it, and I see it. What's the use of bothering with it?"

"Use?" she said hysterically. "In the first place, I *hate* them for daring to criticize you."

Richard laughed and came and put his hand on her shoulder kindly; it was like the old days—days not more loving, perhaps, but more expressive.

"Who will take it?" she said, after a pause.

"The Lord knows. If I were an editor I would n't."

"Oh," she said sharply, "how can you be so foolish? You know your name would carry it, even if it were—twice as poor."

"To sell it on my name would be like passing a bogus check."

She did not answer, for she hardly heard him; she was frowning nervously, evidently trying to make up her mind. "Where shall we send it next?"

"I'm not going to send it anywhere."

"Richard!"

Then he tried to explain.

"To take money for poor stuff is dishonest."

"If a magazine wants poor stuff, that's not your business."

"Is n't it?" he said gently.

"Anyway, it's not poor stuff."

"Yes, it is," Phillips said, "and I'm not going to print it at all. I don't think any magazine of standing would take it. Of

course I could publish it at once in book form; but I won't."

"Oh, book form!" she said. "That does n't pay nearly as well."

"That's not the point," he said. "I don't want to sell—trash."

She looked at him blankly. For a curious minute the man and the woman, face to face in the grimy, cluttered little room, stared at each other like two strangers. Then she began to protest violently. At that he turned away, wincing, with a cringing, sidewise look, even with a faint snarl—like a dog who would not be parted from his bone.

"I won't publish it in any form. We are not really hard up; we are not in debt. If we were in debt, why, perhaps—well, I might exchange one kind of honesty for another. But you need n't worry. I'll earn the money. I can go into an office and do clerical work; I know fellows that would give me a job. We may have to retrench a little, but I can earn the money. I will do any decent work you want me to; but I won't publish 'The White Feather.'"

His tall, thin figure wavered as he spoke, and his hands opened and shut nervously. Had Agnes had the presence of mind to strike some quick blow, had she burst into tears, perhaps he might, through mere physical weakness, have surrendered. But she was not the crying kind. She grew white and dared not trust herself to speak for a minute, then she said:

"I hope you will see this more reasonably in the morning, Richard," and left him in his dark little room, before the dreary disorder of his work-table.

For several days the Phillipses were very wretched. Richard shut himself up in the study from morning until night. He told Rosamond that he had begun a new book.

"It will take him a year to write it," Agnes said, with a frightened look. "What shall we do?"

"Move," Rosamond said gaily.

"I'll never consent to it," her mother declared, her round, anxious face reddening slowly with anger. "We are just settled here, and we are going to stay. If your father would only push about, he could place 'The White Feather.' But he won't."

Rosamond looked grave. "I don't see

how he can push about. If it is n't father's best work (and maybe it is n't), why, ought he to publish it? It might be bad for his reputation."

"He cares more for his reputation than he does for us."

"Oh, mother, you know he does n't."

"Well," Mrs. Phillips amended moodily, "I sometimes think he cares more for what he calls his *art* than he does for us."

Rosamond was silent.

They did not move, after all. Agnes was so bitterly opposed to it that she ventured the extravagance of experimenting with various economies instead. For a time their table was distinctly less good, and she dismissed the second servant, and mentioned the fact daily to her husband. As for Phillips, he set himself heart and soul upon his new book.

It was about this time that they had news of the mine in which Richard had rashly (and most characteristically) invested nearly two thirds of his savings; a dividend was to be passed. Agnes grew keenly anxious. She hurried her husband a good deal on the new story, for they were getting a little straitened. Occasionally she harked back to "The White Feather," and fretted because he did not bring it out in book form; and sometimes she burst out that if he would only push about he could get one of the magazines to take it. Indeed, secretly, she offered it to one periodical, only to have it returned—returned, too, with a comment which made her pale with rage. She never told Richard of this experience, but she ceased to prod him about the magazines.

"You could bring it out in book form, but you won't," she would say over and over.

"No, I won't," he would answer doggedly.

Then she would begin to argue. This was terrible to Richard: for twenty years it had been his gently indolent habit to buy his peace by yielding; and now, suddenly, he found himself bankrupt of the price of peace—he could not yield. And peace passed him by. In the struggle between the husband and wife, Agnes's rosy, sensible face aged perceptibly; and as for Phillips, his very soul panted with the deadly wrestling—wrestling with long-atrophied spiritual muscle. During their arguments (in which, indeed, too often

they could not speak the same language) Agnes generally seemed to get the better of him. She, somehow, always drove him into a final corner, where, at bay, his back to the wall, he could only make a frantic declaration of artistic honesty. When this point was reached he would repeat dully, "Well, I won't do it—so there!" When a mild, sweet-natured man gets to the point of saying to his wife passionately, "*So there!*" things are in a bad way. Richard would follow this dogged assertion by flight to his study and a vicious snapping of the bolt.

Then, one day, something happened. The letter came in the morning mail with a sheaf of bills, and Agnes, frowning, gathered them up to open when she was by herself. The imprint on the upper left-hand corner of the envelop did not move her to any attention, as she took it for granted that it was the usual circular or leaflet; she opened it idly and rather by chance. But the engraved letter-heading caught her eye, and gave her a shock of interest. She read breathlessly, turning a little pale, and at the end suddenly burst out crying. She ran with it to Richard's study, and dropping down on her knees beside his chair, put her arm around him, half sobbing and half laughing.

"There! What did I tell you? Seven thousand dollars for entire rights!"

"What?" Phillips said, with a dazed look, putting down his pen and coming out of his dream-world. "What?" He took his glasses off, and blinked and rubbed his hand across his eyes as if he were waking up.

"Look! Read that!" she said, putting the letter down on the sheet of yellow manuscript paper on which he was at work and smoothing it out with a trembling hand. Richard fumbled for his glasses and put them on again. The letter was brief and to the point:

DEAR SIR: We are informed that you have lately finished a novel. We should be glad to purchase book and serial rights for the sum of \$7000.

Yours truly,

"Oh, Dick," Agnes said, "what a relief it is! Oh, I—I can hardly believe it! Just think! I thought it was a circular or something, and almost threw it into the waste-basket."



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'AGNES, I CAN'T HELP IT,' HE SAID PASSIONATELY. 'OH, IF YOU
COULD ONLY UNDERSTAND!'"

The bitterness and misunderstanding which lay between them like some dull and heavy fog seemed suddenly to clear and roll away; her ruddy, resolute face, in its relief and pride, was full of the kindness of all their married life.

"But, Agnes," he said, "Agnes—"

"Will you take it to their office this afternoon? Or would you rather send a messenger? Perhaps it is more dignified to send a messenger."

"Agnes," he said, "don't you see these people simply want my name?"

"Your name? Well, I suppose they do. I should think they would. It will make them seem a little more respectable. Of course it is n't one of the very first-class magazines."

"And how will it make me seem?" He took his glasses off again and looked at her steadily.

"Richard!"

"Why, Agnes, what difference does this offer make? We've gone all over it. This does n't alter things. Don't you see? It does n't make any difference."

"Do you mean—is it possible you dream—when we need—Richard, you are insane. It's just what I said: you value your *name*, as you call it, more than—than Rosamond and me!" The fog shut down; she drew away from him in a sort of cold horror. "You have no excuse now for not publishing it. If anybody wants it, that is their business."

"My business is to sell straight goods," he said, trying to smile.

But her face was hard.

"To refuse to take money when we need money is wicked. It is like throwing it away; it's like burning it up. And it is cruel to Rosamond. I don't say anything about myself—that would n't influence you."

"Agnes, I can't help it," he said passionately. "Oh, if you could only understand!" He dropped his face in his hands; she felt him shiver.

She rose from her knees beside him, and stood by the table; once her lips parted to speak, then she set them hard together, and a moment later, without a word, left him.

Alone, in the exhaustion of his soul, he dropped his head on his arms on the desk and sat quite motionless for a long time. Then it came over him, with a sudden

terror, that she might come back. He had not the strength for another struggle. So, after a while, he got up and went stealthily into the little entry, fumbling about on the settle in the half-darkness for his coat and hat; finding them, he noiselessly let himself out on to the landing. There was a minute's wait for the elevator, and it came into his mind that he wished he had blown Charley up for his slowness. He looked over his shoulder once or twice, nervously, but no one called after him; and in the gilded and mirrored cage he dropped swiftly down to the entrance, whose magnificence was the sign of the grandeur and fashion of the building, which meant so much to Agnes. On the outer steps, in the darkening afternoon, the drizzle of fine rain came like a cool hand against his hot eyes. He drew a great breath of relief; and then, forgetting to put up his umbrella, he stepped out on to the wet pavement, into the hurrying crowd. Drifting with it, the momentary calm of great fatigue fell upon him. Once or twice he drew a deep breath, as if he had run a long distance and was pausing for strength before entering the race again—for, indeed, the goal was not reached. Would it ever be reached? With that offer open, would Agnes ever give up? A black stream of bobbing umbrellas jostled and poked one another and pushed him to the edge of the crowd; he found himself standing before a brilliant shop-window, staring in at the array of color and electric lights and Christmas holly.

"I will not," he said to himself. "*She will make me*," something else said, in the back of his mind.

Then he began his aimless walk again, carried along with the crowd, brushed, sometimes, by an eddy into a doorway or round a corner; hustled a little, and turned about occasionally; looking absently into the brightly lighted windows, or watching the sudden, sizzling flare of the arc-lamps far up in the rainy darkness overhead: the long lines of the street-lights, gleaming and glittering on the wet pavement, gave him a certain faint pleasure. The mist had thickened into rain, and he was suddenly aware that his coat was very wet; he put up his umbrella in a shamefaced way, for he must have looked like a crazy man, standing about with a closed umbrella. With this bit of common sense, courage began to stir.

"I will not do it," he said; but still there was the whisper underneath, "*She will make me.*"

He began to drift with the crowd: up one side of the street, back on the other side; a dozen blocks down; across; then slowly back again to the square. Then he noticed that it was growing colder; the rain was changing into snow—wet, heavy flakes that could not be shaken off. He stopped under an electric light and held out his arm to let them fall upon his sleeve. He stood there a full minute, forgetful of the surge of human life, looking in absorbed joy at those exquisite hexagonal stars of purity and law; he even, in the bliss of watching this vanishing beauty, forgot Agnes's face. But that was only for an instant; her set lips and sensible eyes, hard and determined, behind her glasses, came into his mind like a blow. The dazzle of the street-lamps had softened into a whirl of white, and he shivered, realizing that he was very damp and chilly; but still he stood there, under the great arc-lamp that set vast shadows see-sawing across the crowding clamor of the square, and watched the big flakes settle on his sleeve.

"I will not," he said. "*She will make me,*" came the terrified answer.

By and by, automatically, he began to drift again, and this time the misery of the wet cold pushed him toward the vast and foolish façade of his hotel. But when he reached it, he turned and walked the length of the block and back; and as he walked he suddenly paused, and standing stock-still, laughed aloud. A man, passing, looked at him curiously through the snow, and Phillips, realizing what he had done, laughed again under his breath. The panic had gone out of his face; but it left tragedy behind it.

When he finally entered his hotel and crept into the elevator, the man in charge was plainly displeased with him.

"That there umbrella of yours is soakin'," he said, looking at the puddle on the floor.

Phillips looked at it, smiling vaguely.

"So it is," he said.

He let himself into the flat with his pass-

key as noiselessly as he had gone out; but there was a different look in his face. He went to his own door, opening and shutting it without noise. The study was quite dark, except for a wink of fire on the hearth. He did not stop to take off his wet coat and hat, but went hurriedly to the drawer into which "The White Feather" had been thrust after its last fruitless journey. He felt about in the darkness until his hand touched the manuscript. Then he crouched down on his heels in front of the fire, and thrust some paper and a stick of pitch-pine against the spark that was flickering under the half-burned log; he fumbled about for the bellows and blew softly until the spark winked and widened and died down; then the paper caught, and there was a sudden flame and a little roar. In a minute or two the room was jocund with lurching lights and shadows. Phillips put the bellows down, and took up "The White Feather." As he laid it on the log, and a page caught, scorched, and broke into flame, he smiled and drew a long breath.

By and by he got up; but, still in his dripping coat, with one hand on the mantelpiece, he stood and watched the burning. Page after page curled as the fire ran licking across it; sometimes he could see a word or even a whole line. It took a long time to burn. Twice he had to stir it and turn it over and loosen the pages with the poker so that it would catch again and roar into flame. When it was done, a black, crumpled, brittle mass lay on the ashes, moving and rustling a little in the draft of the chimney. Circles of red spread in it here and there, and then charred into blackness; once he saw, suddenly, some type-written letters shining in faint purple, then vanishing, as the thought for which they stood had vanished.

It was done. He brought the poker pown on the curling heap, and it broke into flying, black flakes. He stirred them up, pushing them back under the log and hiding them as best he could.

"I will not," he said to himself, triumphantly.

And this time there was no response.





Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"MAY I VENTURE TO ADDRESS YOUR SERENE HIGHNESS?"

FLOYD AND THE ARCHDUCHESS

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IN Floyd's case, four years of college training had resulted in no conformity to the conventional mold. On his graduation, without honors, at twenty-one, he bore no discernible resemblance to the smooth-faced, broad-shouldered young man who is supposed to handle a classical vocabulary and the technicalities of the foot-ball field with an equally easy familiarity, and who is the popular conception of the commencement hero. Floyd, whose chief quarrel with fate was that he had not been born several centuries earlier, sympathized as little with what he considered the parched formality of classical pursuits as with the crude savagery of college sports. It was his limitation to be exclusively medieval, romantic, in his predilections; and though genealogically he was of undiluted New England blood, he fondly believed himself to be temperamentally a remarkable variant from the parent stock. A psychological anachronism, he liked to call himself.

It would have delighted Floyd to caparison himself in shining armor and, mounting a snow-white horse at sunrise, to ride forth into the grim forest in search of whatever deed of daring might await him. He was conscious of an unshaken intrepidity. Or he would have loved some great torch-lit hall where, in the shadow, cunningly set, fiery-hearted jewels gleamed on fair ladies' bosoms, and helmets flashed in the firelight; while a wandering minstrel told, in lyric measure, tales of picturesque daring and romantic love. Floyd felt that under these circumstances he could have played with equal success the rôle of troubadour or knight.

There chanced to be several conspicuous milestones in this imaginative young man's remarkably uniform and consistent development. One was his awakening to

his own personal picturesqueness. True, he had always been pleasantly aware of an uncommon number of good points; but the day came when a painter of some distinction asked him to sit for a portrait, and from that time Floyd adequately realized his own ornamental value. His wide-set brown eyes had no suggestion of nervous American energy in their indolent outlook upon life; and it was a marvel that the chill winds of the New England coast should have failed to temper the bloom of his dusky skin. So when the brown curls that had been his mother's delight in infancy were at last permitted to cluster quite unhampered about his placid, oval face and smooth, boyish neck, and the dark pencilings of a mustache and beard were encouraged to make their first appearance, it is perhaps not surprising that his next acquisitions should have been black, wide-brimmed hats capable of much artistic expression, low collars, and flowing scarlet ties. In this garb, which became him strikingly, Floyd was not infrequently mistaken for a European—a delicious circumstance that gave to the rather inordinate number of hours that constituted his leisure a new value.

A very slight circumstance determined, a year or so later, Floyd's first trip to Europe. He did not, of course, contemplate entering a profession. His moderate income permitted him to indulge to the utmost his contempt for so cut-and-dried a career. His mind, therefore, was fertile soil for chance suggestions. Consistently with his intolerance of the modern spirit, the young romanticist had up to this time concerned himself but little with modern literature. There were passages in Swinburne, Rossetti, Tennyson, from which he did not withhold his tempered approbation; but among contemporary prose-

writers he knew of none that had drunk at what he held to be the fountain of romance. It was an affectation of his always to carry a book in his hand,—the "*Morte d'Arthur*," Petrarch, or some half-forgotten French chansons,—but in general he devoted little time to the undeniably commonplace pursuit of reading. So astonishingly personal, indeed, were his interests that he could not care deeply for poetry because he himself was not a poet; nor for pictures because he knew that his fingers were incapable of the painter's magic.

An absurd chance, however, placed in Floyd's hands, at a particularly idle moment, a just published novel. Amused by its only too apparent inconsistencies, yet caught by certain of its phrases and descriptions, Floyd read on to the end. It was the story, only too familiar to habitual novel-readers, of a beautiful princess, immured in her ancestral castle, the slave of a despotic relative, the fiancée of a boorish cousin whom she detested, and the prize at last of the young, strong, handsome, brave, cool-headed American who, through subjecting himself to as many perils as the novelist had ingenuity enough to invent, outwitted the despotic relative and the boorish cousin, slew any chance human obstacle, and rescued and married the princess, who had loved him from the first.

The suggestion that this harmless piece of fiction gave Floyd did not in the least depend upon a serious acceptance of its merits. He perceived plainly that the dauntless young American was sawdust, the beautiful princess a mere wraith. Nevertheless, he reflected, and continued to reflect for days afterward, Might there not be a pattern of modern knighthood as yet unrealized? The din of dollars might have made the troubadour's tinkle forever inaudible, but was not the soul of music deathless? The steam-engine, the growth of printing, and the atrocious invention of sight-seeing, might have destroyed the spirit of romance, but could love and beauty really perish? To a man of temperament and perception, as well as personal valor, might there not come the opportunity for an hour of keen living in some shadowy corner of that Europe still fragrant in association with its magic past?

Floyd prided himself upon his bold

following of impulse. The next week he sailed for Liverpool.

In England he found it bleak and chill as to climate and insufferably Anglo-Saxon as to population. Paris, again, he found offensively modern. There he experienced perhaps his keenest pleasure in the fact that he was rarely recognized as an American. Perhaps in Italy— But before leaving for the South, Floyd capriciously determined to visit Munich, where he had letters to some artists.

His first German city enchanted him for the day or two that he spent in assimilating his first rich impressions. He felt able to retard time by more than one century and quite to overlook his ancestry. Floyd expanded, saturated himself with delicious emotion, began at last confidently to anticipate adventure.

One day Floyd took abrupt leave of the man with whom he had entered into an agreeable intimacy. It was his plan to spend a week alone in the country, after which he was to rejoin his friends for an Italian summer.

A few days later he was quartered at an inn which he had chosen from a whimsical fancy for its architecture, and from which it was his purpose to make brief walking-tours in search of—well, avowedly in search of characteristic bits of local character and landscape. The daily pilgrimages that followed, though wholesome and freshening, were comparatively fruitless. Floyd began to get just a little bored.

"Off for Italy on Thursday," his Munich friends telegraphed him suddenly. "Join us to-morrow."

And with a distinct sensation of relief, Floyd telegraphed his acquiescence. In the light of his now imminent departure, his last day at the Weisser Hase assumed a new value. Floyd confided to his amiable Wirthin that he should not return until late.

"Gnädiger Herr intends at last to visit the Schloss?" suggested she.

Floyd smiled dreamily. "I've—I've other plans for to-day," he falsely replied. And with a luxurious sense of utter purposelessness, he struck out into the crystal morning.

However, as the midday glow began to dissipate that rare lightness of spirit which the cool radiance of the morning had imparted, Floyd confessed to himself a tem-

porary satiety with the joys of the road. For his four-hour pilgrimage through the dust, he had been rewarded only by three or four really tolerable sections of landscape and one undeniably pretty peasant girl, whose unromantic waist and ankles, however, impelled the fastidious young chevalier not to dally beyond the exchange of a fleeting smile. It takes an uncommon degree of patience, reflected Floyd, to achieve an adventure nowadays. Time was when a sturdy spirit and a handsome face had not to go a-begging for the graces that are their complements. Time was when the beckoning finger of romance lured with equal enticement from mountain, forest, or hedge-row. Yet in these degenerate days what was there for the unarmored knight to do but open his knapsack—Floyd had insisted upon a knapsack—and satisfy his unromantic hunger by the wayside? Still, why by the wayside? Over yonder lay a park that promised shade, at least. Doubtless it belonged to the sleepy old Schloss whose towers overtopped the dense leafage, possibly the same Schloss in which his landlady had repeatedly professed so immoderate an interest. With a spurt of boyish enthusiasm, the knight of the road, by climbing up one tree and down another, evaded the difficulties that the wall might otherwise have presented, and found himself in a grove of mighty oaks that might have been already old when his favorite period of history began.

Following the first pathway that he encountered, Floyd shortly came upon precisely what he sought—a drinking-fountain, above which there sharply pointed a Gothic canopy of time-darkened stone. Chance had really begun to display a touching indulgence toward the wanderer, who sank down on a soft bank with a wholly agreeable sense of fatigue. His luncheon despatched with the eagerness of hungry youth, medieval or modern, Floyd disposed himself with accustomed and almost unconscious picturesqueness upon the bank, drew out an ancient copy of *Walther von der Vogelweide*, and looked with lazy curiosity about him.

An incredibly small portion of the noon-day glare penetrated through the compactness of the branches above him to the narrow open space where Floyd lounged, luxuriously content. The hushed atmo-

sphere was saturated with a vaguely green light, illusory, almost mystical. Pale shafts of sunlight, piercing with an occasional hardness to the very heart of the forest, dappled the vivid green moss and the dark-purplish tones of the tree-trunks.

Suddenly a flash of sunlight fell for a tantalizing instant on something tall and white, which, now that he looked more sharply, was to be discerned, being not more than ten yards away, as marble wrought into a shrine—a bit, it seemed, of rather dainty sculpture. A white marble Virgin in a curiously medieval dress, a gold crown upon her head and holding at her breast a tiny marble babe, stood within a niche of darker stone. Meanwhile, a second fleeting sunbeam disclosed, at the foot of the shrine, what seemed to be a gold vase containing a single white lily.

Keenly interested by his discovery, Floyd quite unreasonably awaited further revelations, and was therefore conscious of no surprise when there floated suddenly past him, through the velvet quiet, a graceful young woman dressed in white. Her blonde hair was massed low at the back, and she picturesquely wore a golden necklace and carried a lily in her hand. With no uncertainty of step, she went to the marble shrine and knelt there. It was a singularly pretty spectacle, except that for one brief instant, as she turned her eyes toward Floyd, that discerning young man beheld in them a look of dire unhappiness.

Now Floyd had no laggard fancy. Without an instant's questioning, the significance of what he had seen became clear to him. The gray Schloss, in the reticent distance; the historic old park; the shrine with the marble image of the Virgin; the lovely young woman with sorrowful eyes, flitting through the forest to discharge her pious errand—what did they all indicate but the tragedy of some young noblewoman, some Gräfinn or Herzoginn, forced to suppress her sorrow until these sweet stolen moments when she came to cast her burden of woe upon the holy bosom of the Virgin?

This much, at least, was as plain as the alphabet. Floyd beamed blissfully. The facts once accepted, he turned them over gloatingly in his mind. How appropriate it was, after all, that he, Floyd, should have happened to invade her domain at just the time when she, the—the arch-

duchess, chanced to be in so pitiful a situation! For of course she was an archduchess—her walk determined that. And of course Floyd intended to rescue and protect her—his habit of mind determined that. Nor would it be difficult, considering that she was young, lovely, and oppressed, and he young, handsome, and gallant, to discover both the difficulty and the means of its alleviation. For a grief that would cloud the eyes of a youthful archduchess would be, in the stalwart handling of Floyd on his mettle, a mere trifle to be crushed and tossed away. Probably, he reflected with ripe wisdom, the lovely creature had a sweetheart whom she was forbidden to see. That was usually the case with unhappy young archduchesses, and it was a case to which Floyd felt that he would be fully equal, once he had gained her girlish confidence. Nor did he fail to consider that the adventure was one in which he would shine with true knightly magnanimity.

Or there was the other possibility that the hypothetical archduke and oppressor was to be reckoned with in the capacity, not of parent or relative, but of jealous husband. Yes, it was quite possible that the archduchess was the victim of the brutal nobleman whom she had been forced to marry in her ignorant girlhood. Well, that would give him a more complex part to play. He was by no means sure that it would be a less engrossing one. To take a high hand in the domestic affairs of an archducal family, while not his original ambition, was not a rôle to be neglected by a young man who scorned a narrow and immature prudishness and who reduced everything in life to terms of sentiment. Floyd affected a scholarly interest in the minnesinger's lays, and hoped that the archduchess would notice him.

Apparently she did not. Her prayers over, she placed in the golden vase the fresh lily she had brought, and slipped away into the forest darkness with the same graceful indefiniteness that had marked her coming.

The close of this shadowy episode disappointed Floyd seriously, considering that he felt his interest in the lady at the shrine to be wholly impersonal. He did not know precisely what he had hoped: possibly that after her devotions she would

approach him and demand the reason for his intrusion. And he would have explained; at all events, he would have succeeded in interesting her, in compelling her confidence, in receiving, ultimately, the delicate mission of her rescue. Why had she gone away, ignoring him?

However, capriciousness is the acknowledged key-note of woman's character. An archduchess who is blind, or affects to be, to-day, may choose to see plainly to-morrow—particularly if she be a lonely and ill-used archduchess and an interesting foreigner, lurking in her forest, furnish the possibility of an agreeable hour. The conventions of the bourgeois world do not of course exist for lonely archduchesses.

Something in this fashion ran Floyd's reflections as he reluctantly left the dim, still forest and made his way back to the Weisser Hase.

"Gnädiger Herr has had an agreeable day?" ferreted the old Wirthinn, as she served his supper.

"Fairly so, thank you." Floyd was taciturn.

"Wunderschöne Gegend!" she commented, with a deep sigh of admiration.

Floyd agreed.

"Had he visited the castle?"

"No, he had not." Floyd was on his guard.

"Foreigners were admitted," she cheerfully reminded him, "in case they could present proper letters, and at a time when the archduke and archduchess were both away. She was not sure, but she believed such to be the case at present. It was a pity that Herr Floyd was leaving in the morning. But he would return?"

Floyd tried to look politely grateful. Inwardly he smiled complacently at his superior accuracy of information. The archduchess away! Letters of introduction! The castle an object of sight-seeing! He exulted in the contrast between the gaping tourist for which this stupid old lady evidently mistook him and the hero of adventure for which he now knew himself.

"It is a pity that Herr Floyd is leaving in the morning," repeated the old lady.

"Oh, by the way," said Floyd, carelessly, "I am not leaving yet, after all." And he mumbled something about receiving an important message. Wantonly, he was missing his last opportunity to make

the Italian trip—sacrificing it for what was surely the most indefinite of hazards!

For his second intrusion into the castle grounds, the next morning, Floyd accoutred himself with more than usual care. It was not without some hesitation, however, that he swung over his shoulder, as the final touch, an old lute that he had recently come to affect and that had been his chief bit of extravagance in Munich. Feeling that this was almost too decorative, it occurred to him to balance it, as it were, by providing himself with some kind of weapon—who knew what the issue of his hardihood might demand! Not a pistol, of course; Floyd abhorred firearms. But choosing a long, sheathed knife of antique design, Floyd thrust the murderous instrument into his pocket and set forth.

As usual, his Wirthinn called shrilly after him to know if his destination were the castle. On the first day of his arrival she had directed him to the archducal seat with a medley of voluble colloquialisms which he had quite failed to understand.

"It is possible," Floyd now called back to her.

"Dummer Kerl!" declared the old lady to herself. "He does not know where he went yesterday, nor where he is going to-day. God preserve us if the fellow be a rogue!"

With swift strides Floyd covered the road leading to the spot that he already thought of as a trysting-place. The wayside scenes that before had tickled his fancy, the slope of valley or the bend of river which he otherwise would have lingered to contemplate, were to-day passed by without a glance. Even the pretty peasant girl with the stout ankles, who to-day smiled at him in confident coquetry, he dismissed with a nod. Indeed, the dusty road flew beneath the feet of this ordinarily indolent young man, as if his playing interloper in the oak forest were a matter of honor or of life.

The simple exercise of his agility again brought Floyd within the high wall. In his eager enthusiasm of yesterday, he had failed to orient himself thoroughly, and there were no guide-posts to point the way to the shrine of the marble Virgin. So, carefully protecting his lute, he plunged through first an open space, then a stretch of underbrush, with a zeal that led him completely to forget that he was tired,

hungry, and hot. Now and then he made sure that his pocket still held the weapon that was to play so valiant a part. And as his eyes peered eagerly ahead through the dim stretches, his lips repeated, in the most painstaking German composed on the way with the surreptitious aid of a pocket-dictionary, various effective forms of address to a lovely archduchess in distress by a gallant gentleman at her service.

Finding himself at last on the path that led to the shrine, Floyd decided to follow a custom he had recently acquired and kneel for an instant before the gracious marble figure, risking the not wholly formidable possibility of being surprised by the archduchess in the proceeding.

A moment later there was a soft footfall beside him. Floyd thrilled with satisfaction, but conceded to decorum an extra moment of devotion. Then, rising, he made way for—yes, of course it was the archduchess. Discreetly lowering his eyes, he retreated, but not too far. Again, he saw, she was dressed in trailing white. Again her slight figure drooped—from the burden, it was plain, of that hidden tragedy of hers. Again she sank before the shrine in a very passion, it seemed, of religious ecstasy.

For the better observation of these details Floyd boldly retained his vantage-point. It is impossible to deny that his feeling toward the kneeling lady had buoyantly advanced from impersonal speculation to romantic adoration; and he now fondly noted that her pose was one of ravishingly graceful lines, even as her movements the day before had been slowly harmonious, like a chant or the rhythmic swinging of a censer. Distinctly unmodern, he admiringly thought her, in every line.

As she repassed him, yesterday's lily in her hand, Floyd stood, his wide hat in one hand, his lute in the other.

"May I venture to address your Serene Highness?" He had industriously culled and combined in a single sentence fully a dozen terms of conventional flattery, to no one of which a translation can do justice. "But I suspect that I have stumbled upon your Highness's lute. May I be permitted to—"

Her Serene Highness stopped short and looked decidedly interested. A faint smile dimpled—or this may have been but an accident of her beauty—the corners of her pretty mouth. Her manner was very direct

and her German far less elaborate than Floyd's.

"Why, I have no lute," she said. "Can you have found it here? And do you—do you belong to the castle?"

"It lay near the fountain," said Floyd, brazenly. "A string is broken, as you see; its music dead. But there seemed still to cling to it a faint something, perhaps an echo, that told me—"

"How extraordinary!" she interrupted, with a cheerful composure for which the intruder was little prepared. "Now, no German would have said that," she went on, with a most surprising frankness. "I take it, you are a foreigner."

"By birth, alas!" said Floyd, goading himself desperately to what he considered an appropriate conversational pitch. "But not in spirit, not in loyalty to your illustrious house, not in devotion to your most illustrious person."

"Thank you!" said the archduchess. "And are you—just at hazard—an Italian?"

"Madam," Floyd rhetorically assured her, "I am a citizen of the world, and of no one country. I am the slave of beauty, the champion of distress—"

"Ach, schade!" easily exclaimed the archduchess, who seemed curiously unresponsive to these protestations, and no nearer than ever to confiding her unhappy love-story. "Do you know, I almost suspected for a moment that you were an American! It seemed so unlikely that any one else would have found his way here." She looked at him keenly.

"And if I were—"

"Oh, if you were," said the archduchess, "you could really, stranger though you are, be of service."

It had come at last! An uncontrollable excitement seized Floyd.

With great intensity and significance, "Then pray command me!" said he, in English; and fervidly added, "and completely rely on my discretion!"

"Then I have some discernment, after all," and Floyd wretchedly perceived that her accent and her laugh were cheerfully American. "I won't even ask you, then, how you got here; some courtesy is due a countryman!" She held out her hand. "Do you happen, I wonder, to be a New-Yorker as well? I am Miss Craig,—I suspect you've been mistaking me for some-

body of much more importance,—and my father and brother and I are doing our best to live up to these surroundings for a summer. It's all so deliciously medieval. You have n't seen our Schloss, I suppose? It's adorable. And there are the most enchanting bits all through this park of ours. That shrine has actually made a convert of me. I come here, every day, just for the sensation. Are you—traveling?"

"My name is Floyd," was the limp confession that this elicited, "and I am from Boston. I ought to apologize for being here. But, as you suggested, I was considerably—in error. I trust that some other time—"

He writhed miserably between his apologies and his adieus.

"Why, you offered to make amends for your invasion!" Miss Craig thought that the strange young man had been seized by a fit of timidity. "Have you forgotten already?"

"If you will be so good as to let me know—"

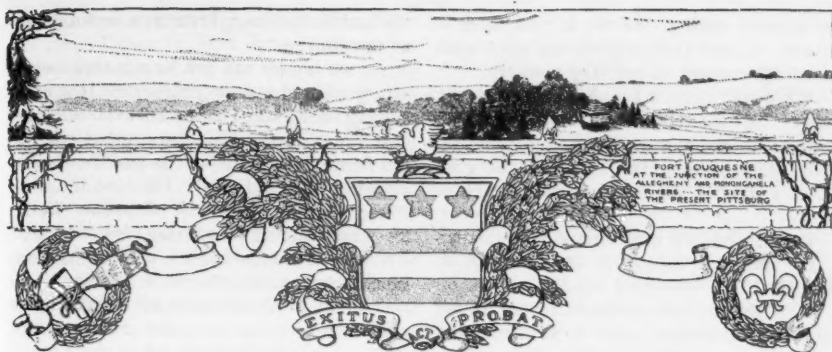
"It's very simple. We have been trying for weeks—our friends won't visit us this summer—to find an American man to play poker with my father, to make a third with him and my brother. You know how impossible Germans are. As soon as I saw you, I thought, 'Now, perhaps we have found him at last!' My father is a semi-invalid, and it would delight him so. Do say that you will play with him!"

"It will be a great pleasure." Floyd summoned a weak smile.

There was only an instant for readjustment, only an instant to let slip forever his valorous dreams of the morning, and to summon in their stead an amiable readiness to play poker. For in the next breath Miss Craig was saying:

"My father is sitting in the garden now. He will be glad if you will come up with me and have a chat with him."

Dazed, feebly acquiescent, Floyd accepted the invitation. The horrors of card-playing were unspeakable. But she who had so lately been the archduchess was not without charm. And there was this one amelioration of the crushing sense of humility and renunciation under which Floyd the picturesque, Floyd the romantic, walked beside his vivacious young countrywoman through the dim pathway to the castle.



THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

Told in the form of an Autobiography

By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne"

IV



LIKE all Virginians, I was disturbed during this time by the news of the insolence of the French on the frontier, and began to feel that my brother's money, put into the Ohio Company, was in peril, for we were like to be soon cooped up by a line of forts, and our trade in peltries was already almost at an end, and about to pass into the hands of the French. We learned with pleasure that the royal governors were ordered to insist on the retirement of these overbusy French, who claimed all the land up to the Alleghanies, but I did not dream that I was soon to take part in the matter.

About that time, or before, there had been much effort to secure the Six Nations of Indians as allies. One of their chiefs, Tanacharisson, known as the Half-King, because of holding a subsidiary rule among the Indians, advised a fort to be built by us near to the Forks of the Ohio, on the east bank, and Gist, the trader, set out on this errand. A Captain Trent was charged to carry our king's message to the French outposts; but

having arrived at Logstown, one hundred and fifty miles from his destination, and hearing of the defeat of our allies, the Miamis, by the French, he lost heart and came back to report. The Ohio Company at this time complained to the governor of the attacks on their traders, and this gentleman, being concerned both for his own pocket and for his Majesty's property, resolved to send some one of more spirit to bear the king's message ordering the French to retire and to cease to molest our fur-traders about the Ohio.

It was unfortunate that Governor Robert Dinwiddie, who was now eager to defend his interests in the Ohio Company, had lost the prudent counsel of its late head, my brother Lawrence. He would have made a better envoy than I, for at the age of twenty-one a man is too young to influence the Indians, on account of a certain reverence they have for age in council. I was ignorant of what was intended when I received orders to repair to Williamsburg. To my surprise, and I may say to my pleasure, I learned that I was to go to Logstown. I was there to meet our allies, the Indians, and secure from them an escort and guides, and so push on and find the French commander. I was to deliver to him my summons, and wait

an answer during one week, and then to return. I was also to keep my eyes open as to all matters of military concern.

Whatever distrust I had in regard to my powers as an envoy, I said nothing, for in case of an order a soldier has no alternative but to obey. Had I been in the governor's place I should have sent an older man.

I received my credentials at Williamsburg, and rode away the day after, October 31, 1753, intending no delay.

Van Braam was assigned to me as my French interpreter, and I gathered my outfit of provisions, blankets, and guns at Alexandria, and horses, tents, and other needed matters at Winchester, and was joined near Wills Creek—where now is the settlement called Cumberland—by Mr. Gist and an Indian interpreter, one Davidson.

The same day, November 13, to my pleasure, Lord Fairfax rode into camp and spent the night. It was raining and at times snowing, but Gist soon set up a lean-to, and with our feet to the fire we talked late into the night, his lordship smoking, as was his habit.

I have many times desired to be able to make drawings of the greater trees, but, although I could plot a survey well, beyond this I could never go. I speak of this because of my remembrance of that night, and how mighty the trees seemed by the camp-fire light around the clearing. It was his lordship who called my attention to the trees. He had a way, most strange to me, of suddenly dropping the matter in hand before it was fully considered. He would be silent a space and speak no more, or turn presently to another matter most remote. All of this I learned to accept without remonstrance, out of respect for this great gentleman, as was fitting in one of my years. I never got accustomed to his ways, for it has been always my desire to deal with the subject in hand fully and to an end. Nor did I see this wilderness as his lordship saw it; for, while I made note of trees for what logs they would afford, and as to the soil and the lay of the land, his lordship I have seen stand for ten minutes looking at a great tree as though he found much to consider of it. In like manner I have seen him stop when the hounds were in full cry, a thing most astonishing, and sit still in

the saddle, looking down at a brook or up at the sunrise.

As we lay by the fire he remained without speaking for a long while, until the men, having found some old and dried birch logs, cast them on the fire, and a great roaring red flame lighted the woods and was blown about by the cold wind. His lordship said, "See, George, how the shadows of the trees are dancing"—a thing very wild, that I never should have much noticed had not he called on me to observe it. After this he was silent until suddenly he began to ask questions as to my men and my route, and what I meant to do and say in the French camps. At last he said, "You are going to stir up a nest of hornets," and, finally, that the former messenger, Trent, was a coward.

When he had again been silent a long while, he said that this time, at least, he was not responsible for my appointment, and Dinwiddie was a fool to send a boy on a man's errand. This was my own opinion, but I made no reply. At last he filled his pipe again, and called for a coal, and said, "But by George, George, you never were a boy, not since I knew you." I ventured to say that but for his former influence this office would not have come to me. To this he made no answer, but bid me distrust every Indian, especially the Half-King, who was not treacherous but uncertain, and not less every Frenchman, and added that I was so young that they would think that I could be easily fooled. I said that might be an advantage, for I meant to see all there was to see, and had told Van Braam to keep his ears open.

His lordship laughed, and said I might thank Heaven there were no women in the business, and with this, bidding me have the fire made up for the night, we lay down to sleep in the lean-to.

I find it interesting now in my old age to discover myself thus able to recall, little by little, what his lordship said. I was pleased at the notice he took of me, but a lad, and lay long awake under the lean-to, thinking upon such counsels as his lordship had been pleased to give.

As I turn over the diary in which I recorded my journey through this wilderness, I find myself remembering many little incidents which I never set down.

It rained or snowed almost daily. The rivers were swollen, so that we had to swim

our horses, an art which soldiers should be taught. Although Van Braam much enlivened the way by his songs and very doubtful tales of his wars, I was very tired and my new buckskin coat in tatters when we arrived at the mouth of Turtle Creek on the Monongahela. There we found Frazier, a trader whom the French had driven out of the Indian town of Venango. With two canoes he lent me I sent our baggage down the Monongahela to the fork where, with the Alleghany River, it joins the Ohio, and set out on a bad trail to meet them.

We got to the Forks of the Ohio before the canoes. There, I settled in my mind, was the place for a fort, nor could I better that judgment to-day. It came afterwards to be chosen by the French engineer Mercier to be Fort Duquesne. On the rise of ground we made camp, and paid a visit to Shingiss of the Delawares, who pretended to favour us, but proved later a savage foe.

Gist insisted that he could tell from their faces how the Indians felt towards us, but to me they told nothing like the faces of white men.

We got to Logstown, fifteen miles down the Ohio, on November 24. Here I met the Indian known as Half-King. He was angry at the French claims, and I did not too strongly put forward those of the king, which were not much better founded; but that was for my superiours to decide. I found him hard to satisfy, but if I spoke of the French he was at once angered, and eager to help. I watched with interest as he drew with charcoal on birch bark the plan of their forts at French Creek and on Lake Erie, while Davidson interpreted his words.

The nearest way was impassable because of marshy savannas, and I found I must needs travel north so as to reach the lake, by passing through Venango. This, the Half-King informed me, was five sleeps distant, and expressed it by five times drawing up his hands, as a man does when pulling up his blankets before sleeping.

It was fortunately arranged that the Half-King, White Thunder, and two more chiefs should go with me. It was but seventy miles to Venango, but the weather could not have been worse, and so it was December 4 before we rode into the clearing the French had made around the big

log house out of which they had driven the trader John Frazier.

I recall, what is not set down in my diary, the anger and shame with which I saw the flag of France flying over the big cabin. As I came out of the woods, a lean, dark-faced man came forward with three French officers, and I learned that he was Captain Joncaire, the worst enemy we had, for he was a half-breed and had the tongues of the Indians. He said he had command on the Ohio, but we must push on to see his general. He was very merry, and laughed every minute or two, but was on his guard like the others.

Three days passed before I could get away, with La Force, the guide they gave me, and three soldiers for escort. Meanwhile Joncaire entertained us at a supper. I never had better cause to be thankful for my sobriety, which was a rare virtue at that day, and even later, among all classes. The big log cabin had a great table set out with game and French kickshaws, such as were strange to me. None of the French spoke English except those of our own party, and of my people Van Braam alone had any French. They all dosed themselves freely with wine and brandy, and pretty soon the French felt it and began to give their tongues license and to brag and talk loosely. I was never more amused in all my life, for as Joncaire boasted of what they meant to do, Van Braam, who was an old soldier with a head used to potations, chattered what seemed to be a kind of French, which set the drunken fools a-laughing. Amid all the noise, and the smoke which nearly choked me, Van Braam now and then spoke to me, telling me what they said, and of their mind to seize and hold the country. Next day he was still more full as to their talk, and did me a service, which, in spite of the hurt he innocently did me later, I never forgot.

I was glad to get away at last, for when Joncaire found the Half-King, who was hid away in my camp, which I made in the woods at a distance, he got the poor savage drunk with rum and loaded him with gifts. Four days later, and very tired, I was at French Creek, where was a great fort, fifteen miles from Lake Erie. Much against my will, Joncaire had sent with me La Force, as great a lover of mischief as could be found. This fellow was the leanest man I ever saw, and saddle-coloured. When he

spoke to me he stared constantly, which is as unpleasant as to avoid entirely to meet a man's gaze. He made no end of trouble, and had later his reward, and perhaps more punishment than he deserved.

I met at this station many educated French officers, such as I was to make welcome at another time. I could not avoid to be pleased with the commandant, by name Legardeur de St. Pierre, a chevalier of St. Louis. He was an old soldier, very tall and straight, and with much gray hair, and had lost an eye in battle. This gentleman was most courteous, and had brisk, pleasing ways, very frank and outspoken. He desired to be remembered to Lord Fairfax, whom he had known in Paris long ago.

The chevalier, by good fortune, spoke English enough to make his company very agreeable, and I became sure, as I spent some days in his society, that he made no attempt to deceive me; for nothing could have been more plain than that he meant to hold the country for his king.

He was pleased to relate his campaigns in Europe, and, although he was apt, like old soldiers, to be lengthy as to these, I found him to be instructive.

He talked lightly of women, but so did his officers, and in a manner we in Virginia should have considered to be unmannerly or worse. Also he told me that the French encouraged their soldiers to take wives among the young squaws, a thing our people never inclined to do. He seemed to have known many English gentlemen who had been in Paris, and even why Lord Fairfax had left England, all of which story I could have heard from him if I had thought proper so to do, which I did not. He did say, and was very merry about it, that if a woman drove his lordship to America, another might drive him back, for, after all, we were only shuttlecocks, and were knocked to and fro by the women—and I might say so to his lordship with the chevalier's compliments.

I remember that when, after this journey, I had returned home, my sister Betty was agreeably interested to hear what the chevalier had said of the old lord, who was the only person who could keep Betty quiet for five minutes. I had to answer that I had not seen fit to inquire further. Upon this she declared that some day she should ask his lordship all about it. When

I laughed and made no other reply, she declared that I was as silent as my lord, and that I had lost a fine opportunity. I contented myself with the chevalier's compliments to Lord Fairfax, who said if that was all the old fellow had said he must have changed, for he was a gossiping old reprobate and fit to corrupt me. But for my part I liked him and found him a gallant gentleman, and only of a mind to serve his king, as I was to serve mine.

There was no unreasonable delay, for the chevalier made clear to me that nothing could be done until after they had held a council. I arrived on the 12th, and on the 14th they were able to give me a sealed reply to the governor's summons. Meanwhile I had been left free to inspect the fort and count the canoes made ready for use in the spring. I must admit that they seemed careless as to what I saw. There were many Indians and French and half-breeds coming and going. The fort was square, of logs, with palisadoes, a forge, and a chapel, all very neat and clean, and much ceremony when we came in and went out.

I was now very eager to go, but notwithstanding the polite ways of the commandant, I found needless delays as to guides and supplies. This was to gain time to win the Half-King, who was of our side to-day, and the next had what the Indians call "two hearts." I cannot say that ever in my life I suffered as much anxiety as I did in this affair. The Half-King, being half drunk, assured me the chevalier was keeping him. That officer swore that he was ignorant why we did not go, but this I determined not to do without Tanacharisson. One day a gun was promised the savage, another day all my sachems were dead drunk. I was in despair, for to lose the Half-King to the wiles of the French would be a serious matter, and I was resolved not to fail. But here was I, a lad of twenty-one, playing a game with old, astute men for the prize of a drunken Indian!

Finally Gist succeeded in keeping him sober a day, and yet, as he said, reasonably intoxicated with promises of great gifts; and so at last, on December 16, we gladly bade farewell and set out in our birch canoes to go down French Creek.

A cannon was fired, and the officers assembled on shore saluted us politely as we left the fort. The commandant sent one

canoe loaded with strong liquors to be used on the way, and at Venango to overcome the wits of Tanacharisson.

Each of us, Gist and Van Braam and Davidson, was seated very comfortably in the middle of a canoe of birch bark; at the bow and stern were Indians or half-breeds, and as the water was very rapid most of the way, they used poles of ash to hold and guide the canoes. On the 18th December we were no longer comfortable. The ice was thick, and we had all of us to wade and, in places, to portage. On the 22d we came to a strong rapid. Gist advised to land and portage the provisions. This we did, and, being arrived before the French canoes, stood to watch them descend, a fine sight. About half-way the man on the bow of one canoe—that with the liquors—caught his pole between two rocks. He should have let it go; but as he did not, the boat shued square to the stream and, filling, turned over, so that all the brandy was lost, to my satisfaction. The men got out, with no great ease, swearing oaths, both French and Indian.

It rained and froze, and when, at fall of night, we came to Venango on December 22, we were cased in ice like men in armour. I was never more glad of a fire.

Here Captain Chabert de Joncaire set to work again to convince my Half-King with the bottle. But by good luck the sachem was much disordered in his stomach because of the rum he had of St. Pierre, and when Gist persuaded him the French had bewitched the liquor, he would none of it. Here we found our horses, but very lean, and, after a rest, set out by land from Venango, over a bad trail, this being about December 25.

It was a horrible journey, the men getting frozen feet and the packhorses failing, until, in despair at the delay, on the third day, against Gist's advice, I left Van Braam to follow me with the horses and men, and determined to strike through the woods by compass to the Forks of the Ohio, and thus be enabled the sooner to report to the governor.

For this venture Gist and I put on match-coats, Indian dress, thick socks, and moccasins. We carried packs, with my papers tied up in tanned skin, and as much provision as we could manage. With our guns, and thus cumbered, we left the camp and struck out through the woods, where

to move by compass is no easy matter, because to go straight is not possible where every tree and bit of swamp must turn a man to this side or that. But by taking note of some great pine in front of us, and, on reaching it, of another, we made good progress, and for part of the way we had an Indian trail.

On the third day, the snow being deep, we struck up the southeast fork of Beaver Creek. Here were a few Indians camped, who seemed to expect us, but how they could have done this I never knew; but there is much about Indian ways of communication of which I must confess myself ignorant.

They were too curious to please Gist; but as we were now in midwinter, and to pass through a wilderness with no trails, we engaged, for we could do no better, an Indian as guide and to carry my pack. Gist mistrusted him, and I soon shared his opinion.

We left at break of day, and after ten miles were in doubt as to our route, I with one foot chafed and the most tired I ever was in my life, on account of plunging through drifts, where, on his snow-shoes, the Indian was at ease. At this time he would have carried my gun, but I refused. When we said we would camp and rest, he declared the Ottawas would see our fire-smoke and surprise us. Upon this we kept on, as he said, toward his cabin. Once he told Gist he heard whoops, and then a gun, and kept turning northward, to our discontent.

Notwithstanding my fatigue, I found the loneliness and silence of these woods to my taste, being open and free of undergrowth. I was startled at times by the sharp crack, like a pistol-shot, of huge limbs breaking, but there was no other sound.

At last I declared that I must camp at the first brook we met, and so kept on, stumbling, and ready to fall down with fatigue. At this time, being come some two miles farther into warm sunlight and an open glade, all the brighter for the whiteness of the snow, I came to a stand and said, "Here is our stream; let us camp." At this time Gist and I were near together, and the Indian about twenty paces away. Of a sudden he turned and fired at us. I cried out to Gist if he was shot. He said no, and we ran in on the fellow before he

could load, and seized him and took his gun. Gist was for killing him at once, but this I would not allow, and we contented ourselves with taking his gun, and made him walk on in front. Gist, who was much vexed, said if we did not shoot him, which was the better way, we must contrive to fool him. At last it was agreed to pretend we believed his excuses as to the shooting being an accident, and to let him go to his cabin. He said he knew we would never trust him further, and was pleased to be told he might go home and get some jerked venison ready, and that we would camp that night and follow his tracks in the snow at morning. We returned his gun, but took all his powder. We gave him a cake of bread, and Gist followed him until he had gone a mile. After my companion came back to me, we moved on rapidly for an hour and made a big fire, and, as it was night, took, by the light of the blaze, a course by compass, and set out, leaving, to my regret, the great warm flame behind us.

It was now clear and very cold. All night long we pushed on, now and then making a light with flint and steel to see the compass, and trying to observe the stars. We were well assured that we should be pursued, and on this account never halted the next day, and hardly spoke a word until, at evening, we came upon the Alleghany River.

There we made camp, and were up at break of day.

The ice lay out some sixty feet from the two shores, and between were masses of ice afloat and a great flow of water. Having only one hatchet, and that not very good, we were all day contriving to build a raft. At sundown we pushed it over the shore ice and got afloat. Midway we got caught in the jam of ice-cakes, and as I pushed with my setting-pole, the swift current and a block of ice caught it, and I was cast into the deep water. I caught on to a log of the raft, and Gist giving me a hand, I crawled on to the raft. I had lost my pole, and to go to either shore was not possible, and when we drifted on to an island I was thankful enough, and the raft swept away in the flood.

Very soon Gist had a great fire burning, and by this I dried myself; but to keep warm was impossible, for the cold was the greatest I have ever known, and so intense was it that Gist would not allow me to

sleep, but made me walk about, although I was ready to drop, saying if we slept and the fire should die, so should we. By good fortune there was a large jam of drifted wood on the upper end of the island, and thus we had fuel sufficient.

What with fatigue and the cold increasing as the night went on, even Gist, who was of great endurance and hopeful, was concerned lest we should have been followed, and, as the island afforded small shelter, be shot from the shore. This troubled me less than to keep warm, for there was not snow enough to build a hut, than which there is no better shelter.

About ten o'clock that night we found that the river was rising, so that it would take little more to flood us. What I found worst of all was the delay. I said things could hardly be worse, but that the cold was such as would freeze the river by daylight. He said that was true, and we went back to the fire and shared a part of a flask of brandy St. Pierre gave me. Fortunately we had food enough. Gist kept me and himself awake with amazing stories of Indians and French, and of great bears. But, contrive as we could, Gist had his toes froze, and had to have them rubbed with snow to save them. I was well pleased at last to see red in the sky to eastward, and when we found the ice-cakes froze hard together we made haste to cross to the shore. There, being out of shot and the sun warmer every minute, we built another fire and ate breakfast, and took, each in turn, an hour's sleep.

As we walked away, Gist said there was small fear of Indians either in the darkness or in great cold, for they liked neither, and he thought the cold had perhaps saved us from pursuit.

This was the case at Valley Forge in '78, when, although my soldiers suffered greatly, the snows and the cold were such as to keep Sir William Howe in his lines.

From the top of a hill, as I looked back on the river, Gist said: "You will never again, sir, be in a worse business than that, nor ever see the like again." But this I did, when, on the night before Christmas, in 1776, I crossed the Delaware in a boat with General Knox, amid as great peril of ice, on our way to beat up the Hessian quarters at Trenton.

While we were in danger, Gist had been silent; but now that we were released from

anxiety and on a clear trail, he talked all the time, whether I made answer or not. I remember little of what he said, being engaged in thinking how soon I should be able to reach Williamsburg. I recall, however, his surprising me with a question as to whether I had ever before had a man shoot at me. I said never, and having my mind thus turned to the matter, felt it to be strange that so great an escape and such nearness to death had not more impressed me. But, in fact, I had no time to think before we caught the man, and after that the great misery of the cold so distressed me that how to keep warm employed my mind.

We were now on a good trail, and by nightfall came to the cabin of Frazier, a trader in furs; and this was where the Turtle Creek falls into the Monongahela. Here I wrote up my diary.

As there was hope of packhorses coming hither which might be used on our return, I waited, pleased to be fed and warmed, but hearing bad news of massacres by the Ottawas. Near by I visited the Queen Aliquippa, and made her presents of a match-coat and a bottle of rum I had of the trader, asking, too, her advice as to the Indians, all of which pleased her mightily.

I was surprised to find a woman with rule over Indians, but she was said to be wise in council. I never heard of a King Aliquippa. The queen was old and fat and as wrinkled as a frosted persimmon. She smoked a pipe and had a tomahawk in her belt, and I did not think she would be a comfortable partner in the marriage state.

At last, as we failed at this place to get horses after a three days' rest, we left on foot, January 1, reaching Gist's home on the Monongahela, a sixteen-mile tramp. There I left Gist, and, buying a horse, pushed on, passing packhorses carrying stores for the new fort begun at the Forks.

I had no more appetite for adventure, and was glad to reach Williamsburg on January 16, 1754, where I delivered my sealed reply, and conveyed to the governor my views, and remembrance of what I had seen and heard, with maps I had made and drawings of the forts.

Looking back from the hilltop, as General Hamilton once said to me, must often surprise a man with knowledge of mistakes made by the way; but considering this

journey from the summit of years, I seem to have done as well as so young a man might.

Van Braam, who came in later, told me that the elder French officers were rather amused that a boy should be sent on an errand which might bring about a war. I think it was their imprudent indifference which left me free to observe all I wished to learn which might bear upon military action in the future. It appeared to me that they felt so secure of their own power as to be altogether careless.

I proposed to myself on starting to be as full of wiles as the Indians, and to be very careful as to what I said to them and to the French. I perceive to-day that my disposition to look down on the Indians was a mistake, and that I had been wiser to have treated the Half-King more as an equal. My disposition to be what is called diplomatic with the French in command was needless, for the commander was very frank. I have learned, as years went by, that in treating with men or nations the simplest way is the best.

The answer made to the governor was plain enough. The Frenchmen were there to obey orders, and meant to hold the lands. They would, of course, send our summons to Marquis Duquesne. The chevalier said in his despatch polite words of me, which I still recall with satisfaction, for I have never been insensible to the approbation of men, and the words of the courteous French officer were not lost upon me.

The governor thought, and so did his council, that the answer was evasive and was meant to gain time. It seemed to me remarkably straightforward, and I was sure that in the spring they would descend the Ohio and take possession. I had to prepare my report hastily in two days, which was printed and distributed through the colonies. It appears to me, as I read it over, to have been well done for so young a man, with no time allowed to correct and improve the language. I am more surprised, as I now read it, that I should have had the good sense to see, as the French engineers saw later, that where the Monongahela and Alleghany join was the best place for a fort, and a better than where the Ohio Company intended.

It seems strange to me, as I look back on this time, to see what share I, but a

young man, had in the historical events of the day. My report was not only read throughout the colonies, but in England and even in France, so that at this time, and again soon after, my name became known both among ourselves and on the other side of the ocean, although the matters in which I was engaged were in themselves, to appearance, of little moment. To be so widely spoken of was not then unpleasant, and the less so because it was a source of gratification to my friends.

I had been through the winter wilderness and delivered the hostile message of the king's governor. It was seemingly no great matter. But as I reflect, I perceive that whatever I did then or later gave me such importance in the eyes of men as led on to my being considered for the greater tasks of life. Mr. J——, who much disliked General H——, once wrote of him that he was like a pawn in the game of chess, and was pushed on by mere luck, until he suddenly found himself on the far line of the board with the powers of royalty. This was said with bitterness not long ago, when I insisted he should command under me, at the time we were threatened with a French war. I am not, however, of the opinion that good fortune alone presides over the destinies either of men or nations, for often in after days I have had cause to believe that an intending Providence was concerned in the events of the great war.

As soon as I had made an end of my business with the governor, I visited my mother, and thence rode to Mount Vernon. There I found Lord Fairfax, and was pleased to be rested and to hear his lordship speak well of my conduct of a difficult affair. When we were alone next day on horseback, he rode long in silence, as was his way. When he spoke he said: "George, I have sent for copies of your report to send to my friends in England. It is well done. I am pleased that you would not talk much of it last night to Colonel Willis and Mr. Warner. The men who do not talk about themselves are the most talked about by others." Silence often insures praise. Indeed, even thus early and since, I have been averse to speak of what I had done. I replied that I should remember his lordship's advice, upon which he went on to talk of the chances of war with France. I was not left long idle.

The governor was now fully decided to resist the French aggressions, and convened the House of Burgesses after much delay. I was offered full command of a force of three hundred men in six companies, forming a regiment. I consulted his lordship and my half-brother Augustine as to this, and not feeling secure of my fitness for so great a position, and they agreeing, I chose rather to serve as second under Colonel Frye. This being settled, I went about the business of recruiting as lieutenant-colonel.

In considering the new duty to which I was called and what it led me to do, I have asked myself whether I could have done it better, considering the want of supplies and of sufficiency of men.

Mr. John Langdon at one time wrote to me, when commenting on the character of General A——, that what he had been as a very young man he continued to be ever after, and that, although education and opportunity might give a man of strong character the tools for his purposes, they would not seriously alter his nature; he would only be more and more that which he had been.

As I sit in judgment upon the particulars which occasioned the affair at Great Meadows, and later my disaster at Fort Mifflin, I am inclined to believe that I could have done no better at fifty than I did at twenty-two. I perceive also that the conditions which at that time surrounded and embarrassed me were on a lesser scale the same as those with which I had to struggle in the later and more important days, which made me old before my time. Such comparisons as these do not readily occur to me, as I am inclined to dwell most upon the needs of the present and upon the possibilities which the future may have in store.

On one occasion, during the march to Yorktown, when bivouacked at the head of the Elk, Colonel Scammel and Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Wynne, both at that time of my military family, led me into expressing myself as to these earlier events, and one of them, Lieutenant-Colonel Wynne, I think, remarked that I had then to encounter the same kind of obstacles as those which had perplexed me at the Valley Forge and Morristown, and indeed throughout the War of Independency. I did not encourage such further discussion by these young officers as might readily

lead on to the impropriety of criticisms upon Congress. But now recalling what was then said, I am led to see how remarkably alike were the conditions I had to meet at two periods of my life. Nor can I fail to observe that what General Hamilton liked very often to call "the education of events" was valuable in teaching me moderation and such control of temper as I was to need on a larger field.

While I went about my military preparations, the governor and the House wrangled over the ten thousand pounds he asked for the fitting out of troops. I have observed that men engaged in agriculture as the masters of slaves acquire a great independence of thought and are hard to move to a common agreement even when, as at that time, there is an immediate need for united action.

There was also much distrust of Governor Dinwiddie, and indeed we rarely submitted with entire good will to any of the royal governors. He got his grant at last, but a committee was to confer with him as to how it was to be used—a measure not altogether unwise, but which made him swear we were getting to be too republican and, he feared, would be more and more difficult to be brought to order.

As to my recruiting, the better men were indisposed to join, and I got chiefly a vagabond crew of shoeless, half-dressed fellows, but most of them hunters and good shots. I did better when the governor offered a bounty in land, which as yet we had not, for it was to be about the fine bottoms at the Forks of the Ohio, which were in the hands of the French and the Indians.

I made Van Braam a captain, and thereafter obtained more men and better, for the old warrior promised, I fear, an easy time and all manner of agreeable rewards, with such accounts of the lands they were to have as much delighted the hard-working farmers' sons.

On April 2 I left Alexandria, with orders to secure tools and build roads, for Colonel Frye to follow me with the artillery and a greater force.

In what I was thus set to do I knew I was to have difficulty, and this it was hard to make Governor Dinwiddie understand, nor do I think he or our rulers in England could form any idea of the country to be traversed, even up to the Forks of the Ohio. From our outlying farms westward to the

Mississippi was a great forest land with savannas, and beyond the Ohio vast meadows where buffalo grazed. Through our own hills there were old Indian trails, and as far as to the Ohio were horse-paths used by the traders and their men. There were also many crossing-trails made by horned game to reach water, and apt to mislead any but men accustomed to the woods. Very few knew this mighty wilderness, nor was it easy to make persons unused to the woods comprehend the obstacles and risks an army would find on traversing them with wagons and artillery.

As I have said, I had long ago fixed upon the Forks of the Ohio as an excellent station for a fort. The French were also of this opinion, and in their hands it became at last Fort Duquesne, and in 1759 was lightly given up by them to General Forbes. At this earlier date our governor, resolving to take my advice, made choice of Captain Trent to build a fort at the Forks, where we prepared to follow and support him. Having failed on a former and easier errand, it was foolish to have expected better things of this man in a more difficult matter. He was given only fifty men, as it was supposed he would not be attacked.

While I was on my way to Wills Creek from Winchester, Contrecoeur dropped down-stream from Venango with a great force and took the half-finished fort, Captain Trent being absent at the time. I was near to Wills Creek when I learned of this disaster. Colonel Frye and other detachments were to follow me, but I saw that we were now in a way to be devoured in bits by the larger French forces. Everything I needed was lacking. I had been cursed along the border for my taking of wagons, horses, and food, and when I would have picks, shovels, and axes, it was worse.

I heard while here from Mr. Fairfax, desiring me not to neglect having divine service in the camps for the benefit of the Indians. I did on one occasion, but as Davidson told me they considered it some form of incantation, I did not repeat it. I had also a letter from my mother, meant to have found me earlier. It seemed strange amid anxieties like mine to be asked to send her a good Dutch servant and, if I remember correctly, four pounds of good Dutch butter. I had far other business.

At the Ohio Company's post at Wills Creek, nothing was ready; only Captain Trent, full of excuses for the failure of horses and boats, and much cast down at the news of the loss of the fort. I sent back for wagons and horses sixty miles to Winchester, and waited as patiently as I could.

On April 23 came the men of Trent's party, released by the French. The ensign, Mr. Ward, was the only officer with them, and to surrender was all he could do. He told me of hundreds of Chippewas and Ottawas coming to join Contrecoeur, and of another force descending the Ohio. To add to my troubles, Trent's men were disorderly, making my men uneasy by their stories.

At this time I was decently housed in a small log hut, and here, retiring by myself, I fell to thinking of what I had heard and what I ought to do. The situation demanded serious consideration, but also speedy action.

I had been sent forward to build bridges, to corduroy swamps for the cannon, and to make roads. I was not to bring on hostilities, but I was to assert the king's title and, at need, to resist the French. The orders were well fitted to get me into trouble, but the capture of Trent's fort and men somewhat aided my decision, for this was an act of open war. While thus occupied, a runner fetched me letters, and among them one from Lord Fairfax.

As adjutant of the Northern Division since I was nineteen, I was prepared for much that his lordship's letter conveyed, but it went in some respects beyond what I then knew or was prepared for, and, I may add also, much beyond the views which his lordship came later to entertain, when men were obliged to elect as between loyalty to the king and disloyalty to human rights.

This letter now before me runs as follows:

Greenway Court.

MY DEAR GEORGE: Yours received from Alexandria, and thank you for the attention when you were so busily engaged. I am always pleased to be acquainted with anything to your advantage, and was gratified at your being chosen to be of the force. I desire you, however, to understand that your worst enemies will not be the French or the fickle Indians, but those in the rear.

There is of late years a great desire for

freedom in all the colonies, and men are disposed to dispute the too royal sense of prerogative on the part of the governors. Whenever, as now, money is to be voted, the houses in the several colonies are apt to use the occasion to dispute it, and to bargain for something else as a reward for their grant of supplies. The withholding of money has been the chief means of governing kings by our own Commons. I blame it not. But this present reluctance is without cause—foolish, and at a wrong season. As to the difficulty of disciplining our people you know enough, and will know more; but they will always fight, which may console for other defects. The want of an organized commissary you will feel of a surety, but less than with regulars, who do not know as do our people how to diet their English bellies, or how to forage at need on wood and river. Prepare, too, for desertion and drunkenness, which is the curse of the land. But I must forbear, lest I discourage you, although that I consider not to be easy. I would that you smoked a pipe. It confers great equanimity in times of doubt, and the Indians hold it to be helpful in council; for while a man smokes he cannot discourse, and thus must needs obtain time for sober reflection, for which reason it would be well that women took to the pipe, a custom which would greatly conduce to comfort in the condition of armed neutrality known as the married state. Charles Sedley once said in my company that the pipe was the bachelor's hearth, and I have found it a good one. Indeed, my dear George, when I reflect upon the many statues of worthless kings and the monuments to scoundrels in graveyards where the dead lie and the living lie about them, I am inclined to set up a fine memorial at Greenway Court to the unknown Indian who invented this blessing of the Pipe. He must have been a great genius.

Wishing you the best of luck, and that I were young enough to be with you, I am,

Yours,
Fairfax.

P.S. You will at some time have to serve with regulars or with colonial officers appointed by the crown. Your sense of justice and of what is due to a gentleman will, I am assured, revolt at the want of parity in pay and at other claims to outrank gentlemen of the colonies serving in the militia. As to this I counsel moderation and endurance. Your first duty must be to the crown.

F.

It was raining heavily as I sat that night and considered what I should do. To fall back I had no mind. I had been set to the slow work of preparing roads, and had made them up to the

west branch of the Youghiogeny, about four miles a day, and here meant to make a bridge. As I sat in the log cabin alone, deciding what next to do, came in Van Braam with a warning from the Half-King, and, just after, a trader who had been driven out by the French and who told me that a force sent from Duquesne was at least eight hundred in number. This I was sure could not be the case, and until I knew more I could not decide what to do. I asked to be alone, and with a candle and a rude map considered the situation. I concluded that the French would make no considerable move forward until they had made secure the excellent position they had taken from Trent. I was of opinion they would meanwhile send out small parties to scout.

After a council with my officers, we resolved to go on to fortify a post of the Ohio Company at Redstone Creek, near the Monongahela, and after sending back urgent letters we set out, doing the best we could as to the road. On May 9, at Little Meadows, we were met by many traders, driven in by the French, with tales which much discouraged my men—in all some two hundred; and still I pushed on to the Youghiogeny, and there kept the men busy with the bridging of it. Leaving

them occupied in this manner, I explored the Youghiogeny for a better way by water than over the hills, but found it impracticable, and so came back to do as best I could with the road over the mountains.

That night I was again called on for a decision. I remember I walked to and fro, considering how it was but an outpost, with nothing near in the way of succour, and before me the French and the wilderness.

Van Braam, whom I had sent out to scout, had before this appeared, bringing news that, eighteen miles below, the French were crossing by a ford, their number unknown; also that several of our men had deserted and that there was much uneasiness in the camp. I was myself quite uneasy enough. Many times since I have been in as doubtful and perilous situations, where the fate of an empire was concerned, but then I have had with me officers of distinction. I was alone, hardly more than a boy, and surrounded by men who were becoming alarmed.

I said to Van Braam that we must not be caught here, but that I would not fall back very far. The old trooper smiled, and I confess to having been pleased by this sign of approval. My mind was made up not to return to the settlements except before an overwhelming force.

(To be continued)



SIGNALS

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE prophet Star, the Maiden Dawn, the Sun—
So Light begins his reign;
Then Sunset, widowed Twilight, and anon
The prophet Star again.

MISS CLEGG'S ADOPTED¹

BY ANNE WARNER

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN



IT was an evening in early October—one of those first frosty nights when a fire is agreeable to contemplate and more than agreeable to sit in front of. Susan Clegg sat in front of hers, but she did not take any time to contemplate it: she contemplated the stocking that she was knitting instead, and if her eyes ever wandered from its gray stitches, they wandered, not to the fire, but to the face of her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Lathrop, who had come in to sit for an hour, and was comfortably established opposite her hostess.

Mrs. Lathrop's work was less arduous than Susan's. She was matching scraps of silk and satin for a "crazy" sofa-pillow, and the contrast between her placid approval or disapproval of different combinations and the younger woman's rapid motions was suggestive of the wide chasm between their respective temperaments.

Mrs. Lathrop had once upon a time intended to make a whole crazy-quilt, but the silk and satin resources of her friends had fallen so far short of her expectations that the quilt had shrunken quickly into a pillow, and stood more than a slight chance of ending as a pincushion. Mrs. Lathrop kept the pillow for "pick-up" work, and she picked it up so rarely that now, after more than eighteen months of "matching," it was not yet matched. This did not trouble her at all, however, as she never hurried, and liked to stare thoughtfully at work while she enjoyed the sensation of being busy.

Susan knitted furiously, and made her stocking twirl wildly about whenever she had occasion to alter the position of her needles. Susan, being herself the embodiment of energetic activity, had naturally very little patience with her friend's deliberativeness. Therefore, just as Mrs. Lathrop was mildly disposing a bit of green silk alongside of a yellow stripe, she addressed her with a sudden sharpness which caused her to start violently and let the bit of silk fall to the floor.

"Now that the house-cleanin' 's all done with," she began—"now that the house-cleanin' 's all done with, 'n' I 've got time to settle down, I 've been a-thinkin' as to this winter an' tryin' to make up my mind over suthin' that 's been a-roamin' my head for a good many months. I ain't said nothin' about it, because, in the first place, I ain't given to discussin' my own affairs, an', in the second place, I c'n afford to do it if I want to, an' so I did n't feel no great reason for askin' anybody's advice. 'S far 's my observation 's extended, no one don't ask for advice unless they 've pretty well made up their mind not to take it if they don't like it; an' when I make up my mind, I 'm goin' to do the thing anyhow, so there ain't no use wastin' breath askin' somebody what they think about it. A woman 's rich as I be don't need to take anybody's advice nohow—not unless she feels so inclined; an' the older I get, the less I incline."

Mrs. Lathrop had picked up the bit of green and was now essaying it with the yellow again; she did not appear to consider that any reply was expected of her, and Susan did not appear to consider so

¹ See also "The Marrying of Susan Clegg," in THE CENTURY for November, 1903.



"SUSAN KNITTED FURIOUSLY, AND MADE HER STOCKING TWIRL WILDLY ABOUT"

either; she merely changed her needles, whirled her stocking, took a fresh breath, and continued:

"I 've been lookin' this subjec' straight in the face, 's well 's behind an' before an' upside down, for a good long time. It ain't noways new to me, however it may strike you an' the community in general. Fact is, I was thinkin' of it 'way back in the spring—even afore Mrs. Shores run away an' left her baby, an' every one said, 'How c'd she be so cruel as to leave it!' An' then she sent back an' kidnapped it, an' every one said, 'How c'd she be so cruel as to take it!' That just shows how, when a woman branches out, every one 's ready to go for her. Mrs. Shores never c'd seem to suit: the baby was all wrong when 't come, because Mr. Shores wanted a boy so he could name it after him; an' then he went 'most mad when she took it away (they say they thought they 'd have to lace him to the ironin'-board the first night); an' now he goes aroun', an' I 've heard folks say that most of the time he don'

know which end up he 's walkin'. I guess the fact o' the matter is, her elopin' with the clerk leaves him to tend both sides o' the store 't once, an' he ain't spry enough to hop over the counter like that young fellow used to. He 's got to go 'way back among the calicoes every time, or else climb into the window-seat over that squirrel 't they 've got in the cage there advertisin' fur-lined mitts an' holiday nuts. I don' blame him for bein' some dazed under the circumstances. But then, what 'd he marry for if he did n't want trouble? That was what I said to the minister's wife right in the first of it. She come to call, an' it was jus' a day or two after I 'd first begun to think that maybe I c'd see the way to beginnin' to make up my mind. I won't say 't if she had n't called jus' then an' there I would 'a' gone on an' decided; but I will say, Mrs. Lathrop, that she cert'nly did put me pretty well out with the whole idea. I 'd thought that mornin' of perhaps sayin' suthin' to you that night, but after she went I had n't no desire to

do nothin' for a while, 't any rate. I don't say but what there 's a big difference between one an' nine,—any one can work *that* out with their fingers fast enough,—but her talk was terrible discouragin' jus' the same. Poor thing! she ain't never had time to crimp her hair since her weddin'-day—she told me so with tears in her eyes. I cheered her up all I could. I told her she only had one to blame herself for, an' she ought to be thankful that she had n't had eight same as him. She said she had n't been married but a year, so she could n't have eight. 'Well,' I says, 'I don't see no great sense in that; he had eight the day you was married, 's far 's that goes, did n't he?' She told me she never had no idea how many children eight was until she turned aroun' from the altar an' see 'em all sittin' there in the front pew, all in one long uneven row. I told her, 's far 's my observation extended, quite a few things looked different comin' down from the altar from what they did goin' up, an' I could n't help but think 't if I 'd run after any man as hard as she run after the minister my self-respec' would shut my mouth up tight afterwards. It's all well enough to talk 's long 's you stay top dog in the fight an' single, but if I 'd ever let any man get the better o' me, I cert'nly would try to keep folks from knowin' how I was fooled. I c'd 'a' given her a real good talkin' to, but she looked so peaked 't I made her some tea instead. An' then it turned out that, after all her talk about them nine children, what she really come for was to borrow the clo's-wringer. I was clean out o' temper for a minute to think o' me bein' so sympathetic, an' the tea, an' all for my clo's-wringer; but there are people jus' like that, Mrs. Lathrop. They talk an' talk, an' wander all over every subjec' in creation to come, an' never get aroun' to the point until you 're clean gi'n out with listenin'. If the minister's wife had n't come that day I sh'd probably 'a' told you that night what, as a consequence o' her comin', I ain't never told no one yet. But she used me all up, an' it 's only jus' lately I 've begun to think of it any serious again. For I *was* thinkin' of it very serious afore Mrs. Shores run away,—an' after she run away, too,—an' what I was thinkin' about I 'm now goin' to tell you, Mrs. Lathrop; for I 'm thinkin' it some more now, an' if I did it, you 'd always have it to take care

of when I was out, or preservin'; an' so it 's only right that you should know 't when Mrs. Shores run away I was thinkin' of adoptin' a baby."

Susan paused for short-winded reasons, and Mrs. Lathrop laid the bit of green aside and took up a piece of purple to try instead.

"Was you thinkin' of adoptin' Mrs. Shores's baby?" she asked.

"*Mrs. Lathrop!*" Miss Clegg ceased knitting so that she might concentrate all her strength into the extreme astonishment which she desired to render manifest in those two words. "*Mrs. Lathrop!* Me adopt Mrs. Shores's baby! Me! Adopt the baby of a run-off woman! Well, I guess not. The idea never entered my head, an' I can't see why nor where it ever entered yours. Only I know 'f I was given to havin' many ideas 's senseless 's that one, I 'd keep my mouth shut an' let people 't knew more do the talkin'."

Mrs. Lathrop turned the piece of purple upside down.

"Who was you thinkin' of adoptin'?" she inquired meekly.

"I was n't thinkin' of adoptin' nobody. I only said that I was thinkin' o' maybe adoptin' somebody. I sh'd think 't you c'd see the difference; anyway, even if you can't see the difference, there *is* a difference just the same. My sakes alive! it 's a serious enough matter, decidin' to adopt some one for good an' all, without hurryin' the doin' of it any. If you was as rich 's I be, Mrs. Lathrop, you 'd understand that better. An' if you was 's rich 's I be you might not be in no more of a hurry 'n I am. I ain't in a hurry 't all. I ain't in a hurry an' I don't mean to be in a hurry. I 'm only jus' a-gettin' on towards makin' up my mind."

Mrs. Lathrop laid a piece of sky-blue between the yellow and the green, and turned her head a little on one side to judge of the effect. Susan altered her needles with a fierce fling, and went on:

"You see, you don't know nothin' 't all about it, Mrs. Lathrop; but when you come right square down to it, adoptin' a child is a good deal to consider. When a woman 's married, it 's the Lord's will, an' out o' the Bible, an' to be took without no murmurin' 's to your own feelin' in the matter. Every one 's sorry for married people, no matter how their children turn out, because, good



"ALL SITTING THERE IN THE FRONT PEW, ALL IN ONE LONG UNEVEN ROW"

or bad, like enough they done their best, an' if they did n't, it was always the other one's fault. But no one's goin' to try an' make my child a bed o' roses for me,—every one's goin' to lay the whole blame on me,—an' if it has a pug-nose or turns out bad, I can't lay none of it to the Lord. I'll jus' have the whole community sayin' I've got myself an' no one else to thank. When you know for sure 't you can't blame nobody else but jus' yourself, you go pretty slow, an' for that very reason I'm thinkin' this subject well over afore I decide. There's a good many questions to consider: my mind's got to be made up 's to whether boy or girl, an' age, an' so forth, afore I shall open my lips to a livin' soul; for you know 's well as I do I don't count you 's anybody, Mrs. Lathrop."

Mrs. Lathrop was feeling in her work-bag for some pins, and her gaze dwelt ruminatively upon Susan as she felt.

"Would you take a small baby?" she asked—perhaps with some mental reference to the remark that dowered her with the occasional charge of the future adopted Clegg.

"Well, I dunno. That 's a very hard thing that comes up first of all every time that I begin thinkin'. When most folks set out to adopt a baby, the main idea seems to be to try an' get 'em so young that they can't never say for sure 's you ain't their mother."

Mrs. Lathrop finished feeling for the pins, filled her mouth with them, and nodded an acquiescence, mute but emphatic, in the wisdom of her friend's views.

"So I don't believe that I shall try for a real young baby. I'll be content if it coos. I remember Mrs. Macy's sayin' once that a baby was sweetest when it coos, an' I don't want to miss nothin', an' we ain't never kep' doves for me to be dead sick o' the noise, so I want the cooin' age. I c'n see that, generally speakin', it 's a wise thing that folks jus' have to take 'em as they come, because when it 's all for you to choose, you want so much that like 's not I can't be suited, after all. It 's goin' to be pretty hard decidin', an' when I 've all done decidin', it 's goin' to be pretty hard findin' a baby that 's all that I 've decided. An' then, if I find it, then comes the raisin' of it, an' I expect that 'll be suthin' jus' awful."

"How was you goin' to find a child?" Mrs. Lathrop asked.

"Well, I've got to go to town to look at winter coats, an' I thought that when I'd found what I wanted, I'd jus' glance through two or three orphan asylums afore comin' home."

Mrs. Lathrop pinned the purple to the yellow, and shut one eye so as to judge of the combination from the single standpoint of the other.

"I thought that your coat was pretty good," she said mildly, as Susan altered her needles.

The stocking started violently.

"Pretty good! It 's 'most new. I ain't had it but four years, an' then only for church. You know that as well 's I do."

"You said that you was goin' to get another," Mrs. Lathrop remarked, unpinning

the purple as she spoke and replacing it in the bag.

"Mrs. Lathrop! if you don't beat anythin' that I ever saw for puttin' words that I never even dreamed of into other folks's mouths! 'S if I should ever think o' buyin' a new coat an' the price-tag not even dirty on the inside o' mine yet! I never said that I was goin' to buy a coat. I never thought o' goin' to buy a coat. What I did say was that I was goin' to *look at* coats; an' the reason that I 'm goin' to look at coats is because I 'm goin' to cut over the sleeves o' mine. I thought all last winter it was pretty queer for a woman 's rich 's I be to wear old-fashioned sleeves, more particularly so where I c'n easy cut a new sleeve crossways out o' the puffs o' the old ones. An' *that's* why I want to look at coats, Mrs. Lathrop, for I ain't in the habit o' settin' my shears in where I can't see my way out."

Mrs. Lathrop fingered a piece of rusty black silk and made no comment.

"When I get done lookin' at coats, lookin' at orphans 'll be jus' a nice change. If I see any I think might suit, I 'll take their numbers an' come home an' see about decidin'; an' if I don't see any I like, I 'll come home jus' the same."

The clock struck nine. Mrs. Lathrop rose.

"I mus' be goin' home," she said.

"I was thinkin' that very thing," said Susan, rising too. "It 's our thinkin' so much the same that keeps us friends, I guess."

Mrs. Lathrop sought her shawl and departed.

It was about a week later that the trip to town took place. The day was chosen to suit the opening of a most unprecedented fire sale. Miss Clegg thought that the latest styles in coat sleeves were likely to bloom broadcast on so auspicious an occasion, and Mrs. Lathrop herself was sufficiently infected by the advertising in the papers to dare to intrust her friend with the whole of a two-dollar bill to be judiciously invested, if bargains should really run as wildly rife as was predicted.

Susan departed very early and did not get back until very late—so late, in fact, that her next-door neighbor had the time to become more than a little anxious as to the possibility of some mischance having befallen her two-dollar bill.

But toward eight o'clock signs of life next door appeared to the anxious watcher in the Lathrop kitchen window, and one minute later she was on her way across. She found the front door, which was commonly open, to be uncommonly shut, and was forced to rap loudly and wait lengthily before the survivor of the fire sale came to let her in.

"My heavens alive, Susan, whatever is the matter with you?"

"I 'm worn to a frazzle—that 's all!"

They turned into the parlor, where the lamp was burning, and Mrs. Lathrop gave a little frightened scream.

"Susan! Why, you look half dead!"

Susan collapsed heavily upon the hair-cloth-covered sofa.

"I guess you 'd better make me some tea," she suggested weakly.

Mrs. Lathrop had no doubt whatever on the subject. Hurrying out to the kitchen, she brewed a cup of the strongest possible tea in the fewest possible minutes, and brought it in to the weary traveler. The latter drank with a relish, then leaned back with a sigh and closed her eyes.

"It was a' auction!" she said at last.

Mrs. Lathrop could restrain herself no longer.

"*Did* you get anythin' with my money?" she asked.

"Yes; it 's out in the hall with my shawl. It 's a parrot."

"A parrot!" cried Mrs. Lathrop.

"Without any head."

"Without any head!"

Susan opened her eyes.

"There ain't no need o' bein' so surprised," she said in that peculiar tone with which one who has spent another's money always defends his purchase. "It 's a stuffed parrot—a stuffed parrot without any head."

"A stuffed parrot without any head!"

Mrs. Lathrop repeated numbly.

Susan stirred a little and sat up.

"How much did it cost?" her friend asked.

"I bid it in for one dollar an' ninety-seven cents. I was awful scared for fear it would go over your two dollars, an' it was n't nothin' that I 'd ever want, so I could n't 'a' taken it off your hands."

"I wonder what I can do with it?" Mrs. Lathrop said feebly.

"You must hang it in the window so high that the head don't show."

"I thought you said it did n't have no head."

Susan quitted the sofa abruptly and came over to her own chair; the tea appeared to be beginning to take effect.

"It *has* n't got no head. If it had a head, where would be the sense in hangin' it so high that it would n't show? 'F it had a head, where 'd be the need in hangin' it high at all? It 's your good luck, Mrs. Lathrop, that it has n't got no head; for the man said if it had had a head it would 'a' brought four or five dollars easy."

Mrs. Lathrop went out in the hall and sought her parrot. Her expression was more than dubious as she examined it by the light of the lamp.

"What did *you* get?" she asked at last.

"I did n't get nothin'. I did n't see nothin' I wanted, an' I learned long ago that an auction 's generally a good place for buyin' things you ain't got no earthly use for. Now take that parrot o' yours! I would n't have him if you was to offer him to me for a gift. Not to speak of his not havin' no head, he looks to me like he had moths in him. You look at him by daylight to-morrow an' see if it don't strike you so, too."

Mrs. Lathrop was silent for a long time. Finally she said:

"Did you go to the orphan asylum?"

"Well—no, I did n't. I would 'a' gone, only I got on the wrong car, an' ended in a cemetery instead. I had a nice time there, though, walkin' roun' an' readin' ages; an' jus' as I was goin' out I met a monument man that had a place right outside the gate, an' he took me to look at his things, an' then I remembered father—two years dead an' not a stone on him yet."

Mrs. Lathrop laid the parrot aside with a heavy sigh, and concentrated all her attention upon her friend's recital.

"The man was about as nice a man 's ever I met. When I told him about father, he told me he took a' interest in every word, whether I bought a monument of him or not. He said he 'd show me all he had an' welcome, an' it was no trouble, but a pleasure. Then he took me all through his shop an' the shed behind, an' really I never had a nicer time. I see a lamb lyin' down first, an' I thought that would be

nice for a little; but the further back we went, the finer they got. The man wanted me to take a' eagle grippin' a pen an' writin' father's name in a book he 's sittin' on to hold open while he writes. I told him 'f I bought any such monument I cert'nly would want the name somewhere else than up where no one but the eagle could read it. He said I could have the name below an' let the eagle be writin' 'Repose in Peace'; but I told him father died of paralysis after bein' in bed for twenty years, an' that his idea o' heaven was n't reposin' in peace; he always looked forward to walkin' about an' bein' pretty lively there. Then the man said maybe suthin' simple would be more to my taste, an' he took me to where there was a pillow with a wreath of roses on it; but—my gracious! I 'd never be so mean 's to put a pillow anywhere near father after all them years in bed. An' as to the roses, they 'd be jus' as bad or worse, for you know yourself how they give him hay-fever, so 's we had to dig up all the bushes years ago.

"But I 'll tell you, Mrs. Lathrop, what I did see that nobody on the wide earth c'd help wishin' was on top o' their grave the minute they laid eyes on it. It 's a lion—a weepin' lion, kind o' tryin' to wipe his eyes with one paw. I tell you, I never saw nothin' one quarter so handsome over no one yet; an'—if I was n't thinkin' to adopt a child, I 'd never rest until I 'd set that lion on top of father. But, of course, as it is, I can't even think how it might look there; the livin' has rights over the dead, an' my child can't go without the necessities of life while my father gets a weepin' lion that, when you come right square down to it, he ain't got no more use for 'an a cat has for two tails. No; I 'm a rich woman, but all incomes has their outside fence. If a man 's got a million a year, he can't spend two million, an' I can't start in child-raisin' 'n tombstone father all in the same year. Father 'll have to wait, an' he got so used to it while he was alive that he ought not to mind it much now he 's dead. But I gave the man my address, an' he gave me one o' his cards, an' when I go in to the orphan asylum, I may go back an' see him, an' maybe, if I tell him about the baby, he 'll reduce the lion some. The lion is awful high—strikes me. He 's three hundred dollars. But the man says that 's because

his tail 's out o' the same block. I asked him if he could n't take the tail off, but he said that would hurt his reputation. He said 'f I 'd go up the ladder to his second floor 'n' look down on the lion I 'd never talk about sawin' off his tail, an' he said, anyhow, cuttin' it off would only make it cost more, because it was cut on in the first place. I saw the sense o' that, an' I remembered, too, that even if folks in the cemetery never can see the tail, father 'll have to look at it from higher up 'an the ladder to the monument man's shed, an' I don't want him to think I economized on the tail of his tombstone. I tell you what, Mrs. Lathrop, I cert'nly do want that lion; but I can't have it, so I 've decided not to think of it again. The man c'd see I wanted it, an' I c'd see he really wanted me to have it. He felt so kind o' sorry for me, he said he 'd do me a weepin' fox for one hundred an' fifty, if I wanted it; but I did n't want no fox. Father did n't have nothin' like a fox: his nose was broad an' kind o' flat. He had n't nothin' like a lion, neither; but I 'd like to have the only lion in the cemetery ours."

Mrs. Lathrop nodded her head sympathetically.

Miss Clegg sighed and looked pensive for a moment, but it was soon over.

"An' I 've decided about my child, too," she continued briskly. "I 've decided to have it a boy. I decided goin' in on the train to-day. I 'd been sorter thinkin' that I 'd leave it to chance; but ordinary folks can't do no more 'n that, an' where 's the good o' me bein' so open an' aboveboard 'f I dunno whether it 'll be a boy or girl, after all? I might 's well 'a' married the minister, an' Lord knows Mrs. Shores's troubles ought to be warnin' enough to no woman in this community not to marry no man, for one while at any rate. If Mrs. Shores had n't married Mr. Shores, she c'd easy 'a' married his clerk when she fell in love with him. No woman that 's goin' to fall in love ever ought to begin by marryin' a-nother man first. It mixes everything all up. But Mrs. Shores was a fool, or she never would 'a' married him to begin with. I told him that the first time 't I see him after she was gone. I thought 't if it was any comfort to him to know that there was one person in the community that looked on his wife as a fool he was welcome to the knowin'. So I told him,

an' I used those very selfsame words, too—an' I cert'nly did ache to tell him that he was jus' as big a fool himself to 'a' ever married her; but I did n't think that would be jus' polite.

"That was before she took the baby. It was the baby that used him all up. An'



"HER EXPRESSION WAS MORE THAN DUBIOUS AS SHE EXAMINED IT BY THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP"

that seems kind o' queer, too, seems to me, for if my wife run away I 'd be glad to make a clean sweep o' her an' hers, an' begin all fresh; I 'd never have no injunctions an' detectives drawin' wages for chasin' no wife an' baby that left o' their own accord. But that 's jus' like a man, an' I must say I 'm dead glad 't no man ain't goin' to have no right to interfere with my child. I c'n take it an' go anywhere 't I please, an' never be afraid of any subpenny comin' down on me. 'S far 's I 'm concerned, I only wish 't she 'd send back 'n' abduct him too, an' then the community 'd have some peace on the Shores subject'. There ain't nothin' left to

say, an' every one keeps sayin' it over an' over from dawn to dark."

"What made you decide on a boy?" Mrs. Lathrop asked, taking up the parrot again.

"I did n't decide. I c'd n't decide, an' so I shook a nickel for heads an' tails."

"An' it come a boy."

"No; it come a girl. An' the minute 't I see it was a girl I knew 't I 'd wanted a boy all along, so—'s the good o' me bein' free to act 's I please is that I do act 's I please—I decided then an' there on a boy."

Mrs. Lathrop turned her parrot over.

"'F you was so set on a boy, whatever did you toss up for?" she asked.

"What do folks ever toss up for? To decide. Tossin' up always shows you just how much you did n't want what you get. Only, as a general thing, there 's some one else who does want it, an' they grab it an' you go empty-handed. The good o' me tossin' is I c'n always take either side o' the nickel after I 've tossed. I ain't nobody's fool, an' I never was, an' I never will be. But I guess I 've got to ask you to go home now, Mrs. Lathrop. I 've had a hard day, an' I 'm 'most too tired to pay attention to what you say any longer. I want to get to bed an' to sleep, an' then to-morrow maybe I 'll feel a little like talkin' myself."

THE third morning after Miss Clegg's trip to town she astonished her neighbor by tapping on the latter's kitchen window at the early hour of seven in the morning. Mrs. Lathrop was getting breakfast, and her surprise caused her to jump unduly.

"Well, *Susan!*" she said, opening the door, "whatever *is* the matter?"

"Matter! Nothin' ain't on the matter, only I 've had a letter from the monument man. It come last night, an' the minister took it out o' the post-office an' sent it over by little 'Liza Em'ly when she come with the milk this morning. I dunno whether to thank the minister for bein' so kind or whether to ask him to mind his own business. It's got 'Important' on the corner, an' sometimes I don't go to the post-office for two days at a time; but, just the same, it strikes me 't I ain't altogether in favor o' the minister's carryin' my mail home with him any time 't he feels so inclined. If I 'd 'a' married him, I never 'd 'a' allowed

him to interfere with my affairs, an' 's long 's I did n't marry him, I don't see no good reason for his doin' so now."

Susan paused and looked at the letter, which she held in her hand. Mrs. Lathrop slid one of the kitchen chairs up behind her, and she sat down, still looking at the letter.

"It 's from the monument man," she said again, "an' I don't know whatever I shall do about it, I 'm sure."

Mrs. Lathrop was all attention.

"It 's about the lion. He says that he 's been an' took some black chalk an' marked around under him, 'Sacred to the memory o' Blank Clegg,' an' he says it looks so noble he 's had an offer for the monument, an' he wants me to come in an' see it afore he sells it to—to some one else."

There was a short silence, broken at last by Mrs. Lathrop.

"Your father's name wa'n't Blank," she said; "it was Henry."

Susan knit her brows.

"I know; an' that 's one thing that 's been troublin' me. It 's written out in good plain letters—'Blank Clegg'; an' I 've been tryin' an' tryin' to think what I *could* 'a' said to 'a' made him suppose 't it could 'a' been Blank. That 'u'd be the last name in the wide world for anybody to name anybody else, I sh'd suppose, an' I can't see for the life o' me why that monument man sh'd 'a' hit on it for father. I 'm cert'nly mighty glad that he 's only marked it on in black chalk an' not chopped it out o' the bottom o' the lion. Of course, 'f he 'd chopped it out I 'd 'a' had to 'a' taken it, an' it 'u'd just 'a' made me the laughin'-stock o' the whole community. I know a lot o' folks that are plenty mean enough 's to say that lion was weepin' because I did n't know my own father's name."

Mrs. Lathrop looked sober.

"So I guess I 've got to go to town by to-day's ten-o'clock. I ain't no intention o' takin' the lion, but I *shall* like to stand off a little ways an' look at the part o' the name that 's spelt right. Later maybe I 'll visit a few asylums; I ain't sure. But, anyway, I thought I 'd jus' run over an' let you know I was goin', 'n' ask you if there 's anythin' I can get for you while I 'm in town."

"No, there is n't," said Mrs. Lathrop, with great firmness.

Susan rose to go.

"I'm thinkin' o' buyin' the Shores baby outfit," she said. "I guess Mr. Shores 'll be glad to sell it cheap. They say he can't bear to be reminded o' the baby, an' I don't well see what else the crib an' baby-carriage can remind him of."

"I wonder if the sewin'-machine reminds him o' Mrs. Shores," said Mrs. Lathrop. "I 'd be glad to buy it if it did."

"I dunno why it sh'd remind him-o' her," said Susan; "she never sewed none. She never did nothin', 's far 's I c'd make out, except to sit on the front porch an' talk to his clerk. My, but I sh'd think he 'd hate the sight o' that front porch! If it c'd be got off I 'd like to buy that of him. My front porch 's awful old an' shaky, an' I 'll need a good porch to wheel my baby on. He c'd take my porch in part payment. It 's bein' so old an' shaky would n't matter to him, I don't suppose, for I 'll bet a dollar he 'll never let no other wife o' his sit out on no porch o' his—not until after he 's dead an' buried, anyway; an' as for sittin' on a porch himself—well, all is, I know if it was me, it 'u'd scorch my rockers."

"What time do you think you 'll get back?" asked Mrs. Lathrop.

"I ain't sure. 'F I should get real interested huntin' orphans, I might stay until it was too dark to see 'em good. I can't tell nothin' about it, though. You'd better watch for the light in the kitchen, an' when you see it burnin', I wish you 'd come right over."

Mrs. Lathrop agreed to this arrangement, and Miss Clegg went home to get ready to go to town.

SHE returned about five o'clock, and the mere general aspect of her approaching figure betokened some doing or doings so well worthy of neighborly interest that Mrs. Lathrop forgot her bread in the oven and flew to satisfy her curiosity.

She found her friend warming her feet by the kitchen stove, and one look at her radiant countenance sufficed.

"You found a baby!"

Susan upraised supremely joyful eyes.

"No," she replied; "but I 've bought the weepin' lion!"

Mrs. Lathrop sat down suddenly.

"You never saw anythin' so grand in all your life! He rubbed the 'Blank' off with a wet cloth an' wrote in the 'Henry,' with me standin' right there. I never see anythin' that went right through me that way before. Puttin' on 'Henry' seemed to bring the lion right into the family, an'—well, you can believe me or not, jus' as

you please, Mrs. Lathrop, but I jus' begun to cry right then an' there. The monument man made me sit down on a uncut block an' lean my back up against a 'No Cross, no Crown,' an' while I sat there he chalked in father's birth an' death an' 'Erected by his devoted daughter Susan,' an' at that I stood right up an' said 't I 'd take it; an' it was n't no hasty decision, neither: for after I 'd made up my mind, I could n't see no good reason for continuin' to sit there an' draw frost out o' granite an' into my shoulder-blades jus' for the looks o' the thing."

"But about the baby?"

said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Oh, the baby 'll have to go. I told you all along 't it

had to be one or t' other, an' in the end it 's the lion as has come out on top. I guess I was n't cut out to be a mother like I was to be a daughter. I know I never wanted a baby for myself half like I 've wanted that lion for my dead-an'-gone father. Do you know, Mrs. Lathrop, I do believe I had a persentiment the first time I ever see that lion. Suthin' sort o' crep' right up my back, an' I 'm jus' sure 't folks 'll come from miles aroun' to see it. I guess it 's all the finger o' Fate. When you come to think o' it, it 's all for the best jus' the way 't it 's come out. The baby 'd 'a' grown up an' gone off somewhere, an' the lion 'll stay right where you put him, for he 's so heavy that the monument man says we 'll have to drive piles all down aroun' father. Then, too, may be I c'd n't 'a' managed a boy, an' I can





"PUTTIN' ON 'HENRY' SEEMED TO BRING THE LION RIGHT INTO THE FAMILY"

scour that lion all I want to. An' I will scour him, too; nobody need n't suppose I 've paid three hundred dollars for anythin' to let it get mossy. I 've invited the monument man an' his wife to come an' visit me while he 's gettin' the lion in place, an' he says he 's so pleased over me an' nobody else gettin' it 't he 's goin' to give

me a paper sayin' that when I die he 'll chop my date in for nothin'. I tell you what, Mrs. Lathrop, I cert'nly am glad I 've got the sense to know when I 'm well off, an' I cert'nly do feel that in this particular case I 'm mighty lucky. So all 's well 't ends well."

Mrs. Lathrop nodded.



EVENING

BY EDITH IVES

NIGHT dulls the western hill,
Night darkens on the grass:
Oh, slow upon the purple plain
The sheep and shepherd pass.

O country of the shadows,
O poplars, evening kings!
You sing to me of sorrow
And the grief of twilight things.

THE RICH WIDOW OF SPANISH TOWN

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of "Aladdin O'Brien," "Tom Beauling," etc.



HERE lived in Spanish Town by the Sea, in the county of San Mateo, California, an old Spaniard named Garcia, who, having gathered riches, took unto himself a young wife, died without issue, and was gathered to his fathers.

The widow Garcia went into deep mourning and rejoiced, but not openly, over her freedom and her riches. She would travel, she would entertain, she would be gay. Meanwhile she would wear mourning, observe the decencies, and have thousands of masses said for the salvation of her husband's soul.

One day a tramp knocked at the back door of the widow Garcia's house, and said that he was hungry and would do any of a hundred odd jobs for a meal. The maid sent him about his business. But Mrs. Garcia, who had observed through the curtain of her bedroom window that he was a handsome young fellow, albeit unshaven, ran to the front door and called after him down the dusty white road.

He came back and stood before her very politely, with his cap in his hands. Mrs. Garcia did not know why she had called him back or what she should tell him to do. But, as the pause grew awkward, she glanced about her garden and thought that it needed putting to rights.

"I want some things done to my garden," she said at length. "Can you do them?"

The fellow, who was Irish, said that he could.

"There's that bed of periwinkle," she said. "It ought to be cut close down to the ground and given a fresh start."

"I can do that," said the tramp.

"Then I'll get you the hedge-scissors," said Mrs. Garcia. "But"—for she observed how handsome and hungry he looked—

"perhaps you would rather have your dinner first."

During the afternoon the tramp razed the periwinkles to the ground. Meanwhile Mrs. Garcia had thought of something else for him to do.

"All these violets," she said, "need to be dug up, separated, and replanted. Can you do it?"

"Yes, ma'am—but not in the dark."

"Well, you can come back in the morning and do it."

"Come back from where, ma'am?"

"Why, from where you were going."

"But I was n't going anywhere."

"But you must have been going somewhere."

"I was going as far as the first job and no farther."

"Oh, then you would like to stay here to-night. Well, you can sleep in the barn."

The next morning, about nine, Mrs. Garcia walked in her garden to see how the tramp was getting on with the violets. The bed was finished, and the tramp was wiping his smooth brown brow.

"Have you had your breakfast?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am. And if you have nothing else for me to do I'll just be going along."

"Wait," she said; "there must be something else. Yes. Those sweet peas look very ragged; suppose you take them all up and spade the plot all over."

So the tramp earned his dinner.

After that he was set to trimming the dead limbs from the walnut-trees, and so he earned his supper.

After a number of days the garden was in apple-pie order, but still the widow Garcia continued to find employment for the handsome young Irishman.

One day she said to him:

"Are you quite comfortably lodged in the barn, Denny?"

And he answered:

"Not more than *quite*, ma'am."

"I'm sorry," she said. "There's a little room that you might have in the attic, but I'm not sure that I ought to let a man sleep in the house. But, after all, I don't know why not, for you would be a protection, would n't you? And I'm dreadfully afraid of burglars."

So Denny took up his abode in the attic.

Mrs. Garcia had reason to be pleased with the new arrangement, for the man was as respectful and as handsome as ever. She and the maid no longer feared burglars.

A month passed, and Denny did not work for meals, but for wages, and high wages at that; for his mistress doted on him. Gradually she trusted him with this thing and that, until he came to be the overseer of all her late husband's affairs—the big cattle-ranch up in the hills, the cement-mine, and the dairy. He proved a notable manager, discharged incompetents, and found good men to take their places. But when the summer came, restlessness seized him, and he wearied of life in general and of his own in particular. A great longing for the happy, shiftless road, the odd jobs for meals, and the nights under the stars came upon him, or so it seemed. In reality he was sick of work. So one morning he said to his mistress:

"I've come to give notice, ma'am."

"You going to leave me, Denny—you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She turned faint at the thought.

"Why, Denny, what's wrong? Are n't you comfortable—well paid? What's the matter? Tell me, and I'll set it right."

"It's nothing, ma'am. I'm tired of

work. I want to play. I was born so. Tramp I was when you took me in, and now I'm thinking of the long lazy road, and its tramp again I want to be."

"And is that all?"

"That's all, ma'am. You've been verra kind."

"But I can't get along without you, Denny. I mean—I've come to depend on your judgment and everything. What can I do to make you stay?"

He looked very handsome and brown.

"Will you come back when you get tired of tramping, Denny?"

"It may be, ma'am. There's One who knows."

"Listen to me, Denny. I don't want you to go. There, now I've said it. Will you stay?"

"To be honest, ma'am," said Denny, "I'm not comfortable here. The sun beats on the roof, and when I go to bed at night the heat is intolerable and I cannot sleep."

"Why, of course," she said, "it must be dreadful in that little attic of yours. But—"

Words failed her, and she turned scarlet. There was a sound of deliberate steps on the gravel without.

"Who is it, Denny?"

"It's Father Anselmo, ma'am."

Father Anselmo knocked upon the door.

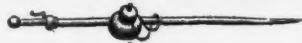
"Denny," said Mrs. Garcia, hastily and under her breath, "I know what you want—you want to travel. S-so do I."

Denny moved toward the door.

"Denny—you—I just said something." Denny turned, his hand on the knob of the door.

"I heard what you said," he said. "I'll never forget. You said, 'Denny—Denny,' says you, 'don't keep the priest waitin'.'"

And he opened the door.



THE TOILERS

BY CARLYLE MCKINLEY

ALL day the toilers sigh for rest,
Nor find it anywhere.
The sun sinks in the darkling west,
And they forget their care;
Tired hands are folded on each breast:
The Lord hath heard their prayer!

Through all our lives we pray for rest,
Nor find it anywhere.
Then comes the Night, with balmy breast,
And soothes us unaware.
I wonder much—"And is it Death,
Or but an answered prayer?"

THE CENTENARY OF HAWTHORNE

BY THEODORE T. MUNGER

Author of "On the Threshold," "Essays for the Day," etc.



THE approaching centenary of Hawthorne's birth closes up, in a literary way, the period that embraces the real literature of the country. There was almost none before it; what remains of the first order has nearly passed away. The group in which Hawthorne stood in the front rank was composed of four or five poets, an essayist who was also a poet, several novelists and writers of history, and two theologians, all of whom wear the badge of genius. They form a distinct class—the product of the soil, breathing the air of the New World, true voices heralding the ideas of their age. Hawthorne is among them but not of them, because his genius was of so distinct a cast and his life was so far aloof from the thought of the day. Though a holder of public office and faithful to its duties, his only real thought was fixed upon moral problems and was embodied in four novels and a few brief stories. This is all, save several volumes of notes which record chiefly close observation cognate to his great themes; but small as it is, it places him at the head of his group, and renders him at home and abroad the most highly esteemed American author, though not the most widely read, Longfellow having that place.

In this country he is named only in comparison with Emerson, but while both deal with themes that are akin, they are far apart. Emerson covered a broader range of topics, but Hawthorne went deeper into one that is greater. To illustrate their relative positions, we might say that Emerson stands for all the other plays of Shakspeare, but Hawthorne for "Hamlet" alone. We often differ with Emerson and resent his impulsive leaps from the path of sober thought; but we never differ with Hawthorne, except on some slight points, for he holds relentlessly to the unfolding of universal

laws as written in our nature and in the terms of human life.

The centenary celebration of Emerson filled a fortnight and engaged the attention of the nation. Hawthorne's will be simply named by lovers of literature,—as in these few lines,—and all will be over; yet in the ranks of literature he stands higher and may be longer remembered. Emerson's career was in every way larger; his influence was broader; his contact with the world was at a thousand points. Hawthorne's was at one only, but by that will he be remembered when Emerson (except for a few poems of imperishable nature) has become a name—of high worth indeed, but not as belonging to that high circle which will never be forgotten; the reason being that along with faultless style and indescribable charm Hawthorne dealt with subjects that have always held the attention of the world, and always will until man escapes from his conflicts of will with temptation and from the sufferings of remorse. It is often said that Hawthorne is the product of Puritanism. No mistake can be greater. Puritanism afforded the stage on which his somber part was played, but the play itself was the soul of man in all ages and places, and Donatello answered his purpose as well as Dimmesdale.

There are two conditions that insure lasting remembrance in the world of letters: perfect literary form and a problem involving the human soul. He who reveals the soul in the depths of misery that springs from evil-doing, and charms the reader while he tells the pitying tale where every touch is truth itself—such a writer will be remembered and read while generations of brilliant essayists and singers and orators pass by into quick forgetfulness.

We have no space for rehearsing the special points of Hawthorne's power, beyond naming one that may surprise some

of our readers, but will be understood by others. His books are sad, but there is a charm in sadness if it is so treated that it awakens the better part of our nature. We say, therefore, that *charm* is his most persuasive quality. There is a pervading grace far beyond that of a faultless style—an assumed sympathy on the part of the reader with himself, as he unwinds the coil of evil he has discovered, an unspeakable depth of pity for all who are involved in it as he traces the steps of the doom not to be avoided: it is this confiding sympathy between writer and reader that yields this charm, whatever may be the theme discussed. One seldom disagrees with Hawthorne, as we have said, although he deals with questions over which men are always debating. He does not so much debate as depict them, inviting the reader to sit beside him as he states the case, and winning his assent because both stand on the common ground of the eternal laws of moral rectitude. No other reader cares for or can understand Hawthorne.

But there are times when the charm is forgotten in the terrific culmination of the central point of the tragedy, as in the scaffold scene in the revelation of "The Scarlet Letter," and the description of Judge Pyncheon's death in "The House of Seven Gables." In these pages Hawthorne is at his greatest, and is great beyond any one else in American literature. They stand unique, like the soliloquies of Hamlet. Reader and author are overwhelmed in the absolute and awful realities brought before them. Great as Hawthorne is in point of charm,—such as only writers of the first order can command,—it is in tragedy that he fully reveals his genius. It is because along with incomparable powers of description he deals with universal law and its infraction, rather than with some tragical accident or strange conjunction of events that are without special significance.

Hawthorne himself had no conception of the greatness of his work, and perhaps but slight conception of the moral reach of such stories as "Young Goodman

Brown" and "Ethan Brand"; nor have the people of this generation yet measured the unspeakable value of these writings for their moral worth. They are not mere unfoldings of Puritan dogma, but revelations of eternal law. To what extent Hawthorne the seer was sunk in the literary artist does not matter. He was a prophet whose message was greater than he knew, and he simply felt the wind of inspiration blowing through him; all the truer was it because of his unconsciousness, and the more divine its authority.

Two things are to be remembered and made mention of in this centenary celebration of Hawthorne.

First, the glory he reflects upon American literature. Little has been done by us in letters or art that is quite of the highest order, except the works of Hawthorne. These have the clear promise of perpetuity. The themes are of supreme and universal moment; he rises to their meaning and depicts them in commensurate form. He is not a preacher to cry aloud, but an artist who paints, yet not without a heart that throbs in pity, and a fancy that muses over the wonder of it, and will not suffer the pall of darkness to hang over it forever. That we have in Hawthorne an author whose work in these high fields of thought is crowned with unimpeachable honor and is sure of perpetual remembrance, is a constant satisfaction as the years go by.

But Hawthorne has a wider claim upon our gratitude, namely, the fact that he has set the seal of glorious achievement in letters upon the moral laws of our nature. The greatest things done in literature have been of this sort; they alone, from Job down, are remembered and cherished in the ages. Hawthorne is our only exponent of genius in this field, and how superbly has he filled it! His message is that of Dante and St. Paul and all great moralists—whatever a man does to another he does to himself, whether it be good or evil. Men will forever dwell on this truth, and will never forget those gifted souls who see it clearly and set it forth in perfect forms of literary art.



THE MAGNA CHARTA OF JAPAN

BY BARON KENTARO KANEKO

Member of the House of Peers, formerly Minister of State for Agriculture and Commerce,
and one of the four authors of the Japanese constitution; Bachelor of
Laws and Doctor of Laws, Harvard University



HE commonly received opinion among American and European jurists hitherto seems to have been that constitutional government was not compatible with the social and political status of Oriental nations. Therefore when a constitution was tried in the Ottoman Empire, no surprise was expressed by Western observers that the experiment resulted in a fiasco. And when the Emperor of Japan announced by imperial edict in 1881 that at the end of ten years constitutional government would be established in Japan, Western scholars and statesmen naturally thought the attempt would prove as abortive in Japan as in Turkey.

Nevertheless, in 1890 the first Japanese Parliament was convened in accordance with the terms of the constitution, which had been promulgated the year before, and during the fourteen years that have intervened since that time twenty sessions have been held. In spite of boisterous meetings and stormy discussions,—which are not, after all, so uncommon in European and American legislative bodies,—constitutional restrictions have been respected and constitutional prerogatives upheld, until now, it seems to me, it can be justly claimed that constitutional government has passed the experimental stage in Japan and has become an integral part of the body politic.

After the imperial restoration, in 1868, his Majesty the Emperor, in the solemn oath which he then took, proclaimed five liberal principles, one of them being to this effect:

"We shall henceforth seek knowledge and wisdom in the civilized world and establish the National Assembly, where the important affairs of state shall be decided by public opinion."

This is the fundamental principle of our national policy, in accordance with which all subsequent reorganization and changes, both social and political, have been undertaken and consummated. Under its guidance in 1875 the judicial system was perfected by the establishment of the Court of Cassation to maintain a uniform interpretation and application of the law. We already had courts of first instance and courts of appeal, but there was no court superior to all others—a court of final appeal wherein all judicial matters could be decided and unified.

In the same year, also, an imperial edict was issued creating a Senate, or House of Peers, and clearly providing that in future all contemplated legislation should be submitted by the cabinet to this body for discussion. Thus, even at that early day, a system was established in Japan resembling the organization adopted by some Western nations of coördinate governmental branches, the executive, legislative, and judicial. This may be termed the first step taken by the imperial government to pave the way for the adoption of the constitutional system.

In the way of educating the people in the conduct of public affairs, the Senate in 1879 passed a law establishing an assembly in each of the provinces of the empire, consisting of representatives elected by the taxpayers and empowered to discuss and vote upon the annual estimates of local revenue and expenditure submitted by the governors of the provinces. This was in effect a system similar in principle and in operation to local self-government as found in Western countries.

This exercise of the right to discuss and vote upon provincial taxation and expenditures led to vigorous demands for the crea-

tion of a parliament, it being urged that such action was the only means of establishing zealous public interest in the welfare of the country. It was pointed out also that a parliament would be in accord with the principle enunciated in the imperial oath of 1868. Public speeches and newspaper discussions intensified the popular demand, and as a result the famous imperial proclamation of 1881 was issued, announcing that a constitution would be promulgated and the Parliament opened in 1890. Discussion of the question showed that public education and capacity for this important change had reached a more advanced stage than some had thought would be possible; and, in consequence of a voluntary purpose, his Imperial Majesty decided that he might, with due regard for the national welfare, fix a definite time when the intention graciously announced at the time of the restoration would be carried into effect.

As it was, nothing was done by hazard or in haste. Ample time was given for the preparations that had to be made, and systematic steps were taken to make those preparations complete. The Emperor appointed Marquis Ito to go abroad for the purpose of studying the constitutions of European countries, thereby intrusting him with the important task of preparing the draft of the constitution. In 1884, after four years devoted to close study of the constitutional systems of Europe, the marquis returned to Japan, and soon thereafter a commission was appointed to prepare the draft under his guidance. This commission consisted of three persons, of whom I had the honor to be one.

Until 1888 the work of the commission proceeded under the personal direction of Marquis Ito, when it was finally completed and submitted for the imperial sanction. Thereupon, in the spring of 1888, the Emperor organized the privy council and opened meetings for the consideration of the draft, which began in May and continued until January. His Imperial Majesty presided at all of these meetings. After this careful deliberation the constitution was promulgated by the Emperor in person on the 11th of February, 1889.

The ceremony was splendid and impressive. It took place in the throne-room of the imperial palace and was attended by the imperial family, the ministers of

state, the privy council, the diplomatic corps, all high officials, and the governors and representatives of the provinces, and was followed by national festivities of a most elaborate character.

There is an important difference between the constitutions of Western nations and that of Japan. The former are the outcome of popular uprisings against the tyranny of rulers—in other words, of a demand, as of natural right, by the people. Consequently, even in monarchical Europe, constitutions are drawn in such terms as to lay the greatest stress upon popular rights, while, at the same time, curtailing the power of the sovereign. The Japanese constitution, on the other hand, emanated from the Emperor, the fountain-head of all power. Before the people dreamed of popular rights or of a parliament, the Emperor had already marked out the grand policy of establishing constitutional government in the future, because of his evident desire and purpose to elevate the country to an equal place among the civilized nations of the world, not only because he wished it, but also because that course was in strict accordance with the national policy bequeathed by his imperial ancestors. Following that policy, our constitution was drawn up with close adherence to and careful preservation of the fundamental principle of the imperial government from time immemorial.

In form, however, it is similar to Western constitutions, with this difference, that the text of our constitution contains only the fundamental principles of state, namely, the prerogatives of the Emperor; the rights and duties of the people; the powers of Parliament; the powers and duties of ministers of state and judiciary and finance. These are all embodied in seventy-six articles. Matters of detail, such, for example, as provisions relating to the rules and proceedings of Parliament, the laws for the election of members, the national budget, etc., are separated from articles enunciating fundamental principles, and are embodied in laws supplementary to the constitution and enacted at the same time. It may be asked, why was such a separation necessary? Because, when the first Parliament was opened, the government, as well as the members, in deliberating upon national affairs, might find it necessary to make changes in the laws relating to such sub-

jects as those just enumerated. If such changes had to be made in the text of the constitution, opportunity might be afforded for unscrupulous politicians to attempt to secure other changes affecting fundamental principles; and even if the attempt proved a failure, it would certainly lessen the authority of the constitution. But when matters of detail are separated from the constitutional text, amendments, rendered necessary by changing conditions, can be easily made. This has been found to be the case especially with regard to the law relating to the election of members, in which the provisions concerning qualifications of members and other details have been modified from time to time in order to conform to the progress of the people and to changes in national conditions. This feature of our constitution was highly commended by the late James G. Blaine, whom I visited in 1889 at his summer residence at Bar Harbor. He was kind enough to say that it was, in structure, the most perfect constitution he had ever read. During his long service in Congress, the constitutions of various States, newly admitted to the Union, had come under his observation, and he had been impressed with the idea that it would have been both wise and expedient if the framers had separated principles from details and had enumerated only the former in the text of the instruments.

In February, 1890, I spent many a pleasant and instructive hour at the Athenæum Club discussing with the late Herbert Spencer the Japanese constitution. He considered it an almost miraculous feat that the new constitution of Japan did no violence to the traditions and history of so ancient a race.

In 1890 I presented Mr. James Bryce with a copy of the constitution. He was generous in his praise of it, and some months later I received a manuscript, almost a monograph, by way of comment. Like Spencer, he looked upon the work of grafting a constitutional form of government upon the traditions, history, and usages of a people whose memories reached back into the days of the gods as an extraordinary success.

Summing up the work of our Parliament during the fourteen years of its existence, we can safely say that the adoption of a constitutional form of government in Japan

has elevated the country and educated the people to a higher and a better sense of their power and responsibilities in the body politic and of their duties to the state.

There are in every country people who are dissatisfied with the party in power, and in a national assembly the persons representing that class can bring in any bill, propose any question, even attack the government if they desire. Thus Parliament will supply a vent for dissatisfaction, and will remove any good reason for it. Moreover, Parliament furnishes the best means possible for educating the people to discriminate between the course that should properly be pursued so far as concerns the foreign policy of the nation and that which should be followed in connection with internal affairs. It must result from this process of education that, however dissatisfied the members of a parliament may be with the management of internal affairs, the moment that a serious and important question affecting foreign politics is brought before them, they will lay aside for the time being their attitude of dissent and dissatisfaction and rally together for the defense of the country.

This desirable result is possible in its fullest sense only in countries that have parliaments. If it had not been for the Parliament in Japan, we could never have fought the Japanese-Chinese War to a successful conclusion. Before the declaration of war in 1894, Marquis Ito, then the premier, was violently attacked on the floor of the House of Representatives, where his policy had few if any supporters, and where, every bill introduced by him having been defeated, he was twice compelled to dissolve the Parliament.

When the news of these political troubles reached Europe and America it was thought that Japan was becoming politically bankrupt under the burden of parliamentary difficulties and that China would have but little difficulty in striking an effective blow against an adversary whose domestic affairs were in such an unfortunate condition. As soon, however, as war was declared, the clamorous assembly rallied to the united support of Marquis Ito.

By adopting a constitutional form of government we have given to the whole world the strongest evidence that it is our earnest desire to follow closely in the footsteps of civilized nations; and the record

of the last fourteen years of our Parliament has proved that, in addition to this desire, we have shown that we possess the capacity to master the mechanism of liberal government; that Japan, by her earnest study of modern science, her keen appre-

ciation of the benefits of civilization, her strong perception of national responsibility, and her perseverance in mastering thoroughly the principles of right conduct accepted by civilized nations, has justly earned a place in the family of nations.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE DANGERS OF PARTY PREPONDERANCE IN STATES AND CITIES

OUR Presidential campaigns, it is generally considered, occur too frequently in regard to the peace of mind and business interests of the community, and too frequently in consideration of executive convenience and opportunity. The excitement and turmoil of a Presidential campaign are annoyances; but such annoyances do not constitute a valid objection to the speedy recurrence of the event. The serious objections to this frequency are, as already intimated, based upon the fact that Presidential campaigns, as now conducted, are a great drain upon the resources of many; and, more important, that they have a decided tendency to depress business, and thus temporarily militate against the general welfare; and, furthermore, it is realized more and more keenly that a four-year Presidential term is too brief a period for effective administration, especially amid the complications of modern demands upon the chief executive of a nation as enormous and "imperial" as ours. A President and his cabinet need at least six months at the beginning to learn mere details; and during the last four months, if the chief is not reëlected, they are comparatively ineffective.

The consolation for the inconvenience of the too-often recurring Presidential campaign is its educational character. It is the time of our great debate, when the principles and problems of our national government are multitudinously discussed in "the forum of public opinion." The party in power must then valorously defend its record, and give new promise of useful performance. The party out of power must show just cause for its return. The spokes-

men of each party, on the platform and in the press, vie with one another in devotion to the national welfare; and while certain principles are shared in common by each set of advocates, each side insists upon the peculiar doctrines which are supposed to distinguish the respective parties.

This general excitation has a wholesome effect upon the body politic, and, at proper intervals, is highly desirable. It is a time when the whole nation goes to school. Interest in public affairs is quickened; the people's imagination is aroused to a sense of nationality, and to a personal responsibility with regard to that nationality. Great questions, about which there has been much hazy and inconsequent thinking, are made clear in the cross-fire of criticism and the light of lucid and earnest statement.

In proportion as we prize the good effects of a Presidential campaign, or of any political campaign, conducted educationally, we must deplore the local conditions which to a great extent eliminate, in many parts of our country, the educational influences above referred to. There are whole States where the preponderance of a single party is so great that political campaigns become mere struggles within the party, on the part of candidates, and their friends on their behalf, for the "nomination which is equivalent to an election." Political meetings in many States, even those which lead up to the nomination, in primaries, of members of both houses of Congress and of Presidential electors, consist mainly of personal appeals by rival candidates for the suffrages of their constituents. Such meetings are useful in promoting direct contact between the people and their would-be servants; but their tendency is to be purely and often pettily personal in their scope. Unfailingly human and often refreshingly humorous,

they are apt to contain little of stimulus to a broad and truly national patriotism. A witty candidate for governor or Congress may be excruciatingly funny in unmasking the agricultural pretensions, for instance, of a rival; a speaker may announce himself as a "candidate for matrimony as well as for Congress," and make appeal for the good wishes of all the likely young women present who desire to make a wedding trip to Washington with said candidate: but such campaignings are local and personal, and of the least possible educational value. One hears some crude and unenlightening talk about trusts, perhaps, but most of the harangues dwell chiefly upon the impeccableness of the candidate's public record, and upon that record's totally unheroic and uninspiring quality of party "regularity."

In the far northeastern States of the Union, where there is great party preponderance, there is still much interparty campaign debate. But in many of the Southern States the unfortunate legacy of slavery and reconstruction days is the overshadowing negro question. The consequence is the reduction of political contests to factional fights, or personal contests within the lines of the preponderating party. This not only interferes with instructive political discussion: it prevents individuals from dividing into antagonistic political parties according to their honest convictions. It brings about a political solidity which, as to opinion, is solid only in one particular—the dread of some evil recurring or arising from the colored element in the population.

We see the dangers of party preponderance in a great neighboring city and State, where it is seldom that reform movements are radically successful, because the interests of local manufactures are supposed to be so bound up with the protective features of the tariff that there is a dread in the community of any political action which might endanger the supremacy of the party in power. An honest and intelligent Philadelphian, belonging to the dominant party, said not long ago, "What we need in this State is an effective opposition party."

Our readers in different parts of the country will have recalled to their minds instances of the evils which often accompany in our American communities the un-

threatened domination of a single party. It is unfortunate for the country at large when a party in opposition announces such principles and candidates as to make it a hopeless minority in national elections. Every administration needs an intelligent and honest criticism of and check upon its activities from a party out of power, whose possible accession to power would not, in the minds of thoughtful citizens, be a public menace.

We have referred especially to the lack of the natural interplay of party opinion and action throughout a large part of the South. It is a deplorable condition of affairs, the cure and conclusion of which should be helped on by wise men both below and above "the line." Schemes of education, especially industrial education, for the poor white as well as for the poor black, are doing much toward a solution; and not a little part of this education is the education as to Southern conditions obtained by visitors from the North, traveling on business or pleasure or in search of information or health.

White immigration, partly from the Northwest, will in course of time help to a solution in some of the Southern States. As to the race question in general, as remarked recently by a Northern college professor traveling in the South, it is a hopeful sign in the direction of a final correct solution that whereas before the war and during the dreadful reconstruction period there was, in the revolt against slavery, much talk of "human rights," and little appreciation of the fact that there was a race problem at all, there is now a deep sense, North and South, of the existence, and tremendous importance, of a problem of race. It is a problem which must be studied dispassionately, scientifically, sympathetically, honestly, and fearlessly.

THE UNIMAGINATIVE VIEW OF FICTION

THE recent arrest of an estimable woman of Louisville for assault upon a visitor engaged in a too assiduous search for the "original" of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has been widely discussed in the press, sometimes by writers in a too assiduous search for a moral. Certain editors, whose daily business includes the unwarranted invasion of private life, have

wept crocodile's tears over the sincerely regrettable annoyance of a humble working-woman by the curious; while the cynics do not hesitate at the vulgar assumption that the incident has been promoted by the advertising spirit. The relative rights of authors and their "subjects" have been solemnly weighed and pronounced upon as though this were the first instance in which hero-worship had degenerated into sentimental curiosity or vandalism—as though no initials had ever been carved upon the Pyramids or scribbled on the dome of St. Peter's. If we are to hold an author responsible for the silly or thoughtless doings of readers intent on the identification of his characters, where shall we begin or end? Even assuming that the character were nothing more than a literal transcription from real life (which would be preposterous, since, interesting as life is, it rarely arranges itself for the convenience of novelists), nobody has ventured to say that anything in "Mrs. Wiggs" is degrading to the protagonist. The simple art and wholesome humor of Mrs. Rice's unpretentious books have added not only to the gaiety of the nation, but to its good cheer—so notably, indeed, as to produce a wide-spread and complimentary interest in her chief character, mistakenly manifested in the annoyances to which the supposed "original" has been subjected.

In all that has been said we have not seen any comment on what seems to us the chief significance of the incident, namely, that it accentuates an unimaginative view of fiction which is widely held, and which is an obstacle to a proper estimate of the function and object of that class of writing.

The fundamental error in this view is the estimate of a story or novel of locality or period by its truthfulness to fact. Many look upon fiction as a kind of history, and its inventions as a sort of false witness. To such, a rain-barrel in the narrative argues a rain-barrel in real life. (On the other hand, the newspaper reporter likewise confounds the two when he calls his stickfuls of police news a "story.") Naturally each community knows more of its life and history than the novelist has space or purpose to use, and, missing something from the narrative, considers it at fault. Mr. Cable writes delightfully of old Creole days, and is compared, to his discredit,

with Gayarré's "History of Louisiana." Bret Harte wrote immortally of the gold-hunters, and we were referred for a corrective to Mr. Hubert Bancroft's chronicles of California. "Very charming stories, of course, those of Harte's," the writer was once told, "but glaringly untrue to California life." Again—and we might multiply instances—one complains that Hawthorne's soul-searching romances—whose scene is the world and whose period is of all time—fall far short of the whole truth about—not penitence, but Puritanism!

But softly! may it not be that the novelist's business is not with the whole truth? Is not this a case when a part is greater than the whole? All things are better for being well done, but in the perspective of literary values is it to be regarded as much of a literary vice that the local color is not correct, or as much of a literary virtue that it is? The most that one should expect is that it should seem to be so—not for the sake of the local color itself, but that incongruities may not distract from the important and enduring qualities. Like proof-reading, we should take no note of it but by its loss. It counts, but, in the artistic view, it counts but slightly.

See how plain is the demonstration of this thesis. Take "*Les Misérables*": the verdict of three generations of readers moved to tears and admiration proclaims it a great epic of human nature, when all of a sudden some dry-as-dust discovers the local color and chronology to be in error! Must the verdict be reversed? Is our enjoyment thus to be vitiated? Have we "palpitated with the wrong emotion"? Must there be a sea-coast to Bohemia to justify the poetry and comedy of "*The Winter's Tale*"? If so, then let novels be written only for the communities with which they deal, and those the author's contemporaries—people who know all the related facts; let no one aim at the universality of human nature. Lowell thought humor the antiseptic of all literature. Why not say it is imagination—and that the nearer a novel approaches to history the farther it is from its true function? Not that the realities of life should be disregarded. A negro must, of course, be represented as speaking like a negro and not like a German, for all the world knows the difference. But, in such matters, where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise.

The method of the historian is, first, to take all the known facts into consideration, and, secondly, to present the most important of them in proper perspective and significance, so as (in the words of Froude) "to sound across the centuries the eternal note of right and wrong." This also is part of the province of great fiction. But its method, as that of all other arts, is selective. It chooses certain facts for the definite purpose of producing a pleasing result; for to please, on some plane or other, is its inescapable purpose. The author who holds himself above pleasing has no call to write. The highest ambition of the story-teller should be to charm.

The unimaginative view of fiction is fostered by the unimaginative writers of the note-book class,—fictiographers they might be called,—who collect with the industry of a keen eye and with startling accuracy a thousand details of time or place, but add to what already exists nothing of the vivifying light of universality which comes of deep insight and broad sympathy. We have too many who cleverly reflect the prose of life, too few who in the self-revelation of the artist rouse the nature to fine issues. In its last analysis, fiction is a kingdom of the heart, and, like the kingdom of God, cometh not with observation.

OPEN LETTERS

The Century's American Artists Series

SAMUEL ISHAM

SAMUEL ISHAM, whose painting "A Fairy Tale" is reproduced on page 393, is well known as a painter of portraits, figures, and landscape. He was born in New York city in 1855. He was graduated from Yale College in the class of 1875, and had his first instruction in drawing in the Art School under Professor Niemeyer. After graduation he traveled in Europe for three years, passing two winters in Paris and drawing in the mornings in the studio of Jacquesson de la Chevreuse. This work was done with no idea of becoming a painter, but as a matter of general education.

Mr. Isham returned to New York in 1878, and took up the study of law, but five years later abandoned it and once more turned to art. In 1883 he went again to Paris, and entered the Académie Julian, and studied four years under Boulanger and Lefebvre. He first exhibited in the Salon of 1888, and has since been represented in both the "old" and the "new" Salons, as well as in many exhibitions in the United States and elsewhere. He is an Associate of the National Academy of Design and a member of the Society of American Artists, of which he has been treasurer for many years. He was a member of the Art Jury of the Pan-American Exposition.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

My A'-the-Year Lass

MY sweetheart's awa by the bonnie blue sea;
She's left naethin' but tumblin' an' tossin'
for me,
For thinkin' o' her sets my wits all aglee;
Weel I know she 's the lass o' the place!

I can see her wee tracks on the glintin' wet
sand,
I can feel her tight grip on some ither mon's
hand,
An' an airm not my ain that's aboon her
waistband,
As she rins wi' the saut waves a race.

Odds! She'll break a' the hairts o' the girls
at the dance,
And she'll steal their swains' love if she haes
ony chance,
An' she'll coo an' she'll smile while the
bubbly-jocks¹ prance,
An' she'll hae them a' at her shoon-lace.

But when she comes hame frae the bonnie
blue sea,
She'll be thinkin' o' nae one but hersel an'
me,
For my airm will be holdin', an' she winna
flee;
Weel she knows she's the lass for the place!

Charles McIlvaine.



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

PROVING AN ALIBI

LAWYER: Gentlemen of the jury: We have positive proof that this crime was committed in midwinter, when my client was fast asleep.

To a Dandelion Puff

YOUNG hoary-head,
Why art thou gray?
What happened overnight?
When yesterday
I went this way,
Thou wast yellow-bright.
What dainty freak of elfin fun
Hath made thee moon, thou mimic sun?

Elizabeth Hill.

Fishing

SOMEHOW I'd like to pause a bit, before I
get much older,
Ere farther sunk 'neath stocks and bonds is
boyhood's precious lore;
And with a swaying fishing-pole athwart my
careless shoulder

Go trudging up the dusty road, the blue
skies arching o'er:
The road that leads 'twixt meadows lush where
bobolinks are singing,
And sentineled by poplars whence the lo-
custs clamor loud;
The road across whose velvet breast the but-
terflies are winging,
Or hither, thither drifting in a happy,
dancing cloud.

Twelve feet of pole all wound with line, which
many jaunts has weathered;
A rusted baking-powder can containing
earthy bait;
No jointed, patent, split bamboo, and barbs
grotesquely feathered,
As mark my pilgrimages now, in day de-
generate.

¹ Turkey-gobblers.

My two side-pockets stuffed with lunch by
mother's hands provided:

Brave buttered squares of home-made
bread, with sugar sprinkled well,
Which met their fate, forsooth, whene'er my
rampant pangs decided,
And through my empty chambers sounded
nature's dinner-bell.

I'd like again to drop my hook exactly in
that mooring

Presumed to be the "lucky spot" by count-
less canny lads,

And bide the destined harvest from the angle-
worm alluring,

And watch the bobber twinkling 'mid the
isles of lily-pads.

No fish there used to be so small it merited
despising;

No pumpkin-seed or bullhead did I jerk
to land for naught;

No fish too large to swim those depths in
manner tantalizing,

And daily wax in inches by refusing to be
caught.

I sniff the vagrant incense borne from distant
scenes of haying;

I note the little ripples flash beneath the
breeze and sun;

I hear the wise kingfisher laugh, and ken
what he is saying;

The turtles and the dragon-flies, I greet
them every one:

Until, when eastward bush and tree cast
shadows far and slender,

With joyful pride I hoist aloft my scaly,
dangling load,

And midst the crickets' lullabies, and evening
voices tender,

Go trudging back to home and bed, adown
the dusty road.

Then long before my feet have reached the
dear, familiar wicket,—

That portal through whose swinging way
so many times I've been,—

I glimpse my mother peering out, an anx-
ious, patient picket

Of vague forebodings, sure her boy at last
has "fallen in."

As oft my trips, so oft her fears, despite my
frequent wishing

That she would cease to hold me aught
but self-sufficient, quite;

Yet now I know—ah, well I know!—the
sweetest part of fishing

Was mother's eager, waiting face, to see
me come at night.

Edwin L. Sabin.

A Feat of Memory

"THE Widow Blake, they say, is engaged.

No, not what you'd call *young*.

To whom? Why, to old—what's-his-name?

'T was just upon my tongue!

"Please wait; I *almost* had it then—

If you won't speak to me!

The only thing I'm *sure* about

Is—it began with G.

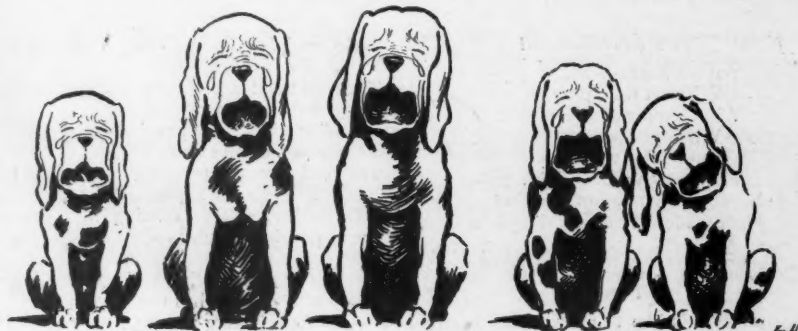
"Not Gray,—no, no; nor Green, nor Geer;

Not Gladstone—wait a bit.

Gloucester? No. G— Simmons! Yes!

Old Simmons! That is it!"

Tudor Jenks.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

IN FULL CRY